Saturday Review

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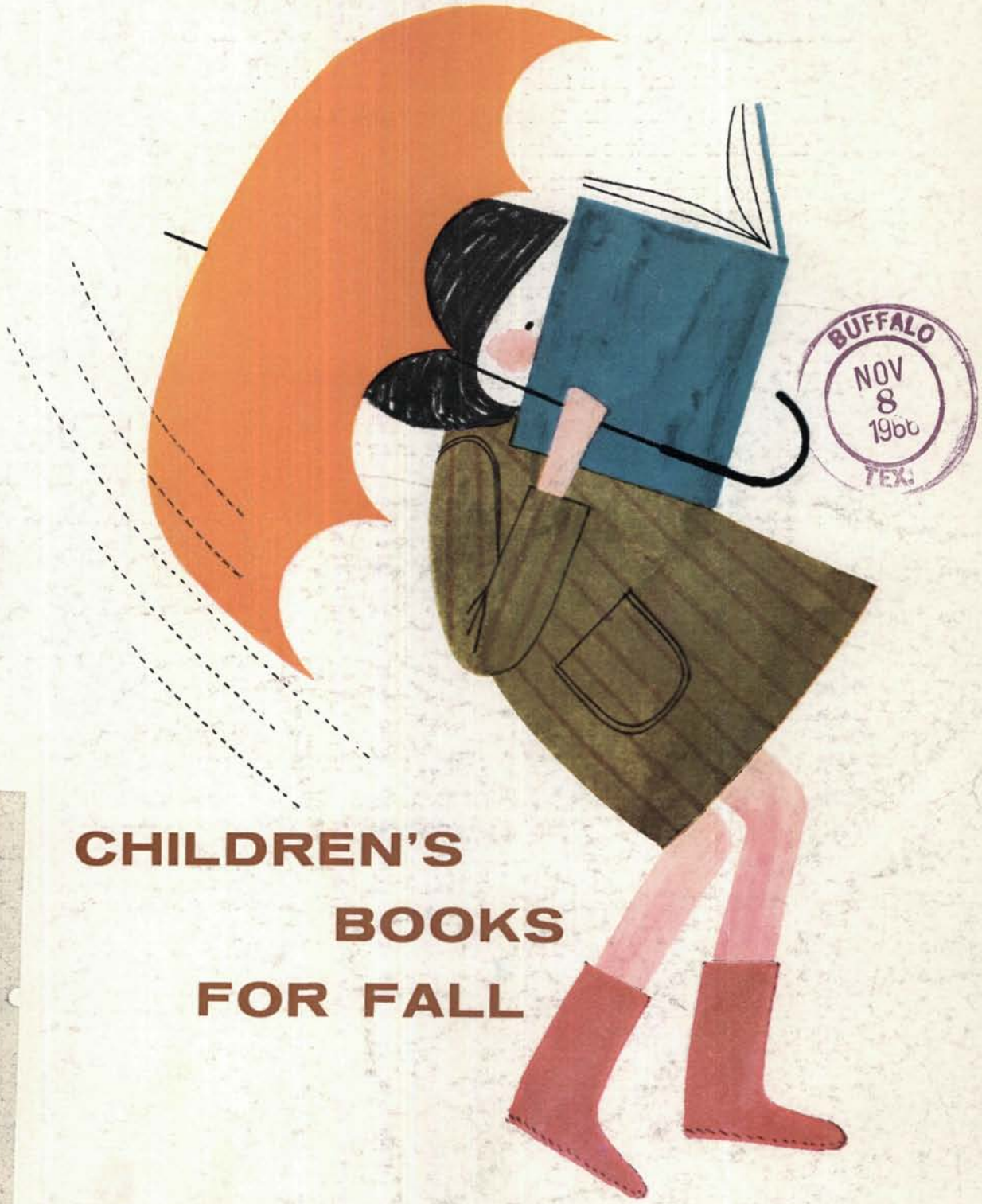

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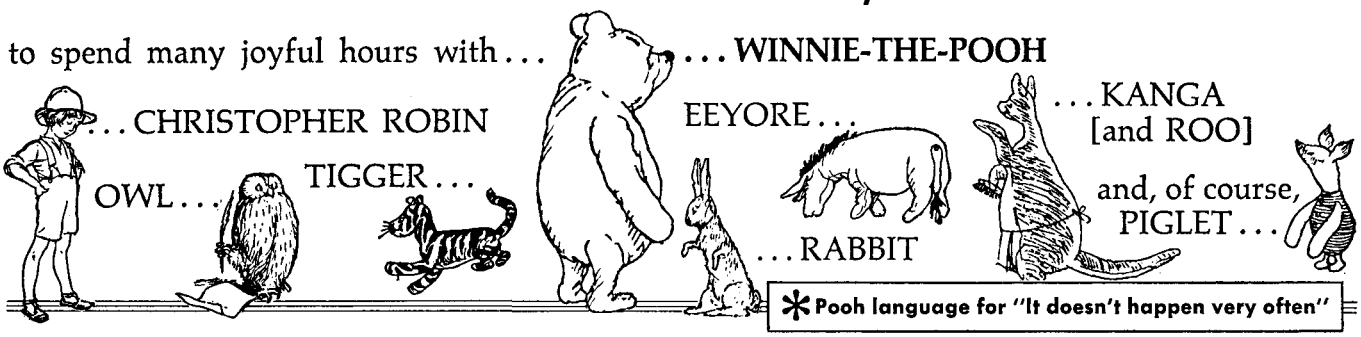

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EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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Cover drawing by Leslie Jacobs

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 46, November 12, 1966. Second class postage, paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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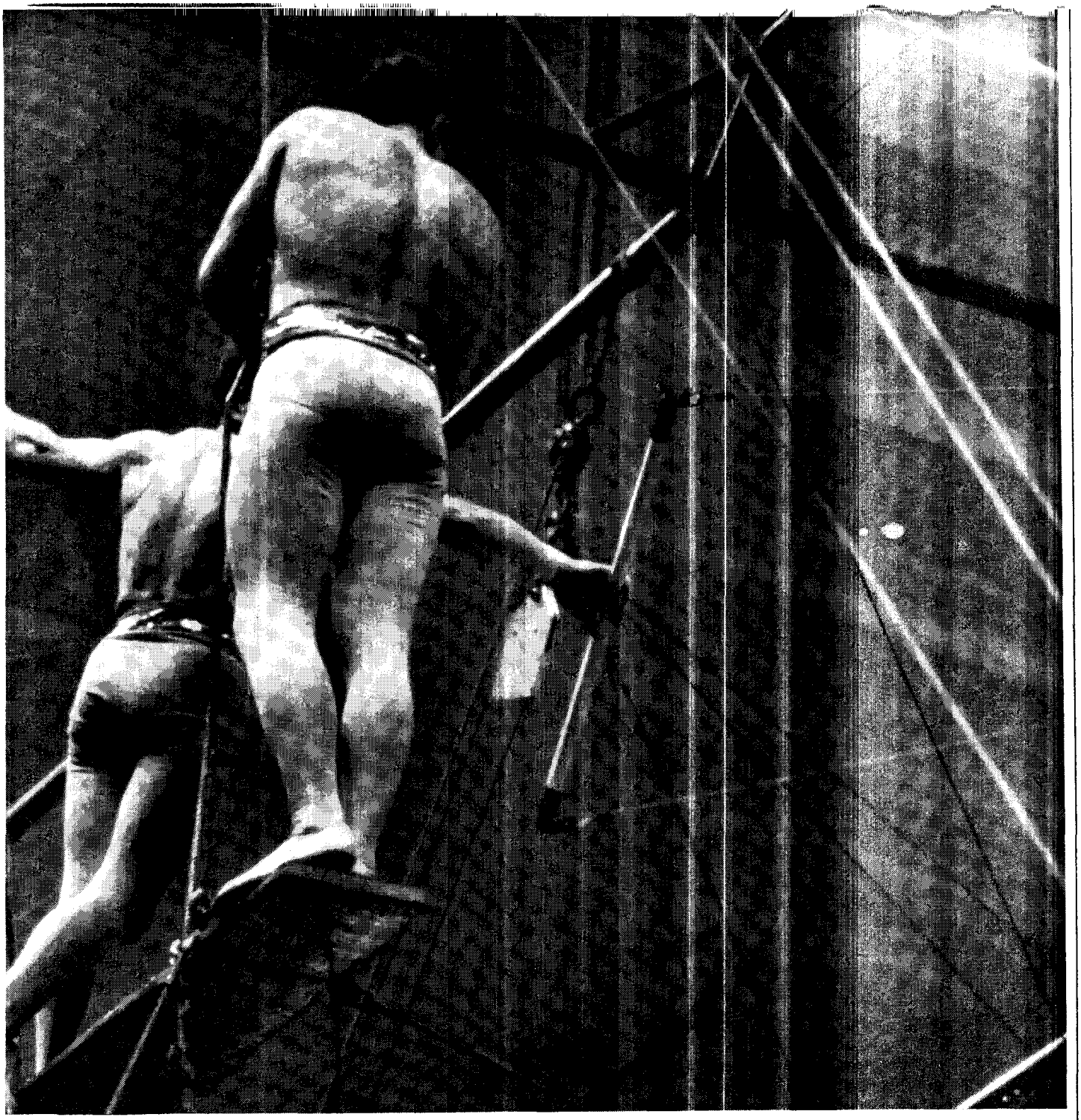

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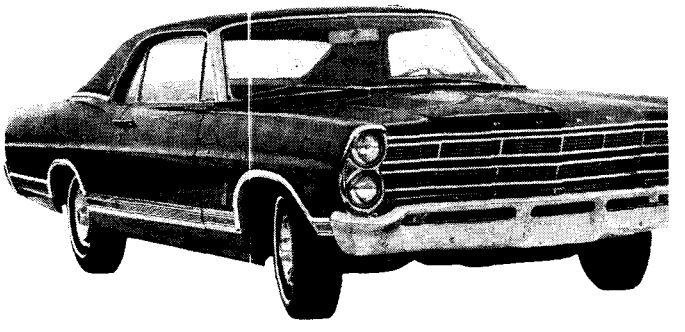

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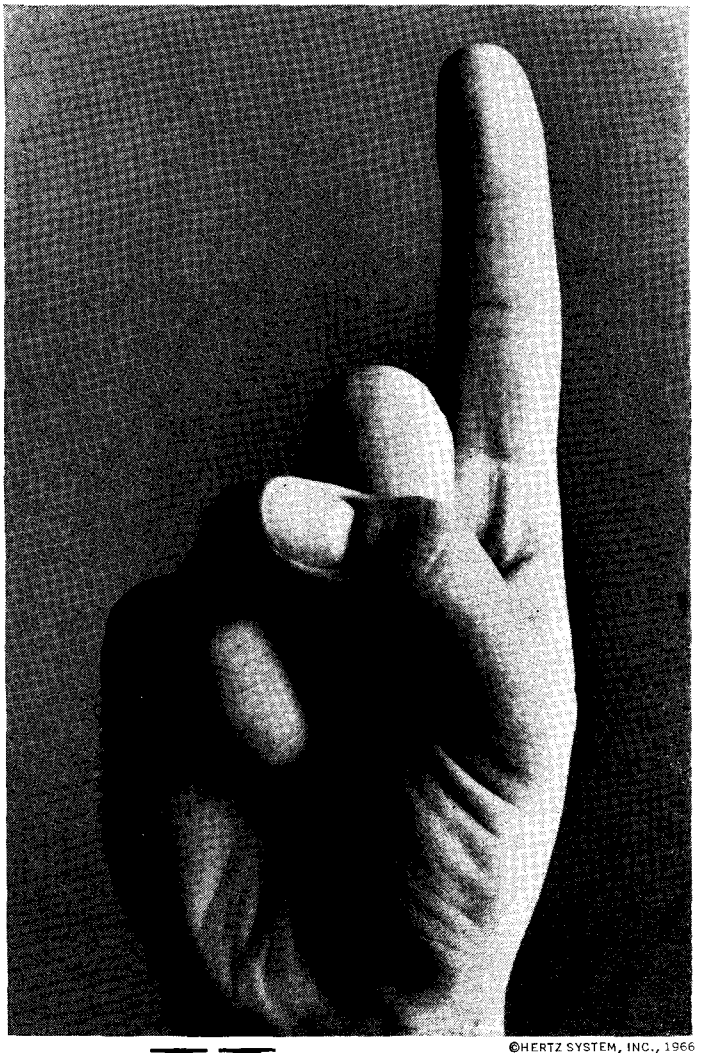
And now about trying hard.

No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?



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Sound Off

On Receiving Mail from Local Merchants Addressed to "Occupant"

Of all the creatures
On this earth extant,
Pity the lowly
Occupant.

A faceless, nameless
Single cell,
Whose unhappy lot
It is to dwell
In some unmarked place,
And there,
To live and die
And in between,
To occupy.

Oh, merchants, hear
The humble plea
Of a lowly
Occupant
Like me.

Before my earthly years
Are spent,
Please! Address me as
A resident.

—MILLICENT BROWER.

Pchp! *Eccí!*

THE COMMONEST forms of the sneeze in print are ker-CHOO! and ahhh-CHOO! There are variants but they are not much different from ker-CHOO! and ahhh-CHOO! and, indeed, are so familiar that any further deviation from the basic sound is apt to be upsetting. I am still jarred after many readings of Joyce's *Ulysses* when I encounter the vision of Rudolph Virag, father of Leopold Bloom, in the Circe (Nighttown) episode.

Virag sneezes, but it is not a lusty expiration of breath. Virag goes Pchp!

This is a cat's sneeze, an arrested if not quite stifled behind-the-hand sneeze, the sneeze of a prim, elderly female riding the UP escalator and facing the boldly curious stares of passengers on the DOWN. Pchp!

In *Ulisse*, the Italian translation of the work, Virag's sneeze is rendered as *Eccí!* The accent is on the second syllable and the sound is Eh-CHEE! A tiny gasp marks the Eh and a very slight *T* sound is introduced at the start of the CHEE! A comparison of the English and the Italian may help the reader judge for himself which is the better sneeze. Virag is a rather unpleasant phantom with a scraggy neck and a mooncalf nozzle, given to gibbering baboon cries: Hik! Hek! Hak! Hok! Huk! Kok! Kuk!

Here is Joyce in the original as Virag concludes one of his speeches: (He

chases his tail) Piffpaff! Popo! (He stops, sneezes) Pchp!

Here is the Italian: (*Si corre dietro alla coda.*) *Pifpaf! Popo!* (*Si forma, stern utisce.*) *Eccí!*

I am not sure which sneeze I prefer. Both are good: Pchp! *Eccí!* And both give a delicately ironic balance to Virag's obscene utterances.

The translators faced a greater challenge in Ned Lambert's sneezing which was induced on that memorable afternoon of June 16, 1904, by the dusty air of Mury's abbey, Dublin. Ned Lambert sneezed loudly: "Chow!" and added, "Blast you!" as a man will when he is compelled to sneeze against his will. A moment later he sneezed again: "Chow!" and added, "Mother of Moses!"

Now it seems plain enough that whereas *Eccí!* may serve for Pchp! a stronger sound than *Eccí!* must be employed in the translation of Chow! But what sound? Chow! is explosive. The obvious thing to do would be to make the same sound in Italian; and that is where the difficulty lay. For the sound of Chow! in Italian is *Ciao!* and *Ciao!* is not a sneeze but a style of farewell.

The translators must have felt trapped. Possibly they were a little tired as well. At any rate they retreated to *Eccí!* and surrendered completely on "Blast you!," translating it as *"Va All'inferno!"* or simply "Go to hell!"—which is not quite the same thing. As for "Mother of Moses!," she became *Mamma mia!*

Ulisse does better with Mr. Bloom's imagined colloquy in the Confessional as he leaves All Hallows church after Mass: "And I schschschschschsch. And do you chachachachachacha?"

The Italian goes: *E io scscscscsc. E voi avete ciaciaciacia?*

The sounds are about the same. My only criticism is that the Italians cut

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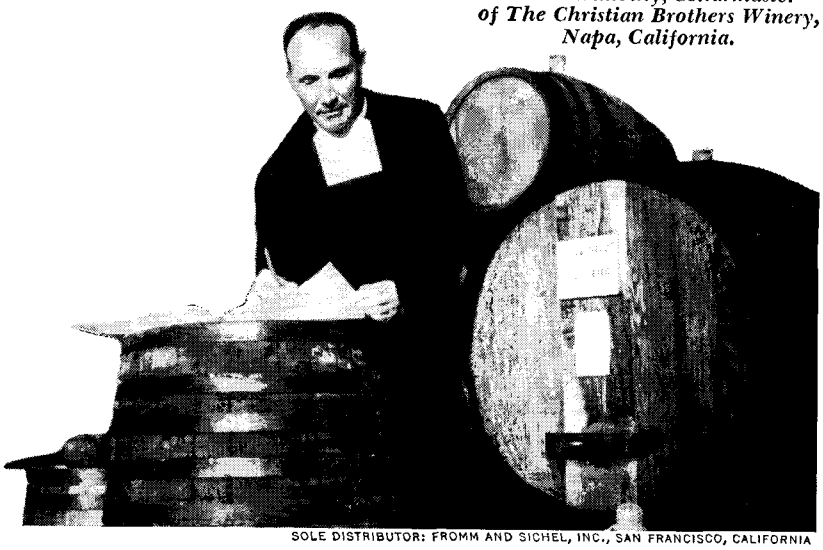

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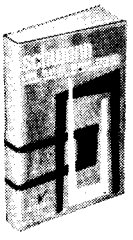

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Over 600,000 music lovers—plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can even split the total: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings the cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

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Yes! Send FREE Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD. Enclosed is $5, which entitles me to buy any LP in the Schwann Catalog or DISC® at discounts of at least 33⅓% and as high as 75%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may take as many or as few, or no records at all. No yearly "quota". I may, for any reason, return items within 10 days for full refund of membership fee!

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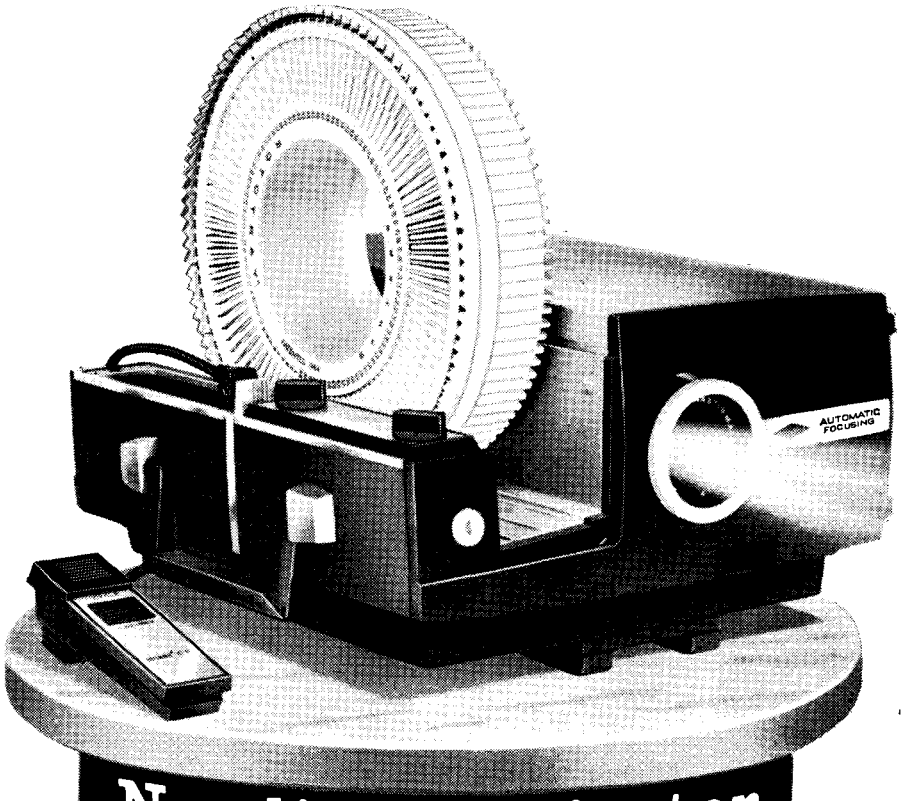

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Joyce. Instead of sch six times we get *sc* f ve times, and cha is reduced from five to four. —JOHN FERRIS.

Book Reviews for Our Times

Roots of Destiny, by
J. X. Saptapper

LATEST in the long list of books by those close to the great, this intimate account by Sir Winston Churchill's tree surgeon throws more light—though not much more—on an enigmatic era.

"Aye, lad, ye'll see muckle when ye be setting oop in they trees." This warning by a sage old senior sprayer of Saptapper's internship days proved prophetic. The things he did see ranged far beyond the four-color dreams of a simple country lad who began his career clipping hedges in the lanes of Ballybangdogrilly. Twenty years later he was nursing a moribund hydrangea bush only a few yards from the house in which the leaders of the free world were mapping plans for a second front. "It was a time of tension," he tells us, "and yet, withal, a time of reaffirmation. Even the poplars seemed to stand straighter and the aspens whispered 'we will, we will.'"

Not so in the dark days when Saptapper, perched in the lower branches of a dyspeptic elm, watched a well-known general decapitating roses with savage swipes of his swagger stick. "Mark my words, somethin's oop," he told his wife that night, and with the dawn came word of the fall of Singapore.

Saptapper touches only lightly on Hitler's failure to make effective use of his armored columns at Dunkirk, but his Battle of Britain vignettes are vivid, possibly because he was among the minor casualties. Nicked in the arm by flying shrapnel, he creosoted the wound and carried on, gummy but undaunted.

There are revealing portraits of Allied leaders as seen from treetop level. Patton was "a veritable cactus of a man, sturdy but spiny, often attaining great heights." Monty was military gorse, "tough and impenetrable." An unnamed American liaison officer, "like the aspidistra, was usually potted."

Roots of Destiny is history seen through a hedge, highly recommended to students of World War II and anyone with Dutch Elm disease.

—ALLEN R. DODD, JR.

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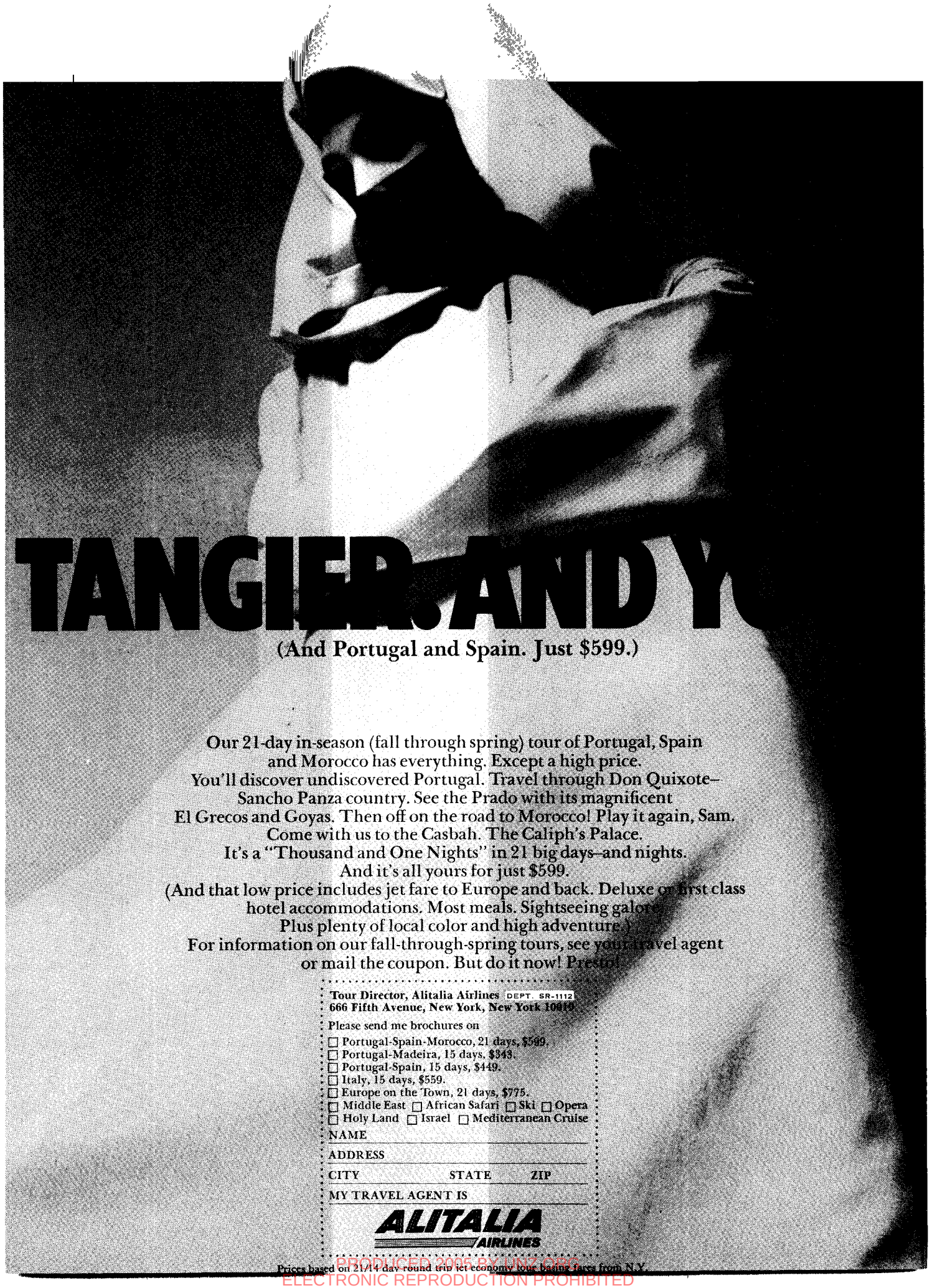

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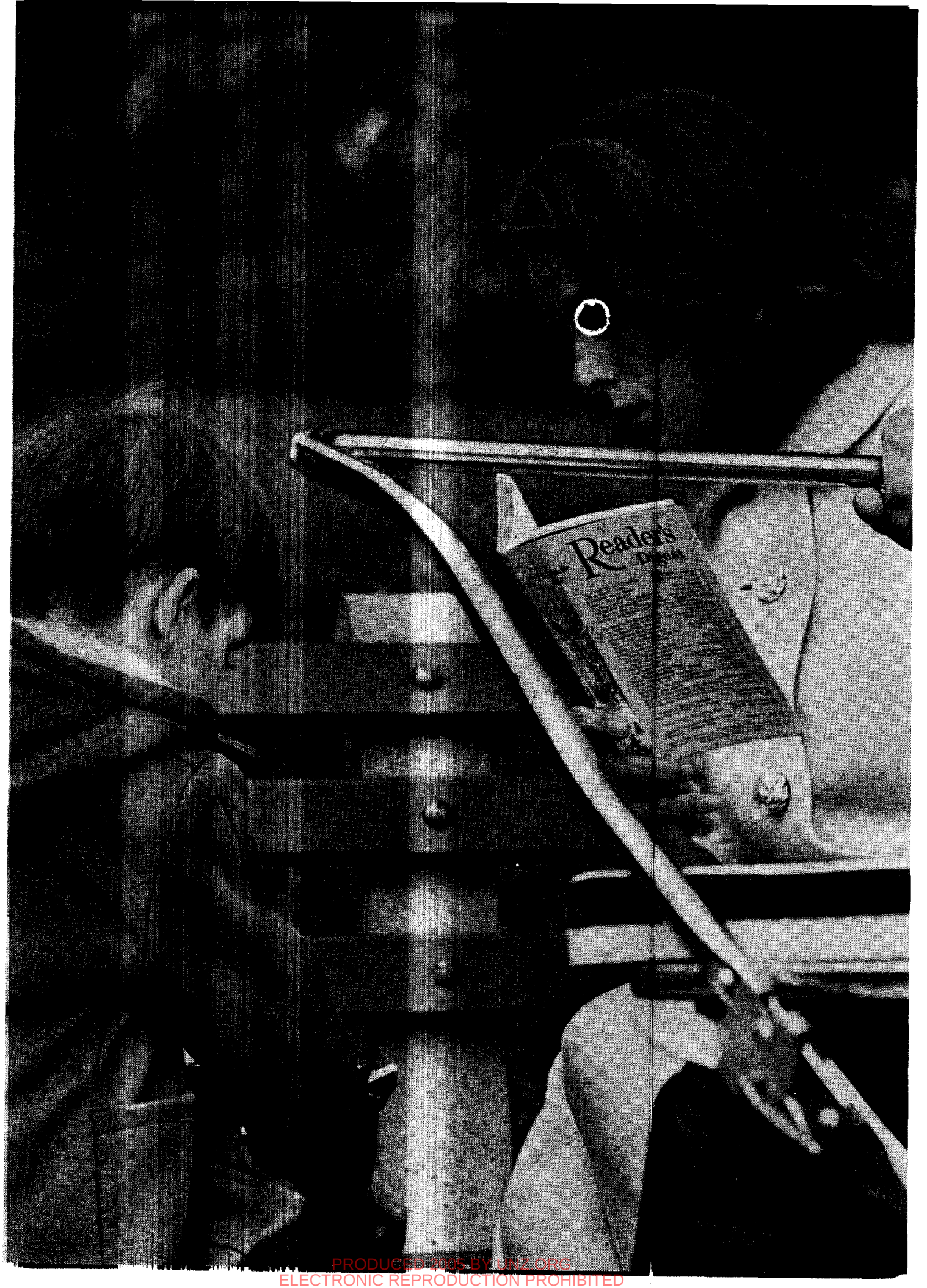

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Spend some time with the world's best seller* this November

You'll discover why millions of busy people keep in close touch with The Digest every month.

Today, very few people can find the time for the reading they'd like to do—and the reading they *need* to do—to keep abreast of what's happening in the world.

The Digest solves this problem by providing "an article a day of lasting interest." Here is information, entertainment, inspiration, education. Here is a wealth of good reading you can't afford to miss. In the November issue, for example:

What it's like for the G.I. in Vietnam. "Sooner or later, every infantryman experiences that chilling moment when the jungle suddenly goes quiet, when lizards cease their chorus, the civet cat stops his mournful wail—and all hell breaks loose." Revealing vignettes of American mettle, condensed from the book, "Vietnam: The Confusing War."

The tobacco lobby vs. public health. In a hard-hitting, penetrating report, The Digest traces the sorry history of the cigarette industry's effort to evade its responsibility—and publishes an exclusive tar-and-nicotine scorecard of the 30 most popular brands of filter-tip cigarettes.

"Should Teachers Strike?" Today's teacher is caught in the crossfire between two rival groups battling for his membership. Long frustrated by low salaries and other inequities, he often falls prey to hard-line union practices. Here's what you and your town can—and must—do about it.

"The Big Dollar in Pro Football." "The National and American football leagues together gross $65 million a year." A revealing look at the game almost nobody sees: the rugged infighting for profits.

Big Brother and the Great Society. "It is terrible to contemplate, but we are permitting practices which, left unchecked, have resulted in police states in other countries." A provocative, documented report of a new tyranny that is spreading across America—the rule of Big Brother bureaucracy.

"Is Your First Aid Up to Date?" New medical knowledge has stirred controversy over a number of once-popular emergency measures, some of which can be dangerous. A report on the most modern and authoritative techniques, condensed from *Today's Health.*

How we lose the propaganda war. In the struggle for men's minds, words can be decisive weapons. And too much of what is said or reported in the West is ready-made ammunition for the communists. An exclusive Digest report, by Carl T. Rowan, the former Director of the U.S. Information Agency.

James Michener at the National Gallery. A famous novelist tells how "within an incredibly brief period our nation put together one of the world's finest art collections."

"How Good Are Juries?" A monumental ten-year study finds them "deeply American, neither as witless as they have been caricatured nor as noble"—yet remarkably effective in handing down just verdicts tempered with mercy. Condensed from *Look.*

You'll also find articles like:

Our Haunted House
TV's Phyllis Diller
Society and the Sex Criminal
The Wondrous World of the Newborn
An Alcoholic's Letter to His Son

All told, 32 major articles, plus 9 departmental features, excerpts, anecdotes and humor. All in the November issue.

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Reader's Digest

**Throughout the free world, more than 27 million copies of The Digest are bought each month, in 14 languages. In the U.S. alone over 16.5 million copies—more than double the circulation of any other general magazine. In the U.S. The Digest is read by 50,000,000 people (49,973,000 to be exact).*

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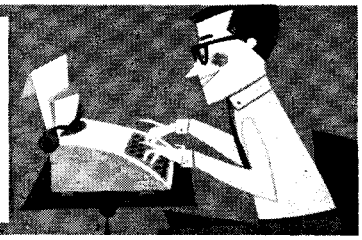
Top of My Head



Take a Letter

MR. JACK GOULD,
TV CRITIC,
THE NEW YORK TIMES

Dear Mr. Gould:

In an otherwise sensitive and most comprehensive assessment of the low grade of television entertainment to date, you unfortunately included this bit of hyperbole:

". . . three small committees—or perhaps just three men—at the American Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company, are calling all the shots as to what the public can see."

Begging your pardon, sir, but you are dealing with irresponsible misinformation. I deal with only responsible misinformation. Let me put you straight.

It is not three small committees or perhaps just three men who call the shots as to what we see on TV. It is three large committees and three small men. It works like this:

Committees of people off the street are invited into a screening room where they will view the season's new programs. Beside every viewer are buttons, one for the left hand, one for the right. As the program is shown, the viewers press buttons to signify their reactions.

For instance, during a program committee members may press buttons indicating they think the opening sequence is too slow, the middle portion picks up and is just right, but the closing third drags again.

Now the three men of the networks examine these reactions and go about making the program acceptable to the masses. How do they do that? Well, corporate profits being TV's incentive, it would be financially foolhardy to refilm two sequences when you can change only one. So they slow down the middle part to drag along with the first and third parts. And out come *Tammy* and *Gidget*, and Mona, and puppy-dog tales.

It has always been like this in mass media—when the paucity of creativity resolves itself on the treadmill of imitation, the medium goes into oblivion. Take stereopticon slides. When the masses began peering through the lenses at Mount Vesuvius and exclaimed in delight at what they saw, the producers of stereopticon slides gave us Mount Everest, Mount McKinley, Mount Rainier, and the Hills of Rome, a spin-off. And you know what finally happened to stereopticon slides.

But I digress. (Do you ever digress, Mr. Gould? It's fun. Try it. Especially on a Tuesday night when all there are are *Daktari*, *The Girl From Uncle*, and *The Pruitts of Southampton*).

And while we're digressing did you read a recent speech by Lee Loevinger, one of the commissioners of the FCC, the watchdog of television? He said, "Television is not for me, but for many others who do like it but who have no time for many things I like."

He went on to say: "Television is the literature of the illiterate, the culture of the lowbrow, the wealth of the poor, the privilege of the underprivileged."

So if you are a regular television viewer you are a poor, underprivileged, illiterate, uncultured lowbrow, according to Mr. Loevinger. Then he went on to explain what the function of television is.

"Television," he said in a flow of metaphoric rhetoric, "is the golden goose that lays scrambled eggs, and it can't be blamed for not laying caviar. Anyway," he concluded, "more people like scrambled eggs than they do caviar."

Doesn't this whole thing sound fishy to you, Mr. Gould? And a little frightening? What bothers me more is not that Mr. Loevinger doesn't expect the scrambled egg crowd ever to like caviar, but that the elite of the caviar group might eventually be beaten down to scrambled eggs. And learn to like them.

Let's face it. We live in an age of mediocrity. Look at the top of the best-seller list. Look at the top ten Nielsen numbers. Look at the figures of the attendance for the Mets at Shea Stadium.

Watch it, Mr. Gould. You know what happened to the NBC theater critic when the Giant David Merrick barred the Goliath Ed Newman from all his theaters.

Cool it, Mr. Gould. Some night three men from the networks will come to your house and take away your ever-livin' color TV set. And you won't get to see any more programs. But that's the stuff dreams are made of. It's a good life if you don't waken.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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HOW DO SWEDISH GIRLS KEEP WARM IN THE WINTER?

There's a place where people from the cold countries of Europe go to warm up.

Where the sun shines almost every day of the year, and it hardly ever rains, and the temperature dances around 75°, even in the dead of winter.

It's the city of Eilat, right there at the southern tip of Israel, on the Red Sea. (And because not many people know about it, it's becoming very popular.)

A person can lie around on an uncrowded beach. And when too much peace and quiet gets on his nerves, he can always get dressed and tour Israel.

Besides the Red Sea, there's the Dead Sea to see, and the Mediterranean Sea, and the Sea of Galilee.

And there'll be the Negev to drive through, and Jerusalem to walk through, and Tel Aviv to shop through.

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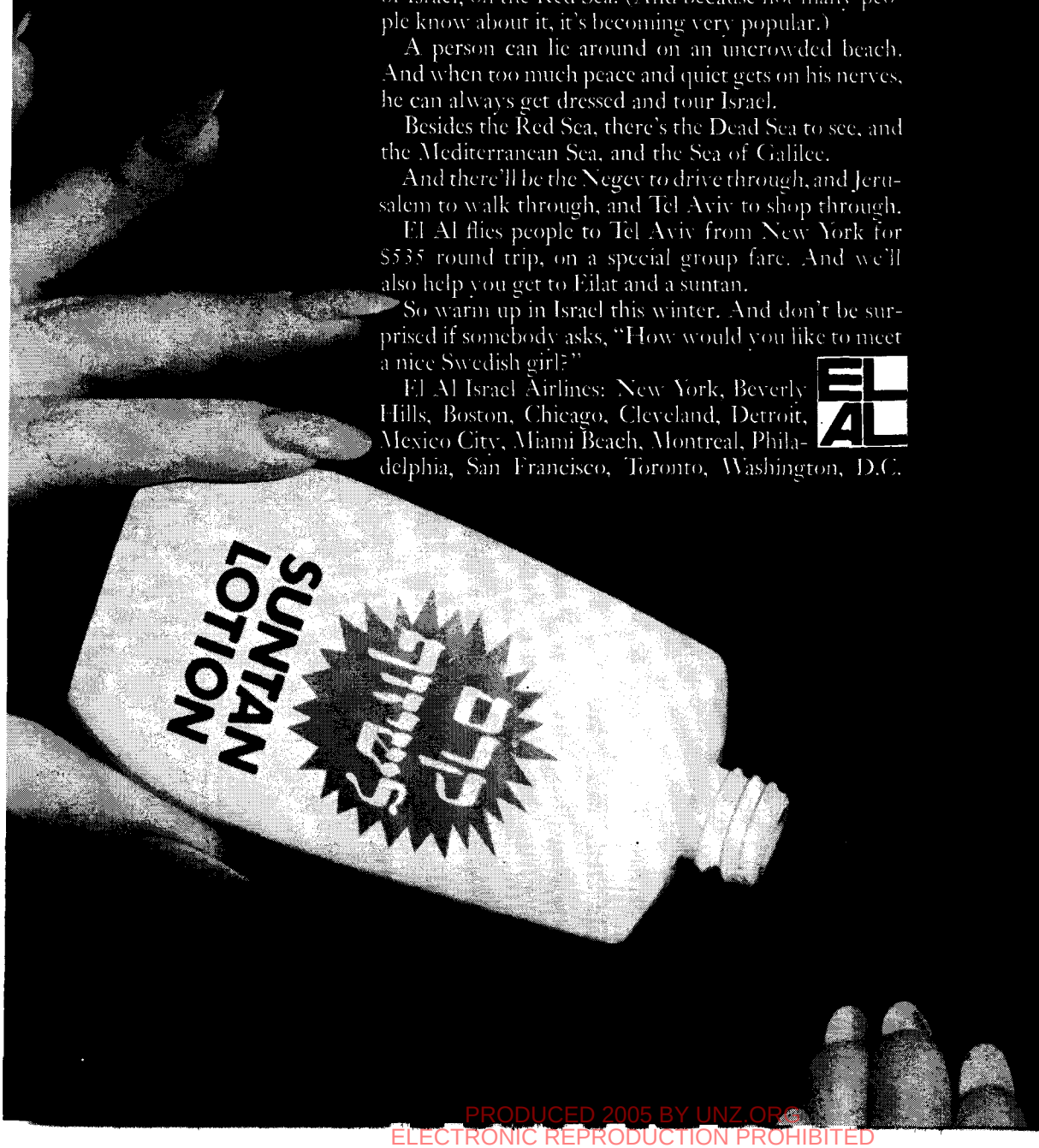

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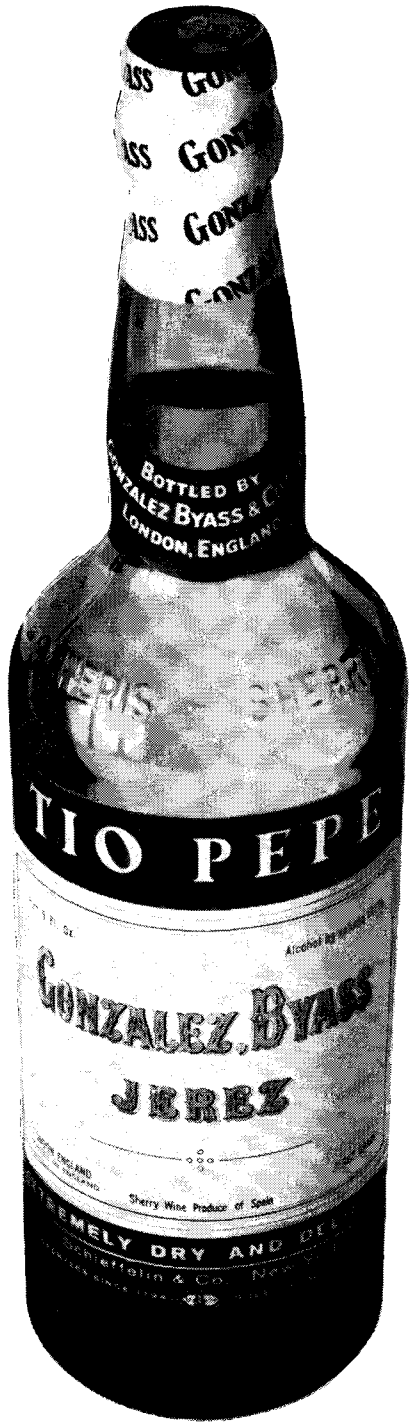
Bullfighters drink Tio Pepe before bullfights.

After would be too late.



You don't drink the world's lightest, driest sherry after anything. You drink it before things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

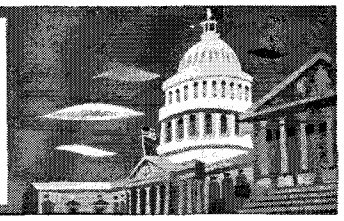
Just like you don't drink heavy cream sherries before anything. You drink them after things. Meals, bullfights, etc.

Unless you're really a bullfighter.

Then, you might drink Tio Pepe before, and cream sherry in the hereafter.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

State of Affairs



The Manila Summit

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's* STATE OF AFFAIRS *is written by Horace Sutton, associate editor of SR, who accompanied President Johnson to Manila. Henry Brandon returns to this space next week.*

MANILA.

THE FIRST MORNING in Manila came on hot and steamy. The hour hand had scarcely nudged seven, but the air hung like a damask curtain along the bayside promenade that had once honored Admiral Dewey, and now, in the housecleaning of colonial bric-a-brac, is called Roxas Boulevard. The city still pulsated with the afterglow of the high excitement of the afternoon before, when, one after another, the heads of state arriving for the Manila Summit Conference rode under the seven white decorated arches, each honoring their separate presence—an elephant for Premier Kittikachorn of Thailand; a field of green bamboo for South Vietnam's Premier Ky and Nguyen Van Thieu, chairman of the National Leadership Committee; an eagle for Lyndon Johnson.

The traffic tangled itself into a knotted snarl as it neared the American Embassy, caged in decorative grillwork at the edge of Manila Bay. It moved three blocks toward the nerve center of the Manila Hotel, that sagging *grande dame* that had been powdered and primped for the occasion that was coming to it so late in life. Its driveway was a circus of Secret Service agents mouthing whispered words into hand-held walkie-talkies, press cars jockeying up to the steps, and motorcycle police thundering their throttles like instrumentalists tuning up before the high season's concert.

Somehow all the elements became disentangled, and by 9 o'clock the session had come to order in the Congress of the Philippines. Hand-lettered signs furled with curlicues had directed the audience to its proper places—the Cabinet and its ladies, the justices of the Supreme Court, the former presidents, the first ladies, the diplomats. In the raised gallery in the rear sat the Senate wives, Filipina ladies in high coifs, earrings dangling, fans fluttering to fend off the heat and the nervousness. In a side gallery sat a hirsute Sikh, his maroon turban, his white-whiskered beard, and his glasses all struggling for space on his face. Near him in colorful serenity sat the Papal representative in white cassock and shocking pink skullcap.

Hanging over the balconies in the crowded room that was too small for the occasion were the cameramen, all their attention on the rostrum where the delegates sat enthroned in high-backed, ornately carved chairs—Prime Minister Harold Holt of Australia, President Chung Hee Park of South Korea, Prime Minister Keith Holyoake of New Zealand, Lyndon Johnson, and the two delegates from Vietnam, Nguyen Van Thieu, and the dapper Nguyen Cao Ky. Four were military leaders, but this was a conference for peace. All wore business suits except President Marcos, who stood at the podium in a crisp, filmy, filigreed *barong tagalog*, the Filipino dress shirt woven of banana fibers.

IT WAS Marcos's show and he was its chairman. He came on clearly and articulately, speaking without notes, without lectern, without hesitation, exuding waves of that Kennedy brand of mysticism that breeds hope, faith, and even exhilaration. He was the young man of all talents, here incarnate: the clean good looks, the head of his class, available with the ready word, married to the beautiful wife, equipped with the noble cause.

He greeted the heads of state collectively and individually. "Your presence here alone," he said, "the mere fact of seeking common counsel, is an achievement. For by this act alone you have advanced the frontiers of human nobility." He especially noted President Johnson's presence and called it eloquent proof of an "enlightened acceptance by the United States of its share of responsibility for the peace and progress of the Pacific area."

Then with hard phrase and firm gesture he bit into Asia's problems. "The people of Asia have borne the deadly, crushing weight of deprivation for centuries," he said. "And in the uncountable millions of human hearts in Asia there is a unifying rhythm—a very deep and tender yearning for stability and a little comfort." He looked up and down the table where the other heads of state sat. "Just as there must be boldness in battle for freedom, let there be courage in the war against misery. In the face of the skeptics and the fatalists let there be unity. Let there be resolution to accept

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As of May, 1959, that index stood at 102.2. By May of this year, it had risen 2.15 percent compared with an 11.4 percent increase in the Consumer Price Index.

So the average price of other representative things we buy has gone up five times as much as the price of steel.

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—Virginia Kirkus

Irrepressible Churchill

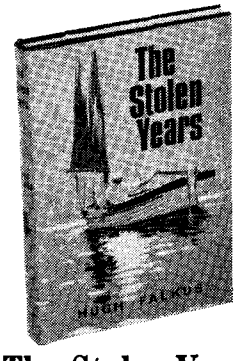
A Treasury of Winston Churchill's Wit
by Kay Halle

"This Kaleidoscope of Churchillian wit . . . a book of humor, a first rate biography in pithy form, and almost a book reference for the layman. Each year or period is treated succinctly, and the Churchillian statements are intelligently interspersed with a commentary . . . a splendid birthday or Christmas gift."
—Library Journal

You won't want to miss the many gems like this:
Lady Astor: If I were your wife I'd put poison in your coffee.
Winston: If I were your husband I'd take it.

41 delightful cartoons **$10.00**

"... Captivating ..."
—Roy Newquist, Chicago American



The Stolen Years
by Hugh Falkus

This is a recollection of childhood, but one not easily matched . . . "it is the quality of the thing that counts, the beauty and precision of the telling. With the author we . . . recapture . . . that glimmery, gleamy dreamlike feeling of epiphany, of something ecstatically splendid about to happen which is childhood's very essence."
—New York Times Book Review

". . . beautifully written account of a halcyon past . . ."—Library Journal

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the misgivings from the timid, the sneers of the uninformed, or even the slander of the malicious."

While pleased with Johnson's presence, Marcos articulated his own independence and the Continent's new posture. "There is a fresh new wind that sweeps the face of Asia," he said. "Its peoples are more perceptive, the leaders passionately dedicated. No more shall they accept Western formulas without question. Asia seeks participation in the determination of its destiny." He made it clear that Vietnam was not merely a regional dispute, for what is at stake in Vietnam, he said, is not merely the fate of one country but the future of Asia and the world. He asked history to record that the seven nations faced the challenge and did their share to attain universal brotherhood.

IN THE back of the hall there was the *sotto voce* stuttering of the walkie-talkies carried by the security agents. The opening ceremonies done and the keynote established, the heads of state returned to private sessions at Malacanan Palace. The audience filtered toward the door, Mrs. Johnson, crisp and smart in a pale blue street dress, walking with the Philippine first lady; Secretary Rusk reaching for a cigarette; Ambassador Lodge conferring with an Asian; General Westmoreland, hard and dark of eye—with a jaw that could only have been fashioned at Mount Rushmore, in all the very model of Jack Armstrong the All-American boy matured into middle years—questioning Filipino cadets in their West Pointish gray coats, white trousers, and red sashes, each of them a MacArthur whisper from the grave.

The departure for Malacanan was an elaborate fandango. The police held back the crowd by grasping one another's nightsticks. The directors of the show stood on the sidelines chattering into their walkie-talkies. Each delegation went off led by a traffic control car, escorted by a motorcycle brigade, and followed by a jeepful of soldiers with poised carbines.

President Johnson's bubbletop car, flown to Manila, went off behind a motorcycle troop wearing hot orange vests and maroon peaked caps, except for the leader. He wore a maroon cowboy hat, brims curled on the sides, *High Noon* style. But even the President's motorcyclists were outshone by the police riders, imported from a suburb, who wore old U.S. Spanish-American war campaign hats, scarlet jackets of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, green riding pants with yellow stripes, and shining boots.

At the Malacanan Palace, screened from public and press, the heads of state and their equerries sat at a round table; some gave prepared statements, some extemporaneous speeches. They took their alphabetical turn, by nations, Johnson speaking last late in the afternoon. "We come as equals among equals," he said, repeating the credo he had first expounded in his speech at the East-West Center in Honolulu, "to share with friends and allies our problems, plans, and hopes." He said he thought the most important conclusion to be drawn from the conference was that the "nations directly assisting South Vietnam are resolute."

He said he sensed a deep feeling of purpose among the men he met at the conference and perceived a growing feeling of fellowship among Asian and Pacific nations. He delineated the job of the United States as one of cooperation when needed and when invited, but he warned that the time to turn back aggression was "early, not late." By the first day's end he thought he could see the meeting moving toward the establishment of four principles: a determination that aggression must fail ("let the bullies of the world know that when they attack their neighbors, the friends of their neighbors will be there to help"); reconstruction ("now we have built a shield behind which we can join in rebuilding this nation that has known so much terror and horror"); regional cooperation ("I regard this meeting as a gathering of friends who know they have a common stake in an orderly Pacific and Asian region"); reconciliation ("you cannot have a one-man peace conference when one side is not present").

The second day, which was the last day, the leaders crowded into the Music Room of Malacanan and hammered out a thirty-one-point joint communiqué. In effect, they reiterated their determination that the freedom of South Vietnam be secured, they signified their common purpose, declared themselves united in the search for a peaceful and prosperous future for Asia and the Pacific, took cognizance of the continued high rate of military action from Hanoi, hoped for an exchange of wounded prisoners, professed support for the economy of Vietnam, looked with approbation upon plans to establish a constitutional system there and hold elections within six months, supported the Vietnam Government's program on national reconciliation, pledged to withdraw Allied forces from Vietnam when the North ceases infiltration and the level of violence subsides, and voted to continue their consultations through meetings with their respective ambassadors in Vietnam and in future meetings of their foreign ministers and heads of government.

In a separate document the men in the Music Room also drafted a paper called Goals of Freedom, which were, in effect, the four points that President

(*Continued on page* 83)

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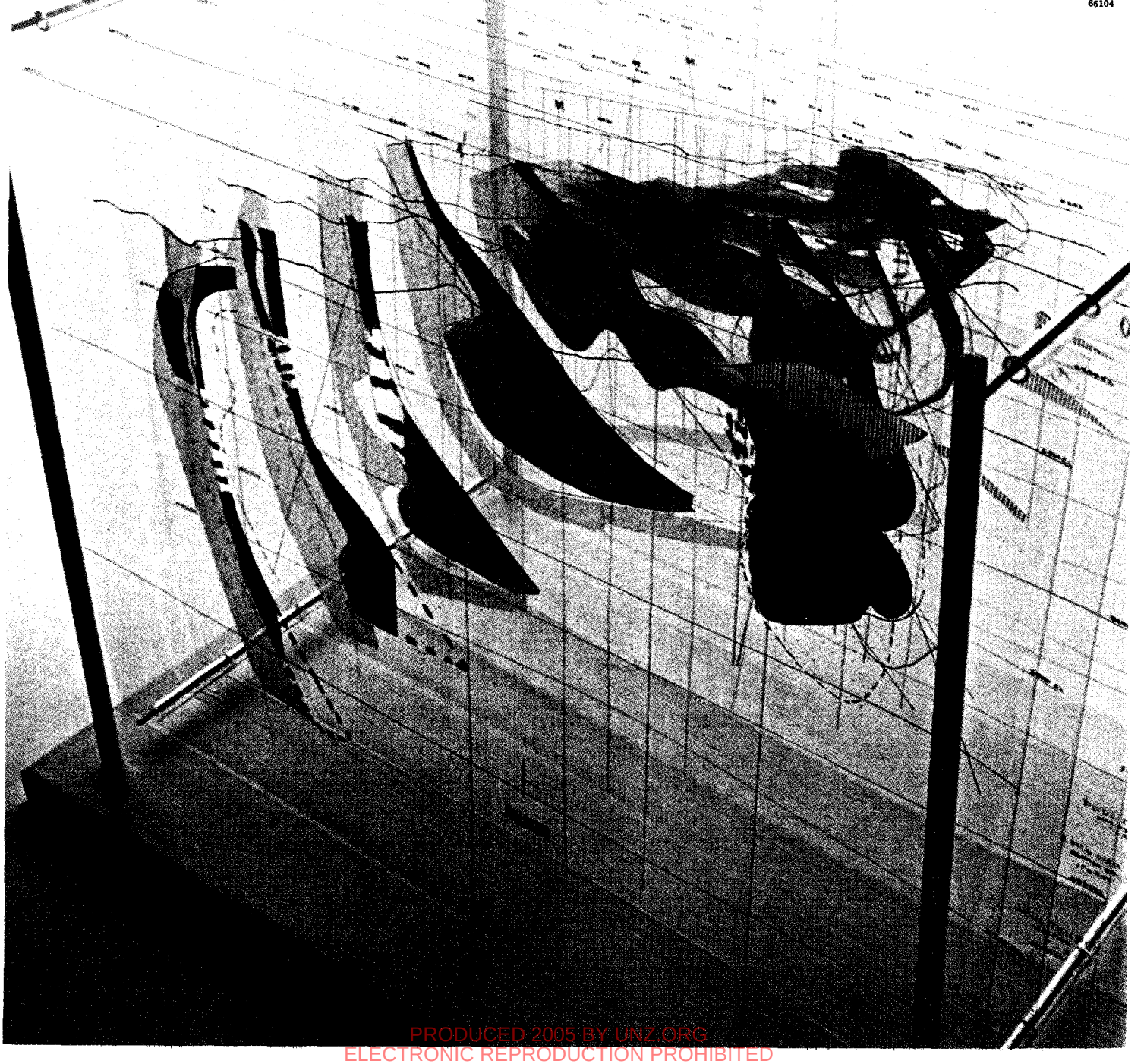

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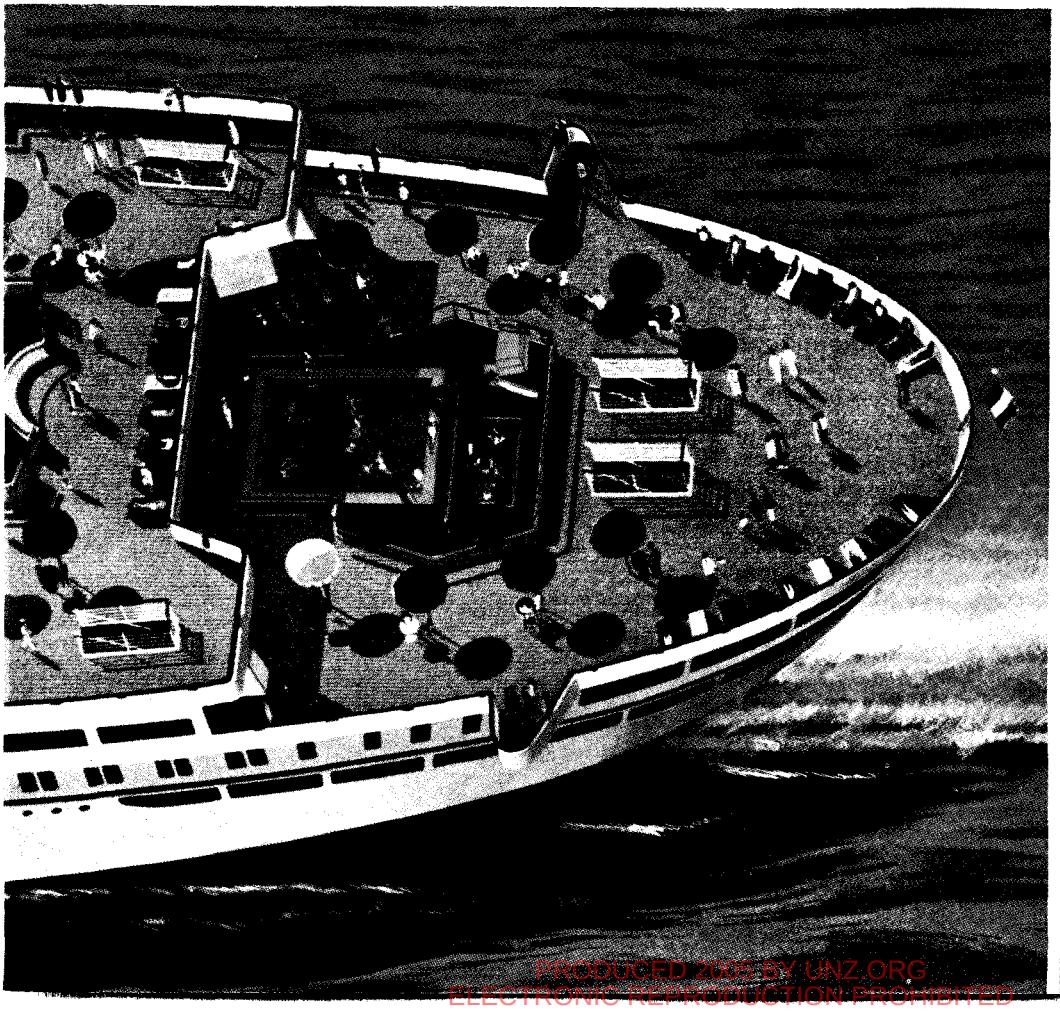

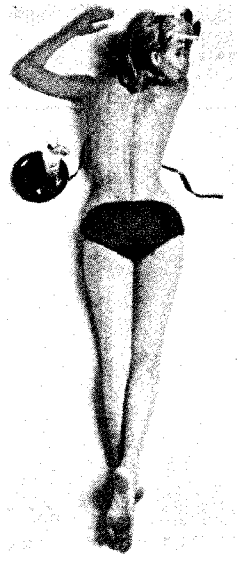

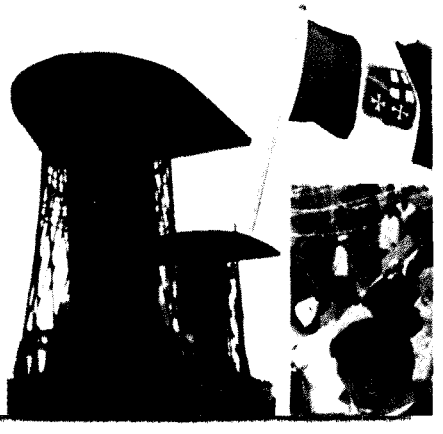

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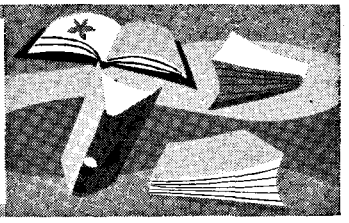
Trade Winds



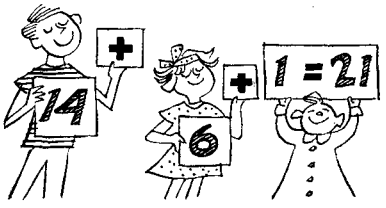
A new book club has been organized that automatically will become the world's largest. Exclusive announcement has been made to this column by the founders, Max Shulman, author and playwright, and John J. O'Connell, editor of *This Week*.

The name of the club is "Most Unread Best Sellers, Inc." In line with the confusion usually rampant on magazine mastheads, whose personnel titles are designed to keep anybody from knowing who's boss, the officers will be a Treasurer, a Managing Treasurer, an Executive Treasurer, a Treasurer-in-Chief, a Supervising Treasurer, and a Treasurer-Treasurer. The reason for so many treasurers is because so much money will be rolling in.

A vital difference between the new club and others is that no books will be sold. Only *lists* of best sellers, past and present, that everybody buys but nobody reads. The first listing includes *By Love Possessed*, *Ship of Fools*, *Herzog*, *Dr. Zhivago*, and *David the King*.

Most Unread Best Sellers, Inc., will be the only book organization functioning exclusively with backlists. (The first *l* has been omitted on advice of counsel.) Members will have the privilege of returning unread best sellers they have bought, but only direct to the authors, whose home addresses will be supplied.

Membership fee will be $1 a year. Nonmembership fee will be $2 a year, the extra dollar penalty being invoked



because of the slow-wittedness of the nonjoiners. This means, naturally, that *everybody is in*. Except minors. Minors may come in only if they come in together; *i.e.*, a sixteen-year-old and a fourteen-year-old may apply jointly.

Any member caught lending to another person any of the books on the club's lists will be designated a bookfink.

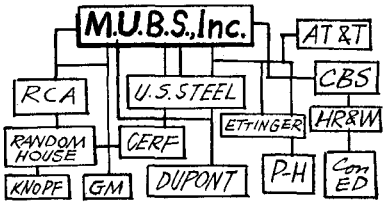
Because Most Unread Best Sellers, Inc., will assume regulatory authority over other portions of the publishing industry, booksellers will be interested in rules applying to *them*. Thus, in buying books from a regular publisher, the bookseller will receive none free with a dozen. However, he must receive six free with *half* a dozen. The new club is still debating whether this absolute rule should apply: The more you buy, the fewer you get free.

Also for booksellers: Publication dates must be strictly adhered to. Which, translated, means that any book announced for March publication, for example, must be in every shop window not later than two months earlier.

Members of Most Unread Best Sellers, Inc., are advised that no computers are to be used by their company. In defiance of all traditional book club procedure, everything will be done by hand, assuring prompt acknowledgment of membership applications and immediate mailing of lists.

Membership in the club is in perpetuity, ultimately going from the original member to the next in line in his family. Once you get in, you never get out. And don't try to, because we know who you are.

Mr. Shulman made the following statement: "This club is a *club*, and



don't let anybody forget it. Our money—hell, our *monies*, our heaps of gold—will be used for acquisitions. We have no use for Radio Corporation of America, but we are going to acquire it in order to get hold of Random House. We have little regard for CBS, but we are going to acquire *that* so we can have our hands on Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Also, we are going to acquire Richard Ettinger, so that nobody else can get in on Prentice-Hall."

In addition to developing plans for his club, Mr. Shulman is completing the book for *How Now, Dow Jones?*, a musical about Wall Street that will be produced late in 1967.

During a seminar at Columbia University, Carl Van Doren said that other than *cleave*—to adhere closely, to cling; to part, divide, or separate—there is no English word that has two diametrically

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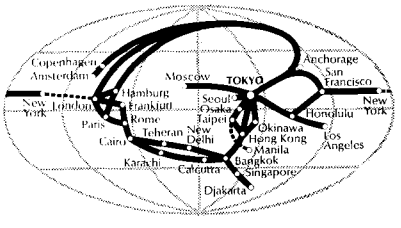

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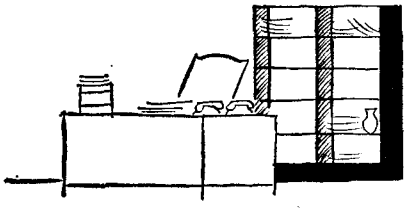
opposite meanings. He also recited this poem by Stratford Canning:

A word there is of plural number,
Foe to ease and tranquil slumber;
Any other word you take
And add an *s* will plural make.
But if you add an *s* to this,
So strange the metamorphosis,
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

What's the word? *Cares.*

While Alfred E. Smith was Governor of New York, I wrote to ask him if he



ever had read the Horatio Alger books. A single sentence reply came from his secretary: "Governor Smith asks me to tell you that he never read any books, and Alger's was among them."

Howard Lindsay writes that someone once said something about Harold Ross that was so offensive his friends thought Harold should do something in retaliation. "No," Ross said, "from now on I will just ignore him." Then he paused for thought. "But how," he wondered, "am I going to let him know I'm ignoring him?"

The Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, who was just appointed Bishop of Rochester, New York, Diocese, once agreed to write an article I suggested, entitled "How to Stay Married Though Unhappy." He predicted that Protestants wouldn't like it, because they don't have to stay married; and that Catholics wouldn't like it, because they do. He was absolutely right on both counts. I was clobbered by everybody.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1700)

(Bruce) Jackson:
WHITE-COLLAR PILL PARTY

(From *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1966)

For adults, respectable grownups, the nice people who just* "cannot," or will not, "make it" without a variety of drugs, the drug experience threatens to disrupt, or even destroy, life patterns and human relationships that required many years to establish.

* Word inserted to get the J.

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The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one.

We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

It will average an honest 35 mpg.

It has a liquid cooling system that is infinitely quieter than air-cooling, yet it will not boil or freeze.

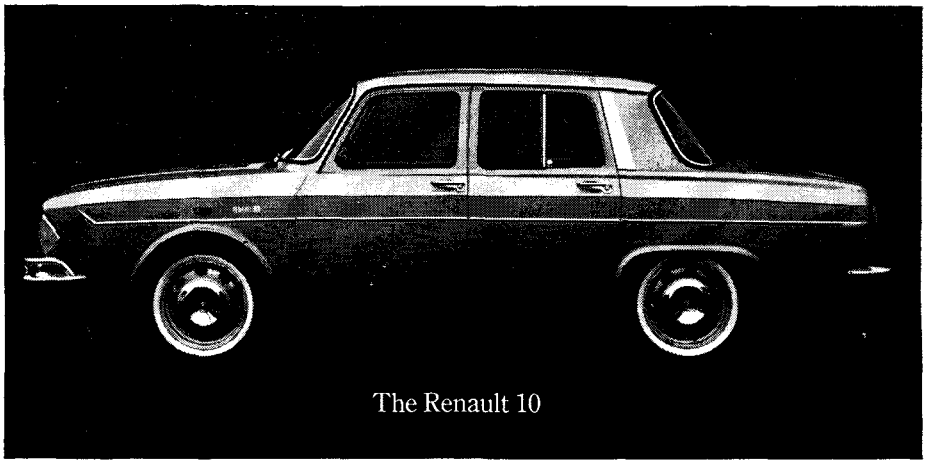
The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

Yet it costs only $1647.*

Now the bear is on the ground.

If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.

RENAULT



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast, P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. *Whitewalls optional. Automatic Transmission $165 additional.
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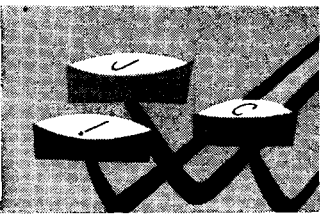
Manner of Speaking



A Fable of Four Fools and a Bartender: A fool wanted to argue whether a bottle from which half the whisky had been drunk was half full or half empty.

A second fool, taking the first seriously, argued that since the bottle had started by being full and had had half of its contents removed it was in process of approaching emptiness and that it must, therefore, be taken as being half empty. "For," he concluded with a flourish, "the fullness of the remaining half is obviously only a temporary function of the progressive emptiness of the total bottle."

A third fool, taking the first two seriously, argued that there was no difference, since, if the contents were to be poured into an identical bottle that was empty to start with, then *that* bottle would be in process of being filled, and would, therefore, be half full. "And," he concluded, thinking that he, too, was called upon to provide a final flourish, "when two conditions are indistinguishable from one another, the difference is inconsequential either *a priori* (if the condition is contingent) or *ad hoc* (if the condition is actual)." And he blinked.

"Yes, yes," said a fourth fool, who obviously took everything seriously and who coveted a reputation for subtlety, "but what if the contents of the first or second bottle were poured into a third bottle exactly half the size of the first two? What then, I say?" And he winked and nodded and rubbed his hands together to make sure the others understood the subtlety of his question.

All the fools sitting at the bar of the Metaphysical Inn thereupon stopped to review and admire the profundity of their own discussion, until one of them suggested that it would be delicious to put so fine an analytical question to the bartender, if only to demonstrate the ineptitude of the untrained mind when confronted with true subtlety.

"All I want to know," said the bartender when the discussion had been repeated for him, "is the *size* of the bottle."

For he, you see, had to write out the tab for the evening's drinking.

And besides, he knew he had watered the stuff to begin with, thereby diluting the question in a way the fools were not aware of.

A Fragment of a Fable of the Unemployed Church Mouse: "I am an idealist," said the church mouse when the unemployment-insurance examiner asked for his last occupation.

The mouse was following the advice of a political rat who warned him he might have to go to work if he listed a useful occupation.

A Fable of the Traffic Cop and the Logical Driver: "You did not signal for a left turn," said the traffic cop, beginning to write.

"There were no cars for me to signal to," said the driver.

"There could have been a car behind you," said the cop.

"I looked in the rear-view mirror," said the driver.

"The mirror could have been broken," said the cop, still writing.

"Except that it wasn't," said the driver.

"Maybe so," said the cop putting away his pencil and handing over the summons, "but by now I have it all written up and I can't change *that*."

Moral: Signal anyhow; to do so is as logical as being right, and it costs less.

The Fable of the Shrewd Bargainer: A farmer who had developed a special strain of apples promised to supply a friend of his who ran a market, and since the farmer knew the apples were good, and since he was working hard to develop an even better apple, he did not haggle about the price, especially since his friend seemed so enthusiastic about the new apples and was sure they would find a good market.

The marketer took the first shipment of apples, and, being a shrewd bargainer, and seeing that the farmer had not haggled, decided he would pay less than the apples were worth. "I will make the difference up to him in other ways," thought the marketer, "for the farmer loves raising apples, and nothing would matter more to him than to be the best apple-raiser in the country. I will help make him known, and once I have built his reputation, he will be in great demand for county and state fairs and will win all sorts of prizes."

And since it was time to prepare his regular weekly advertising copy, the marketer announced in all the papers, and on the radio, that the first crop of the NEW VERY BEST APPLE from the FAMOUS VERY BEST ORCHARDS was now available exclusively at his SUPERMOST MARKET as a special SUPERMOST service.

The advertising and the apples were a success. Never had the marketer sold so many apples so fast at such a good price. But when he sent the check for the first shipment he paid only what he would have paid for the most ordinary sort of apples. "If he complains," the marketer thought, "I will point out to him how much my advertising costs, and he will be satisfied."

And since it was the day to send out his new advertising copy, and since a second shipment of apples was due, he prepared even more glowing announcements about the DELICIOUS NEW VERY BEST APPLES from VERY BEST ORCHARDS, exclusively at SUPERMOST.

The apples, as it happened, did not arrive the next day, nor the next. The marketer was afraid his publicity would appear in the papers before the apples arrived, and that it would, therefore, be wasted. He was just about to phone the farmer when a secretary brought him the paper and showed him an advertisement in which his hated rival, the Super-EEM Market, announced that *it* had the new EXCLUSIVE distribution of CRUNCHY TASTY NEW DELICIOUS VERY BEST APPLES from VERY BEST ORCHARDS and was quite proud of being able to offer them to its customers.

The shrewd marketer roared, reached for the telephone, and dialed for the farmer.

"Hello," said the farmer.

"Where are my apples?" shouted the marketer. "What's this about Super-EEM? What are you doing to me?"

Taking the questions in order, the farmer said, "Not in my orchard. Just what the advertisements say. I am answering your phone call."

"I thought we had an understanding," the marketer said, still shouting.

"I thought so, too," said the farmer, "but we seem to have understood it differently."

"But I sent you my check!"

"You made it out for second-best apples."

"I am making you famous!" shouted the marketer.

"Super-EEM is paying me," said the farmer. "It is just as well to become famous while one is being paid for it."

"All right," said the marketer, seeing he had to make the best of it, and no longer shouting. "Since you are holding me up, I'll pay more."

"Unfortunately," said the farmer, "I just signed an exclusive contract with Super-EEM. Since I am so bad at bargaining, my wife got it all in writing this time."

Moral: When you have a dollar to spend for apples, you have to decide what sort of apples you want to buy.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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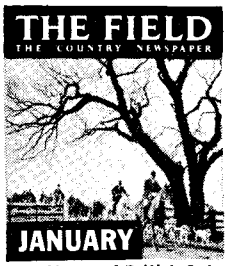

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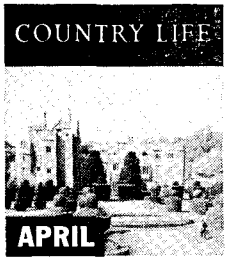

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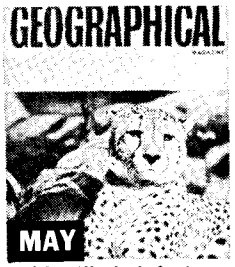

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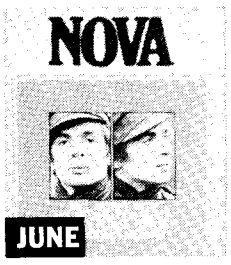

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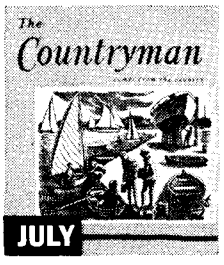

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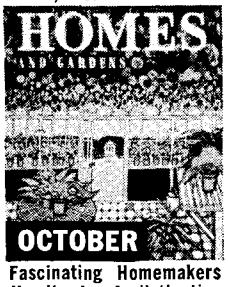

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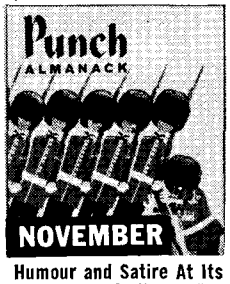

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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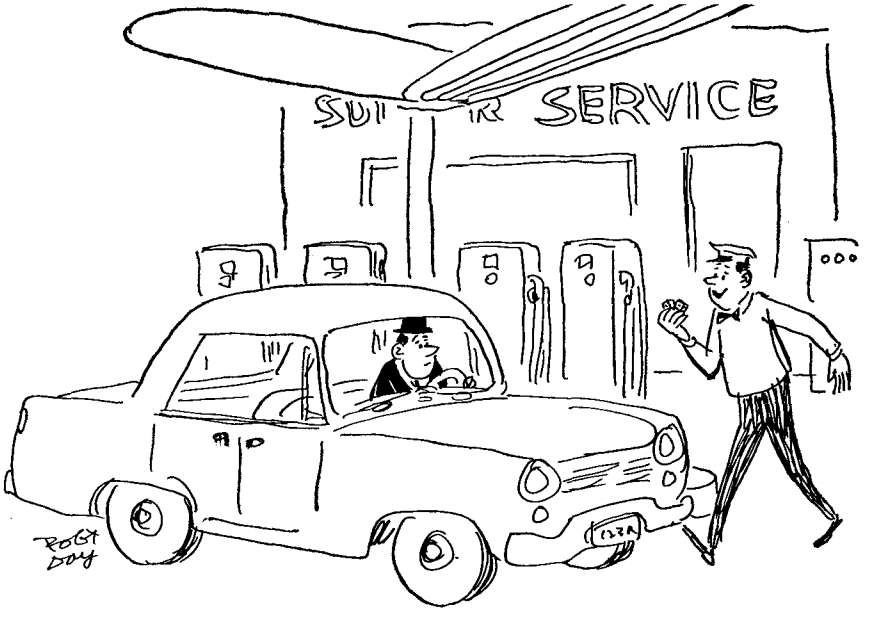

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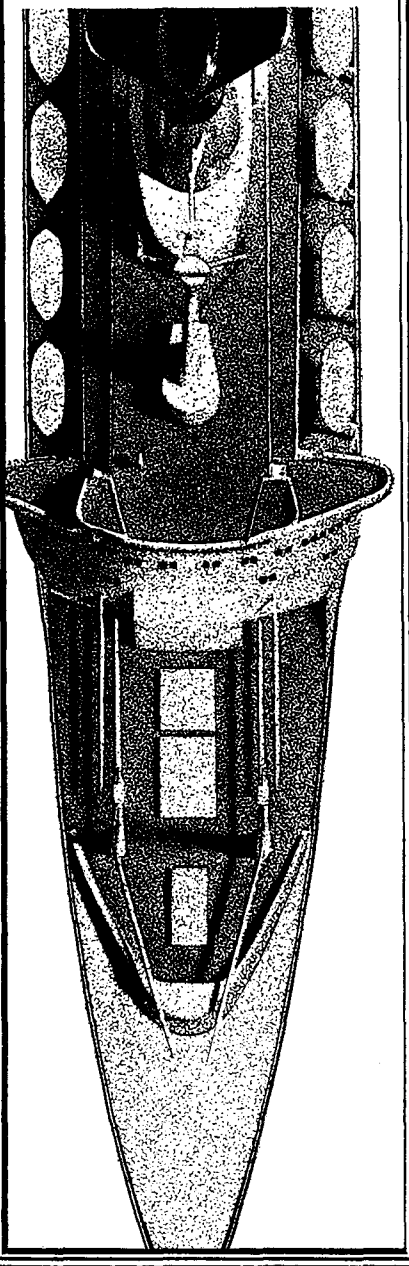

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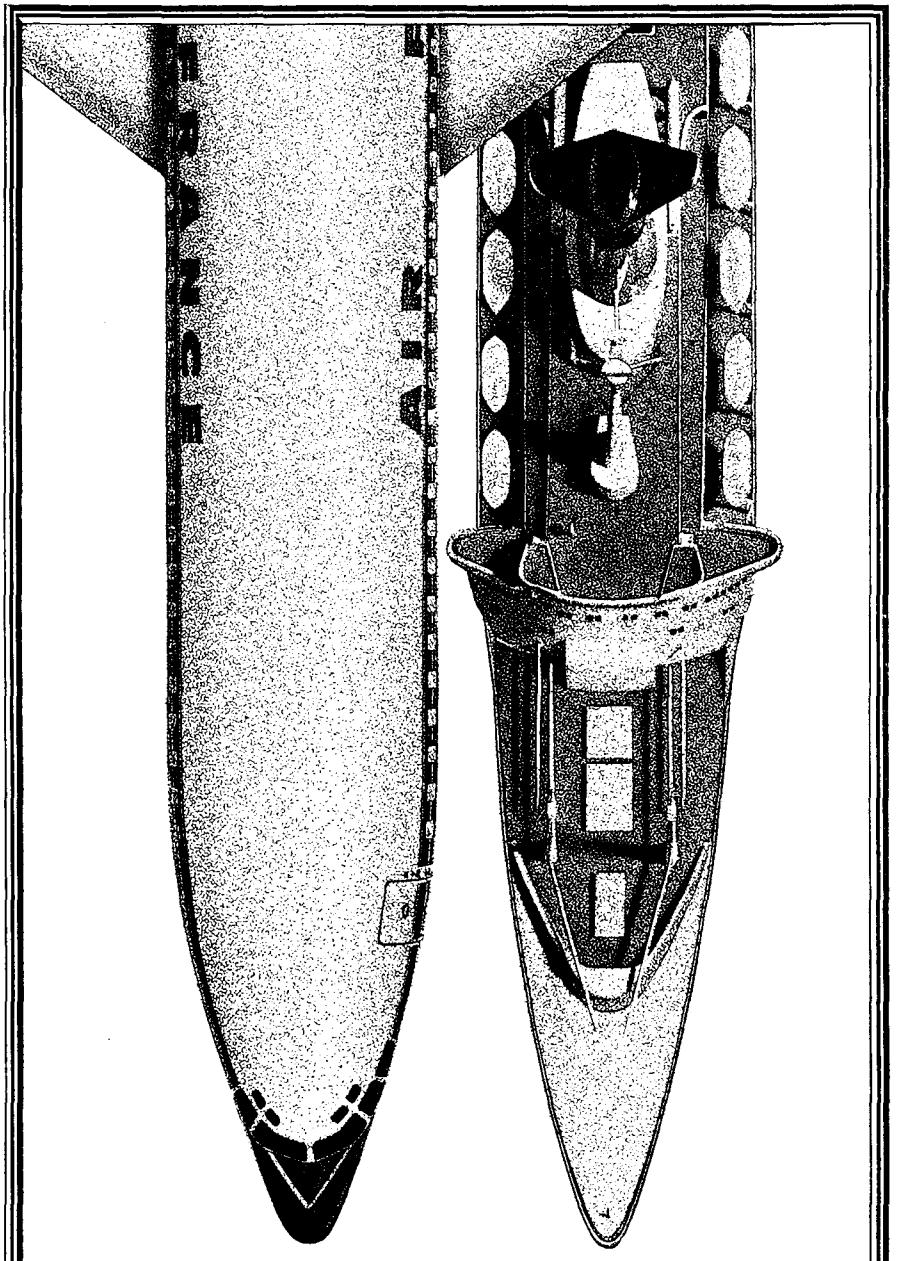

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Saturday Review
November 12, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—VIII

How Little I Know

The confessions of a designer-architect-scientist-philosopher who, in reflecting on his varied expertise, finds that he is "unlearned," but not without knowledge or significance.

By BUCKMINSTER FULLER

"TELL US, in 5,000 written words (equivalent, at my oral rate, to three-quarters of an hour's discourse), what you have learned in your lifetime," said the editors of *Saturday Review*. "That ought to be easy," I said. Three weeks have gone by.

What have I learned in my lifetime?

I have not learned that it is true, but I assume it to be probable that: *The combined metaphysical and physical universe is the aggregate of all humans' consciously apprehended and communicated (to self or others) experiences.*

Eddington said, "Science is the conscientious attempt to set in order the facts of experience." Ernst Mach said, "Physics is experience arranged in most economical order." All the words in all dictionaries are the consequent tools of all men's attempts to communicate all of their experiences—that is, to communicate Universe.

There are 32,000 current words in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*. We don't know who invented them. What an enormous inheritance! Shakespeare used 10,000 of them. It would take many more volumes than Shakespeare's to employ the 32,000 logically and cogently. In a 5,000-word article I may use only 1,000. Are 31,000 of these words superficial and extraneous to the reporting of what I have learned? I have learned that you would think so if you ever saw a magazine's editor at work on my work!

Womb days—
Womb days—
Dear old tummy tomb days . . .

I can't consciously recall those busy elementary assembly days. But post-graduate activity in experimental biology by me and you (one and two) which surprisingly produced wee thee (we three) and more (four) suggests to us that our subconscious reflexing can never forget the satisfactory routines of our 273 undergraduate days. Probably no billionaire out here in the air "ever had it so good." It is understood that if you know that I know how to say it "correctly" (the exact meaning of which I have not yet learned), then I am entitled to say it all incorrectly—which once in a rare while will make you laugh. And I love you so much whenever you laugh. But I haven't learned yet what love may be. But I love to love, and love being loved, and that is a whole lot of unlearnedness.

I HAVEN'T learned how or why the universe contrived to implode and intellectually code the myriadly unique, chromosomically orchestrated DNA-RNA, quadripartite moleculed, binary-paired, helically extended, and unzippingly dichotomied, regenerative symphonic jazz, as . . .

A one and two,
Three and four,
Me . . . you,
Thee . . . they
And more . . .

As yet dancing to the DNA Waltz, I am now seventy years, or approximately 600,000 hours, old. I have slept away 200,000 of those hours. Another 200,000 —half of my 400,000 awake hours—have gone into routine work prescribed, imposed, or induced by other men, such as being "educated," earning a living, paying taxes, obtaining licenses, answering telephones and questionnaires. Another 100,000—half the remaining 200,000 awake hours—have gone also into routine work, but this time prescribed as the by-laws of membership in the non-simultaneous-invention universe, as one of its impressively independent, variable functions, Man—a metabolically regenerative, 99 per cent automated, individually unique, abstract-pattern integrity system whose input-output energy involvement and control capability must continually expand, extend, relay, rebuild, and maintain as "operative" an interior-exterior, bipartite tool complex, beginning with an integrally centralized organic set and subsequently extending into an extracorporeally decentralized organic set, both of which interior and exterior sets consist of progressively interchangeable and intertransformable chemical, hydraulic, pneumatic, electromagnetic, thermodynamic, molecular, and anatomical, structural patterning processes. All of which complex regenerative process, such as me, is compounded as an invisibly minute, abstract-pattern marriage operation, inaugurating a new individual life which, like a telephone message, weighs nothing in itself but makes itself "known" by a complex pattern of orderly local physical environment displacements, which—as the circular wave emanating in any liquid such as water, milk, or kerosene, from the impact of an object dropped into the liquid—grows or expands regeneratively.

So, too, does the complex wave package of human being begin to expand regeneratively the local environment's chemical association and disassociation events, continually shunting more and more chemical events into its local disturbance—like a tornado gaining twist—until the new human being nine months later emerges from its mother's womb as a seven-pound, placid, pink tornado,

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which each day takes in and processes, approximately three pounds of foods, eight pounds of water and eighty-four pounds of air—amounting at my seventy years to a cumulative total of approximately 1,000 tons, or 300,000 times my arrival weight, while I have gained only twenty-four-fold, integrally. All of which internal and external regenerative man package arrives without any instruction manual covering either its own operation or that of the non-simultaneous universe of which Man is an independent function, having fortunately the built-in subconscious capability of self-discovery, which, in turn, has discovered its conscious ability to discover experimentally and progressively the ability to formulate concepts and words, and thereby to relay to other contemporaries and to subsequent generations of Man the apprehended data and comprehended principles apparently governing some of the operations of Universe and of Man. Of the remaining 100,000 hours, 60,000 have been used in getting from here to there; and that has left me a bonus of 40,000 hours, or 6⅔ per cent of my life, to invest at compound interest in whatever way I have wished.

I'M not inclined to use the word *creativity* in respect to human beings. What is usually spoken of as creativity is really a unique and unprecedented combination in the use of principles which exist *a priori* in the universe. I think Man is a very extraordinary part of the universe, for he demonstrates unique capability in the discovery and intellectual identification of the operative principles of Universe, which, though unconsciously employed, have not been hitherto differentiated, isolated, and understood as being principles by other biological species. But I reject the word *creativity* for use by any other than the great intellectual integrity progressively disclosed as conceiving both comprehensively and anticipatorily the complex interpatternings of reciprocal and transformative freedoms in pure principle which apparently govern Universe—which altogether are the verb *god*. I go along with the 5,000-year-old-philosophy of the Bhagavad-Gita which says, "Action is the product of the qualities inherent in nature." "It is only the ignorant man who, misled by personal egotism, says: "I am the doer."

I am most impressed with the earliest recorded philosophic statements by unknown individuals of India and China. Through millenniums the philosophies have become progressively compromised and complicated. I am an explorer, however, of the generalized design science principles which seemingly differentiate Man from animal and mind from brain.

The word *generalization* as used in the literary sense, means "a very broad statement." It suggests covering too much territory, too thinly to be sound. The literary men say, "This is too general." In the mathematical sense, the meaning of generalization is quite different. The mathematician or the physicist looks for principles which are persistently operative in nature, which will hold true in every special case. If you can find principles that hold true in every case then you have discovered what the scientist calls a *generalized principle*. The conscious detection of generalized principles which hold true under all conditions, and their abstraction from any and all special-case experiences of the principles, is probably unique to humans.

By abstraction, I mean an idealized, "empty set" statement such as one of my own: "Tension and compression are only coexistent" (e.g., when you tense a rope its girth contracts—*ergo*, compresses; when you compress a sphere's polar axis, its equatorial girth expands and tenses). It is inconceivable that a dog, tugging at its leash at one time and compressing its teeth on a bone at another time, should formulate consciously the generalized "*only coexistence of tension and compression*," though the dog is subconsciously coordinate in tension-compression tactics. To generalize further than "tension and compression are only coexistent," we may say that "plus and minus only coexist," and generalize even further by saying, "Functions only coexist."

Then there is an even more powerful and intellectually more exalted stage of generalization of principles, and that is the generalization of a complex of generalizations, such as "unity is plural and at minimum two"—which combines the generalized law of the coexistence only of functions with the theory of number. In turn, we discover the generalizations governing the associative powers of the nucleus and of the weak interactions for the unity is two of the congruent, convex, and concave spheres, evidenceable in the generalized laws disclosed conceptually, arithmetically, and geometrically in synergetics. I am certain that what we speak of as human morality is a form of tentative generalization of principles underlying special case experiences of human potentials, behaviors, actions, reactions, and resultants. Man has also the unique ability to *employ* generalized principles—once recognized—in a consciously selective variety of special case interrelationships.

The whole regenerative process of intellectual discovery and specialized use of generalized principles is known as teleology. Teleology embraces the theory of communication. Though as yet having special-case limitations, it is a hypothetical approach to a pure, abstract generalization to say that teleology is only intuitively initiated by humans. Intuition alerts brain to first apprehend and then recognize each special-case experience within some minimum number of special case recognitions. Intuition alerts mind to comprehend and formulate conceptually the abstract generalization of a principle recognized as operative in all the special cases. Intuition alerts brain to the objectively employable generalized principle in a hitherto unexperienced special case.

Teleology, as part of communications theory, relates to the pursuit of truth as entropy and anti-entropy. It may be that communications theory may be mathematically equated with electrical transmission theory, whereby the higher the meaning or voltage the more efficient and longer-distance the communication attainable. Some notions:

Song of the Dead And the Quick

Newton was a noun
And Einstein is a verb
Einstein's norm makes Newton's norm,
Instant Universe,
Absurd.
"A body persists
In a state of rest
Or———
Except as affected———"
Thus gravestones are erected!

"Non-simultaneous, physical universe
Is Energy; and
Energy equals mass
Times the second power
Of the speed of light"
No exceptions!
Fission verified Einstein's hypothesis
Change is normal
Thank you, Albert!

Law of Conservation of Energy

Energy can be
Neither created nor lost.
Ever intertransforming at
Non-simultaneous varieties of rates,
Physical Universe is finite,
All experiences are individually finite.
The aggregate of all experiences is finite.
Universe is finite.

Irreversible Verse Einstein's Intellect

Defined *energy* $E = MC^2$
Energy cannot define *intellect*
Intellect the *metaphysical*
Is comprehensive to
Energy the *physical*
While Universe is *finite*
Energy is *definite*
Because definable
Energy is XY
Intellect is O

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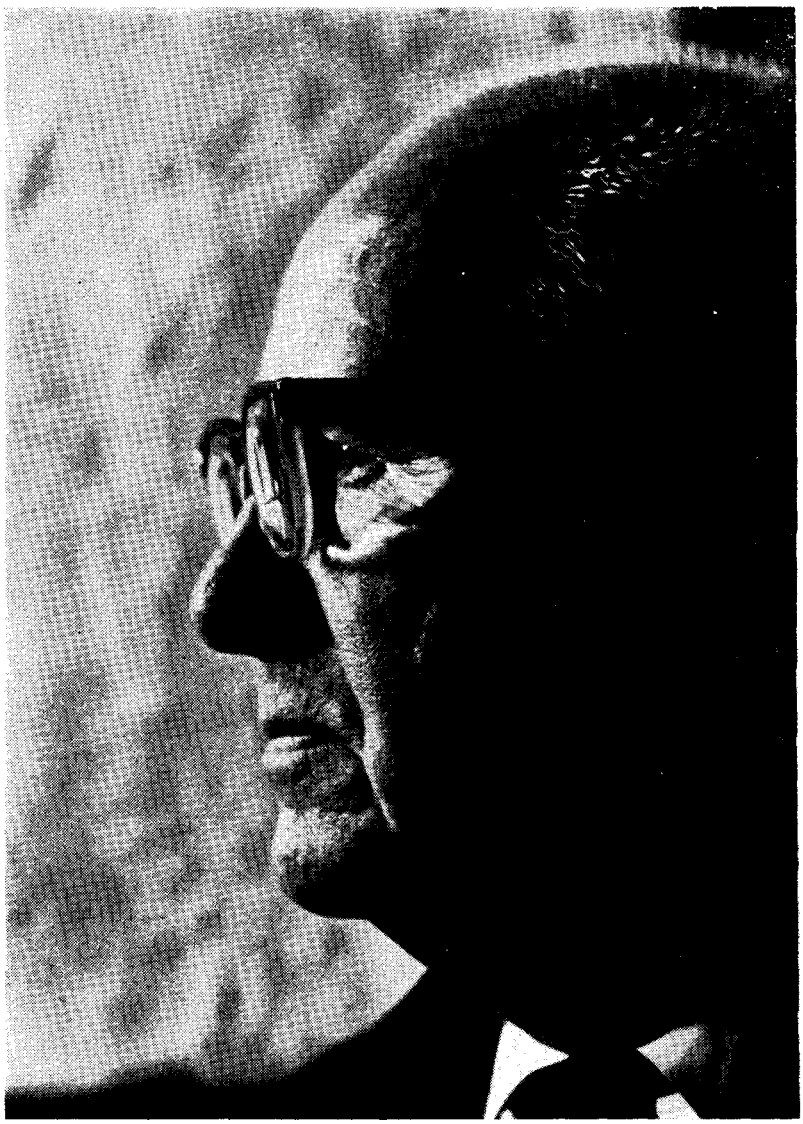
The wealth of Earthians
Is irreversible
Wealth cannot alter yesterday's
experiences.
It can only alter today's and
tomorrow's experiences.
It can buy
Forward time in which intellect
May scientifically explore for
The orderly interrelationships
Disclosed in yesterday's experiences
Which can be employed by intellect
To forecast
Anticipatory and orderly rearrange-
ments of tomorrow
By technological transformations
Of the physical energy environments
Events and circumstances.

The second law of thermodynamics predicts the inexorable energy loss, known as entropy, from all local systems of Universe. Entropy is also known mathematically as "the Law of Increase of the Random Element." But energy is shown experimentally as accomplishing disassociation here only through regrouping or association there. Energy transactions are 100 per cent accountable. Though entropically irreversible every action has its reaction and resultant, and every nuclear component has its positive or negative behavioral opposite.

Wealth is the organized and operative tool and energy capability to sustain Man's forward metabolic regeneration; to physically protect him; to increase his knowledge and degrees of freedom while decreasing his interfrustrations. Solo wealth is to common wealth as x is to x^4. Wealth is energy compounded with intellect's know-how. Every time Man uses his know-how his experience increases and his intellectual advantage automatically increases. Because of its conservation energy cannot decrease. Know-how can only increase. It is therefore scientifically clear that wealth which combines energy and intellect can only increase, and that wealth can increase only with use, and that wealth increases as fast as it is used. The faster the more!

HAS Man a function in Universe? In dynamic balance with the inside-outing, expanding universe of radiant stars, Man witnesses radiantly dormant earth as a collecting or outside-inning, contracting phase of Universe. Earth receives and stores a continually increasing inventory of sun and star-emanating radiation in its lethal-energy-concentrates, sifting, sorting, and accumulating spherical Van Allen Belts. In addition to the Van Allen Belts, the succession of earth's concentric spherical mantles—e.g., the ionosphere, troposphere, *et al.*—constitute an extraordinary series of discrete filters for the random-to-orderly sorting, shunting, partially accumulating, and final inwardly forwarding of the benign radiation residues to the biosphere stage of earth's continual and orderly processing of its discrete share of the expanding-universe-propagated energy-income receipts. Earth also receives daily additional thousands of tons of expanding-universe dispatched stardust. This concentration around earth's surface of the universe-deposited dust apparently consists of all the ninety-two regeneratively patterning chemical elements in approximately the same order of relative abundance as found to occur in the thus-far inventoried reaches of Universe. The biological

(*Continued on page* 67)



The author: One of the most extraordinary Americans of our era, R. Buckminster Fuller first gained prominence in 1927 with the invention of the Dymaxion House, a spacious, low-cost, high-strength dwelling uniquely suspended from a central mast. In the early 1930s he also introduced the three-wheeled Dymaxion car, which had a top speed of 120 miles an hour, went forty miles on a gallon of gasoline, and could turn in its own length. Of his many other inventions perhaps the most famous is his geodesic dome, whose design is based on a mathematical formula he himself developed and named "energetic synergetic geometry."

He also has founded several design and manufacturing firms and served as a consultant to industry, the U.S. Government, the Ford Foundation, and other agencies. In 1961-62 he was Charles Eliot Norton professor at Harvard, and he has been a visiting professor, lecturer, and critic abroad and on many American campuses, including Yale, Cornell, Princeton, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the University of California at Berkeley. In 1959, he was appointed to a professorship with life tenure at Southern Illinois University. His books include *No More Second Hand God*, *Education Automation*, and *The Unfinished Epic of Industrialization*.

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Man's Task: A Union of Contrasts

Editor's note: *The following guest editorial was written by Lancelot Law Whyte, British author, lecturer, and philosopher. His most recent book is "Internal Factors in Evolution."*

Mankind is an organic species with unique capacities but a fateful weakness: Being a thinking creature, Man can live as harmoniously as most viable species only when in possession of unified knowledge and understanding of himself and his environment. Without this he is esthetically inferior to any healthy organism. He is not yet Man. It is too early to judge him.

This is a far-reaching idea. I am suggesting that the human species can live only in accordance with its hereditary potentialities as individuals and as a global community, and can be organically coordinated and viable only if a severe condition is satisfied: Man must possess a unified and comprehensive knowledge of all realms—inanimate, animate, and mental—and of the relation of his own nature to the universal laws.

That state lies ahead, and will have unprecedented consequences. When attained, such fully ordered, all-including, basic knowledge will in the individual automatically become something richer, deeper, and more powerful: vital understanding, emotional clarity, a state of joyous excitement, insight, and acceptance of his own vitality and all its responses to the universe and to his fellow men and women. This redemption from excessive conflict, this state of grace (fulfiling the Christian hope and surpassing the self-dedication of Marxists and Freudians to their partial doctrines), this enjoyment of the unity beneath all contrasts, this vital understanding blending mysticism and logic and flowing into action and creation, is the meaning of Man—what he is here for—a state transcending even science plus love. Certainly it is his only hope.

As a thinking animal Man is so constituted that he cannot be fully himself and achieve grace as an organically coordinated individual, or as part of a community, until he acquires this delight-filled emotional and intellectual understanding of himself, his fellows, and his relation to all that exists. The historical failure of the world religions and of rational idealism to overcome the conflicts in and between men arising from sex, race, religion, and nationhood, was biologically inevitable. For only when rejoicing in this global understanding can Man overcome the culturally generated dissociations that make him thus far the greatest failure of the organic realm.

Many of the world's greatest thinkers have interpreted this century as a period of transition—but to what? I suggest that the present unstable period of mental and social metamorphosis will lead to a greater stability supported by a unification of the sciences on an esthetic foundation—a principle of the union of contrasts, making possible proper control of their applications, and providing insight into the most urgent needs of Mankind.

But this prophecy is subject to a grave question: "Will the present regional attitudes of pathological intensity be sufficiently restrained by the universal awareness – which I believe is now spreading – that, given a chance, Mankind does rejoice in life and the desire to survive? Only when the race is united in its awareness that delight in living is primary and is aware that it is so united will there be reason and will to discard the bombs. If human life is felt to be evil, tragic, or merely absurd, why bother?

Science and love are natural responses of Man. Thus our task is simple: We have to attain an awareness which transcends both and can achieve their coordination. This implies an understanding of organic and human nature based on the recognition that the perennial objective of Man—both as unconscious tendency and as conscious purpose—is not heightened consciousness, but organic coordination and all its fruits in Man.

Here we reach the clue to the new condition, which is more than love plus science. Organic coordination is the union of contrasts, the integration of differentiated parts, harmony in diversity. This esthetic order-creating urge is the core of the human brain-mind.

Thus I assert as an objective fact regarding Man's present historical situation—now that it is finally clear that traditional religions, naïve rationalism, and uncontrolled science have led us to the edge of the precipice—that Man can recover a sense of the universal, and with it a proper degree of stability, only by recognizing that, when not pathological, all love, all imagination and invention, all creation and living move toward a union of contrasts. Sexual love, marriage, the family, human communities and cultural images of all kinds —these are unions of contrasts, human expressions of the supreme characteristic of the organic realm; these represent the tendency to develop and sustain integrations of contrasted parts.

As a thinking animal Man requires words to focus his experience and guide his actions. This magic of words is not exhausted. When Man not merely knows, but experiences in his emotional nature that the union of contrasts is his destiny, he is saved, no matter how hideous his history and despite the vast indifference of the older generations. A new generation that rejoices in the union of contrasts must take over and make itself heard. —Lancelot Law Whyte.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Alaskan Beauty and Art

KATHARINE KUH'S ARTICLE "Alaska's Vanishing Art" [*SR*, Oct. 22] raised a standard in the fight for the preservation of the essence of individuality. She makes us realize how the Northwest Coast Indian symbolically expressed it in his fabulous works of art, famous for their power, finesse, and vitality.

The tangible evidence of this essence of individuality, which we commonly call "the spirit," can be isolated and preserved only in the arts. Mrs. Kuh has reminded us how easily we can lose sight of the importance of its preservation.

LEN LYE.

New York, N.Y.

I AGREE in the main with Mrs. Kuh's article, but she is in error on one point. Having grown up in "a bedraggled little settlement called Seward," I remember that it is not "challenged by the radiant unfolding of Insurrection Bay" but of Resurrection Bay. It was so named by its Russian discoverers on the Easter morning they first saw it in all its jewel-like beauty.

May I add that it is well to remember that a "bedraggled little settlement" is home to many. The beauty is in the people and the surroundings. Many of us who grew up in Seward have fond memories of and soft spots in our hearts for Seward, and return as often as we can.

MRS. JOHN M. MCANERNEY.

Lebanon, N.H.

I AM a nineteen-year-old resident of Fairbanks, Alaska, presently attending Wellesley College, and was very excited by Mrs. Kuh's article. My family has a cabin at Harding Lake, which used to be the home of the Salchakett Indians. I learned this summer from a University of Alaska student that there are only two members of this people alive today and that this student is the only one who has attempted to learn anything of their culture.

JENNIFER K. COOK.

Wellesley, Mass.

Executives Abroad

AS A REGULAR READER and admirer of *SR*, I found it a source of great satisfaction to see the extremely well written and completely accurate editorial by Hallowell Bowser on the International Executive Service Corps ["Work Is a Proper Noun," *SR*, Oct. 22].

We are making real progress with this program, and we do appreciate the careful way in which this was reflected.

FRANK PACE, JR.,
President,
International Executive
Service Corps.

New York, N.Y.

Polluting the Air

N.C. IS to be complimented on the excellent editorial, "Fouling the Air" [*SR*, Oct. 8]. Of the half dozen or so outstanding problems in our society, air pollution ranks high on the list. I sincerely hope that *SR* will continue to help create an awareness of the enormity of the problem.

FRANK L. ALLEN,
Arthur D. Little, Inc.

Cambridge, Mass.

"A hearty hello, all you cynics who said I couldn't get elected dog catcher!"

Pre-Filter Days

AS AN OLD (or should I say former?) practitioner of the art of smoking corn silk, I am ready to testify that every word Arthur F. Lenehan [PHOENIX NEST, Oct. 22] wrote is scientifically correct. However, he only scratched the surface of the pre-cigarette diggings. Maybe he grew up in the Midwest, where corn silk was the only smokeable material to be had. Down South there were numerous other popular smokes for boys.

ITEM 1: Rabbit tobacco, a weed that curled in two-tone ringlets in the fall. This was the best of all—tasted like I knew it should because of its name.

ITEM 2: Mullein. Another member of the weed family, with large leaves that, when dried, smoked easily, and they were mild.

ITEM 3: Sassafras bark. Had to be scraped off in small bits and dried. Recommended for asthma—or rather for asthma sufferers.

ITEM 4: Grape vine. Not recommended. (Definitely not free and easy on the draw.)

ITEM 5: Buggy whip. Properly rated last. Once it was tried, you'd walk a mile to avoid it.

Down here in the tobacco country there were many tempting substitutes, all of which were clearly non-habit-forming and guaranteed not to give you lung cancer. Who needed cigarettes?

ROBERT G. FIELDS.

Nashville, Tenn.

Devious Lord

P. W. STONE'S article "The Odyssey of the Elgin Marbles," [*SR*, Oct. 22] reads like a pedant's apology for one of the worst cultural rapes in the Western world.

If Lord Elgin was diligent in removing the marbles from the Parthenon to England, he was equally devious. Stone chooses to completely overlook the fact that Greece has every legitimate claim to the sculpture, regardless of what the then ruling Turks allowed Elgin to perpetrate on that suppressed nation.

If Stone means to commend the British on their philhellenism, he might begin by heaping praise on Lord Byron rather than Lord Elgin!

ANTHONY MILLILI,
Instructor in English,
City University of New York.

New York, N.Y.

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The Too Long and the Too Short of It

IT IS ALL very well for the theater to recognize that modern life is becoming more a series of nominally connected fragments than the well-ordered entity we used to pretend it was. Still, a playwright who uses this as an excuse to package an assortment of observations is really making it difficult for himself. For no matter how much we are entertained from moment to moment, our ultimate appreciation is in large part determined by the fullness of his commitment and our own.

Thus when we experience a new British farce such as Roger Milner's *How's The World Treating You?*, the sum of our laughter is considerable, but the weight of our appreciation is infuriatingly small. Mr. Milner appears to have attempted to present post-World War II British life in three glimpses. The first is in a 1946 demobilization center where soldiers are prepared for the disappointments and frustrations of civilian life. Here we meet an ineffectual and timid young officer named Frank Moore. He is perplexed by a colonel who jovially insists on first-name basis in the officers' mess but who is a stickler for pompous military traditions; who overlooks Moore's loss of an entire company plus his trousers en route, but who is disturbed at the failure of his lieutenant to keep the dish at the officer's bar filled with peanuts; and who freely encourages Frank to carry on with his wife, but who, unhappy with her failure to keep a proper balance between lust and decorum, upbraids her by shouting, "Good God, Violet! Can't you wait until after dinner!"

The second glimpse is in 1956, when we find Frank obliged to marry the promiscuous young daughter of a British industrialist. The irony here is that his new father-in-law ruthlessly forces Frank to give up his career as a schoolteacher so that he can support his daughter in the more lucrative profession of selling washing machines. The fun of this sketch lies mostly in the fact that the girl's parents haven't noticed the very obvious fact that she is seven months pregnant.

The third glimpse takes us to the present, where we find the unhappy Frank being rescued from suicide by a benevolent and insanely cheerful couple who do this sort of thing as a hobby. Here, as in the other two acts, there is no attempt to gain sympathy for Frank. He is merely a straight man for the comic antics of the zany but recognizable British types he encounters.

Happily, the most amusing of these characters are played by two accomplished clowns, Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss. Miss Routledge, who manages to look completely different in each of her three roles, has the sort of comic technique one finds only rarely, as in a Bea Lillie or a Tammy Grimes, both of whom she resembles. She puts on sly, sophisticated camp as the colonel's lady. She is inspiredly betousled as a mad mother demonstrating the superior value of exercising her hair with a sterling silver hairbrush. And her eccentric lunacy as a woman named Rover, who is preoccupied with her alter-ego invisible dog, is uproarious. Mr. Bayliss, a wheezingly asthmatic comedian, keeps puncturing traditional attitudes by the nonsensical vigor with which he expounds them.

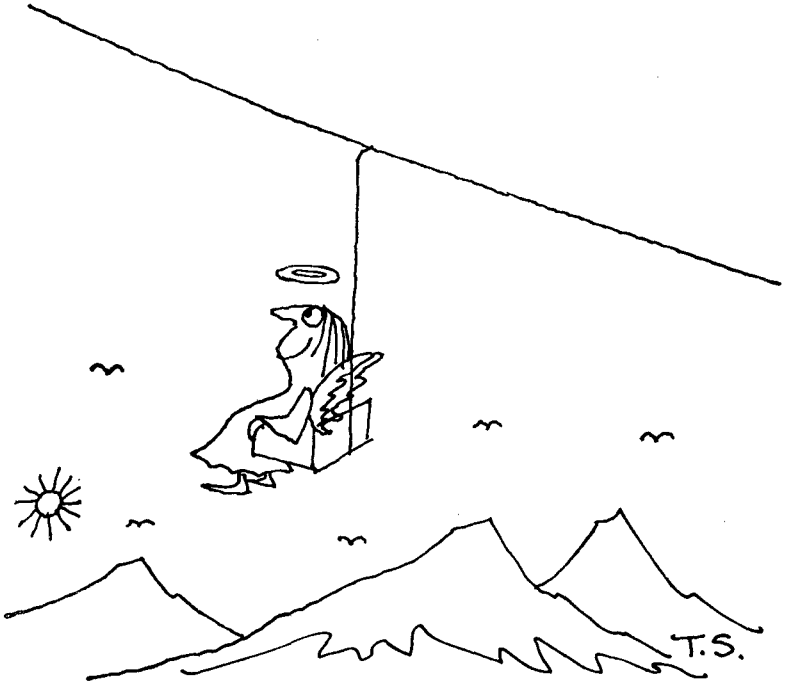
Nevertheless, the parody deteriorates into sustained silliness. Thus instead of being a kind of *Good Soldier Schweik After World War II*, with a protagonist responding to a wide variety of short incisive catastrophes. *How's The World Treating You?* emerges as three overextended sketches in search of a revue.

SIMILARLY unsatisfying *in toto*, though not uninteresting in detail, are three grotesquely comic playlets by Saul Bellow grouped under the title *Under the Weather*.

In one, *Out from Under*, we watch an almost-over-the-hill financée go to the length of changing a tire in the snow in order to prevent her engagement party from being ruined either by her fiancé's heart attack or by his being arrested for having let the air out of another car's tire. The second playlet, *The Wen*, is a more searching study of the relationship between creative genius and its obscure source—which turns out to be the memory of looking at a girl's wen during a childhood sex game. And the third, *Orange Soufflé*, is a part comic, part tragic portrait of an aging prostitute who futilely tries to persuade her wealthy and regular octogenarian client to allow her a more acceptable status as his housekeeper-hostess.

Shelley Winters handles the difficult material freshly and genuinely, making believable behavior out of the grotesquerie. She is supported by Harry Towb, for whom director Arthur Storch has invented some amusing mannerisms that carefully avoid spilling over into parody. The result is three memorable scenes, each of which could be an effective part of a longer play but none of which really stands by itself.

—HENRY HEWES.



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Look at the leather-pounding leathery sportsmen in leathery sweaters. These aren't jackets—they are suede sweaters. Soft as the nose of a doe, elegant as Molly's elbow, trim and sleek and neat, exactly the thing to wear riding into the Ponderosa. They were designed by Jantzen of Canada, and are worn here by Paul Hornung, Jerry West, Dave Marr, and Timmy Brown. This is the Jantzen suede collection— all with fully lined leather suede fronts with 100 percent worsted wool links and links knit back and sleeves. Prices are under $40. If you're a leathery sportsman, these are for you. Get yours.

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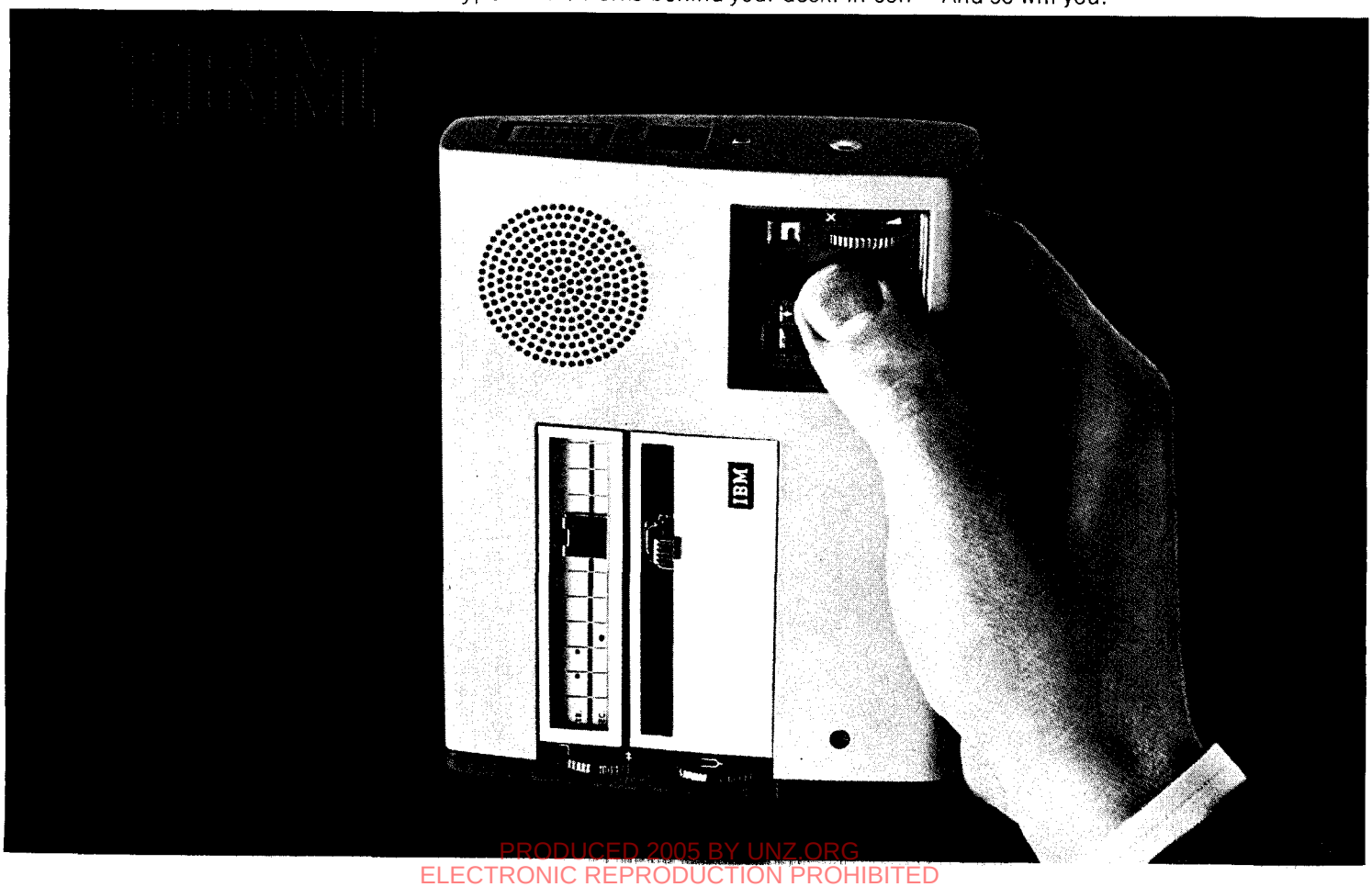

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Dream of Revenge

THERE are so many varieties of nonrealistic fiction these days that one hardly knows how to distinguish among them. There is the novel based on myth, such as Bernard Malamud's *The Natural,* Frederick Buechner's *A Long Day's Dying,* and John Updike's *The Centaur.* There is explicit allegory, such as John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy,* and implied allegory, such as Thomas Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49.* There is satire carried to the point of absurdity, as in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22.* There is the surrealism of John Hawkes in *The Lime Twig* and *Second Skin.* And there are the many novels in which realism and fantasy are closely blended, such as Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King,* Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood,* Bruce Jay Friedman's *Stern,* Peter Beagle's *A Fine and Private Place,* and Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man,* to say nothing of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream.*

This is a rough-and-ready classification that I offer as suggestive, not definitive. I have drawn it up chiefly in order to point out that Harry Mathews's *Tlooth* (Doubleday, $3.95) fits no category that I can think of. The author's second novel it is the first book published in Paris Review Editions, an arrangement for the publication in book form of the kind of experimental work encouraged by the avant-garde *Paris Review.*

Ordinarily it is unwise of a reviewer to tell more of the plot of a novel than is necessary to give the public some idea of the character of the book and to support his contentions about its merits and defects. Since, however, *Tlooth* has no plot and hence no climax that can be spoiled for the reader, and since the only way of describing it is to list some of the happenings out of which it is built, a summary is called for.

The beginning of the novel is set in a prison camp, about which the narrator tells us: "The camp, in which I was completing my second year, had kept its prerevolutionary structure through historical, ideological, and geographic change. Established during the Holy Alliance for the internment of heretics, it had since the Eighties received offenders of every sort. Recently it had been moved to its present southerly location at Jacksongrad." (The interestingly named Jacksongrad, we learn later, is in Siberia.) The prisoners are arbitrarily classified as Americanists, Darbyists, Defective Baptists, Fideists, and Resurrectionists. (All this, I suppose, is intended to suggest that theological heresy and political heresy are much the same.)

The narrator, a dentist, appears to be a woman, and, though I didn't catch on to this until near the end, I shall have to refer to her as "she." She begins with an account of a baseball game between the Fideists and the Defective Baptists, and lists as shortstop for the Fideists "Evelyn Roak, surgeon, [who] supplied human fragments to a delicatessen and was arrested for scandalous amputations." There is a footnote: "For example, removing, together with a troublesome spur of bone, the index and ring fingers of my left hand. I was then a violinist." It is the narrator's desire for revenge that gives the book as much of a central theme as it has. When Evelyn Roak comes to bat, the narrator, who is serving as catcher, puts into play a ball that contains a bomb. But the plot fails.

The narrator has tried other schemes against Evelyn; once, for instance, she surreptitiously fed her candy that had been chemically treated so as to rot her teeth. Then there is some obscure business concerning "an unsigned letter of about seven hundred words, composed in a farrago of tongues." (The author, a learned young man, concocts a document that fits the description.)

We are now told about an elaborate scheme to ship maple syrup from Jacksongrad to Western Europe which has become mixed up with a plot to smuggle into Italy a drug effective in the treatment of baldness and impotence. Since Evelyn Roak is one of the prisoners released to take part in this activity, the narrator decides to make her escape from the prison camp, along with three companions. The escape is achieved with prodigious ingenuity, and the fugitives wander through Asia, beset by dangers. They have remarkable adventures and some of them tell of previous experiences. When they reach civilization, they are informed by a Soviet official that the four of them would have been liberated if they had waited a few hours longer.

I am afraid that I am making the novel sound more straightforward than it is, but I must get on with the summary. In Venice the narrator meets a Count, who asks her to write the scenario for a pornographic movie he proposes to produce. For several pages the scenario and the narrative are mingled. At times the script is written in a kind of Joycean language. (The title is a word of the sort used.) The obscenity, which is pretty thick, is made even less quotable by this device. When he has fin-

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ished reading the scenario, the Count says, "It's interesting. But where is the character development? . . . And then it is a *leetle* old hat. No, my dear, I'm afraid it won't do."

The narrator goes to India, still in search of Evelyn Roak, and survives a devastating flood. The pursuit leads her to Tangiers and then to Rome. Later, after she has been married and has become an assistant in a dental clinic, Evelyn Roak comes to see her, and the narrator has her revenge, though there is a suggestion that she too may regret her enemy's visit. The book ends with a description of a print of an Arabian port; it is beautifully done in a formal way but serves no purpose that I can discern.

I am sure that Mathews had fun writing the book, and I have had some fun reading it. He can write uncommonly well when he wants to, and he keeps his charade going, whatever it means. He creates one outrageous situation after another, and most of them he carries off effectively. In his inventiveness and erudition he is like Pynchon, Barth, and William Gaddis, but he seems less concerned with coherence than any of them. It is amusing that the Count calls the narrator's deliriously wild script "a *leetle* old hat." Nobody is going to call *Tlooth* even a little old hat. Mathews wants to be farthest out, and for the moment he is. Whether his indubitable talents might have been expended in some more fruitful way is another question. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1214

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1214 will be found in the next issue.

RWOVO FVO BFHA JWU KFVO HUR LYEE RWOBTOEMOT QUV QOFV UQ JWFR RWO HOYSW-CUVT JYEE TFA.

—IUHHUEEA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1213

Those who do not feel pain seldom think that it is felt. —Dr. Johnson.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

"JFK in Dallas"

Judge Arnold L. Fein ["JFK in Dallas," *SR*, Oct. 22] asks, "Is it naïve to suggest that the truth is the best way to dispel a rumor?" In the context of his question, the "rumor" was that Oswald was on the FBI payroll at $200 a month, under the informant number "S172." The allegation originated with Dallas Deputy Sheriff Allan Sweatt, who was not called before the Warren Commission to testify to its truth or lack of truth. The possibility thus remains open that the rumor was founded in truth. If so, the truth would not be damaging to the nation—but it would be damaging to the FBI and to J. Edgar Hoover.

Judge Fein acknowledges that the Commission failed to make an independent investigation, as it had decided to do, and that it relied "largely" ("solely" is more accurate) on FBI disclaimers. But, he says, that does not support a conclusion that the Commission intended to dispel the rumor whether it was or was not true. Perhaps Judge Fein would venture to suggest some *other* reason why the Commission disregarded its own decision and relied upon denials which its members had recognized as inadequate, if not meaningless (according to Gerald Ford's book, *Portrait of the Assassin*, which was not reviewed by the judge)—and why, to boot, it withheld from the Warren Report and from the hearings and exhibits the information subsequently disclosed by Ford and by Edward Jay Epstein in their respective books?

Judge Fein seems more anxious that the boat not be rocked than that we should be fully satisfied as to the truth about the assassination.

Sylvia Meagher.

New York, N.Y.

Judge Fein did all Americans a service by carefully and objectively examining some events surrounding the assassination of our late President. It is shameful that various detractors of the Warren Commission should advance theories which turn out to be so completely unsupportable, except by guesses, hearsay and half-truths. Judge Fein demonstrated with complete clarity how the theories of many Commission "second guessers" are illogical and unfounded. For this I commend him.

However, there is still one point of overwhelming importance that needs additional clarification. . . . What happened to the bullet that penetrated the skull? Did it fragment? If so, where did the fragments exit? What happened to that bullet or to those fragments? Turning now to the other bullet (the one that entered the neck), what happened upon entry? Did it fragment? If so, what paths did the fragments follow? Where did they exit? And finally, what about the controversy surrounding the bullet wound lower on the President's back? Was there an entry hole of some kind, or was this an error made by FBI representatives?

David A. Schwartz.

New York, N.Y.

One of the things that distinguishes *Whitewash* from other books is that it comes exclusively from the official evidence, to which it is exhaustively referenced. Not a single word of this formidable evidence that I mustered does the learned judge-reviewer quote or address. I do not suggest the reason—I declare it. He dare not, and he will not. I challenge him to debate it—in your columns or elsewhere. Instead, he pretends none of it exists and twists a few comments that he then presents in other than their intended meaning. . . .

Soon history will write the answer, and it will not be in the dreamstuff solidified in your type. Shame on those who insist that a President can be murdered and consigned to history with such a dubious epitaph, who believe that there may remain unanswered questions that it is within the capacity of man to answer, without jeopardy to our institutions, and who subtitute personal abuse and vilification for fact in disgraceful and unreasoned assaults upon those who seek the truth, the recapture of our honor, and the upholding of our principles and beliefs!

Harold Weisberg.

Hyattstown, Md.

My article copyrighted 11/27/63 was the first article to appear on Kennedy to show a hoax. The article caused President Johnson to form the Warren Commission—he said so as per *Time* magazine. All of your listed authors got their basic idea from my article.

Waldo Phillips.

Waco, Texas

The gun found in the Texas School Book Depository was called a German Mauser by an expert on guns, or one who should be, yet Oswald's gun had the name of the Italian maker plainly on it. It seems to me this evidence alone makes it highly unlikely that Oswald could shoot the President and Governor with his own gun. The evidence points to at least one more assassin and possibly two.

Carolyn Bauman.

San Diego, Calif.

Add Five Dollars

In Criminal Record [*SR*, Oct. 29] you give a very kind review to Murray Teigh Bloom's *The Man Who Stole Portugal: The Greatest Swindle of All Time*, but unfortunately list it as a paperback priced at 95¢. It is a hardcover volume of 320 pages with lots of illustrations, and is priced at $5.95.

Edward White,
Charles Scribner's Sons.

New York, N.Y.

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Dilemmas, Problems, Troubles

Dilemma in Boston: The scene is a conference room at Little, Brown. A worried sales manager has called his men in from the field. "Who has been soliciting orders for *Human Sexual Response*?" he asks darkly. "Wasn't it made clear this was not to happen? *Wasn't* it?" A dozen shining faces look the S.M. straight in the eye. Hands go up. "We didn't do it." "Then why is the book a best-seller?"

"Look what happened to Kinsey," someone points out. "And with *Playboy* going straight these days, the market for legitimate sex has picked up." Still, it's hard to explain a book like *Human Sexual Response* taking a back seat to something called *How to Avoid Probate*. This bothers the salesmen. "People who buy that book are too old for ours," one of them explains. "Also, ours is right next to *Games People Play* on the best-seller list. That doesn't help, either."

The sales manager interjects a word of warning. "All right, men, remember that this item carries a short discount. The retailer makes only half as much commission as he does on most trade books. Another thing: no review copies were sent out to the general press, or media, as we like to say these days. Our advertising has been restricted to medical publications. We've done our part to discourage big sales; now you've got to do yours. Kinsey sold 300,000 copies the first time around at $7.50. Maybe at $10 we can stay under that figure. No use getting the public all worked up."

But it's been a losing battle. Three paperbacks "explaining" the original are now in print [An evaluation will appear in *SR*, Nov. 19.] National magazines are converting the authors, Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson, into a sort of collective Dr. Spock for the middle-aged. I sought out my copy of *Human Sexual Response* at Macy's during that store's Far Eastern Festival. At first, I couldn't find it. Then I asked a clerk. "Why you look in the medical department?" she asked. "Foolish man, you look on best-seller table."

Problems in Maplewood, New Jersey: It takes about two million dollars and four years' work to get out a brand new set of atlases, and then another few hundred dollars to feed book reviewers who are reluctant to look at this kind of merchandise on an empty stomach. Since Hammond, the mapmaker, was introducing not one but four atlases, the luncheon included table wine and Havana cigars. It wasn't the food that shook me up, however, but the discovery that most atlases ten years old are at least 43 per cent inaccurate.

At first thought, this doesn't seem like such a bad idea. The world, on the whole, was a better place a decade ago; let's just pretend nothing has changed. No use getting the public all worked up with a new set of maps. But then someone comes along and asks you the population of Botswana; you don't know because Botswana didn't exist until October 1 of this year. The *Hammond World Atlas,* published October 31, tackles the problem by calling the country under its old name, Bechuanaland, and adding Botswana in parentheses. This probably won't please the Batswana. But Hammond didn't keep up with Basutoland at all, which became Lesotho on October 4 and in the *World Atlas* is still called by its preindependence name. This will please the Lesothos even less. Thus, an atlas can be at least fractionally out of date the day it's published. In perspective—and the Hammond volumes are called New Perspective editions—a mere 43 per cent attrition of accuracy by 1976 may look good.

But this isn't the only thing that bothers the people out in Maplewood, New Jersey, where the books are edited. A good deal of Hammond's business is overseas, and, frankly, not every country wants an accurate atlas. The Indian government requires that all of Kashmir be shown as belonging to India. In Taiwan artisans are put to work rubbing out the big star that denotes Peking as the capital of China. Latin American nations present a special case. An atlas sold in Argentina, for example, must show Argentine jurisdiction over the Falkland Islands. Hammond obliges in a special edition printed for Argentina which also gives the country a large part of Antarctica for good measure. Don't tell the Argentines, but a special edition for Chile gives the same Antarctic territory to that country. Ecuador and Peru's boundary dispute is handled in like fashion; each nation gets what it claims. On the whole, this works well: you print the maps to satisfy the countries and nobody goes to war.

Hammond also makes an inflatable globe, which is shipped deflated. Not long ago they received a large order from a wholesale merchant in the United Arab Republic. Going through customs, the globes were temporarily impounded while authorities snipped out their arch-enemy to the east with tiny scissors—a remarkable instance of modern-day demonology. Then, when people began buying the globes and blowing them up, Hammond started getting complaints. The globes wouldn't work. All the air leaked out through Israel.

Circulatory Trouble in the libraries: A recent issue of *Library Journal* reports on a survey among sixty-two big and medium-sized urban libraries on trends in book circulation. The results show a surprising downtrend in borrowing. Publishers shouldn't be too alarmed, however; one reason cited is that people are buying more books and borrowing fewer.

But this probably doesn't explain the pattern of decline that has affected every section of the country. The majority of libraries showing a loss last year reported drops of between 5 and 7 per cent, and one city (Baltimore) hit 15 per cent. Twenty-three cities were able to show an increase (against thirty-nine losers), but the advance over previous years was so small as to indicate a leveling off. And in all cases juvenile circulation fell. The only improvement was in "reference services," and nobody knows why this should be. The big, nation-wide prize contests seem to be a thing of the past.

Reasons offered for the trend provide interesting subjects for speculation. In the South many whites won't use an integrated library. From Hartford: "The increase in crime—purse-snatching, mugging, and worse—after dark has caused a perceptible decrease in evening use of the library." The decline in juvenile borrowing may represent the effect of Title II (See THE PUBLISHING SCENE, Oct. 1). With more books available to school libraries, students no longer crowd the public libraries. And Mom and Dad, who frequently chauffeured them, don't stop in to pick out a book for themselves.

Then again perhaps it's color television, which puts us right back where we were fifteen years ago when the first effects of TV on book reading were being felt. A sensible explanation is the increase in fine rates, which makes a man

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think twice about taking too many books at one time. People are more selective—borrowing less and enjoying it more, as it were. Then there's the exodus of the middle class to the suburbs. Or the poor quality of fiction these days. Or the failure of the Senior Citizens to rally to the reading room instead of the shuffleboard courts.

The highest circulation figures ever recorded in the United States were during the Depression. Conversely, prosperity breeds neglect of books. Full employment and moonlighting mean not only less time for reading but more money for costlier forms of recreation. A shrewd stock market investor might well keep an eye on library circulation as well as on the official economic indices. (The big jump in circulation in 1929 got under way well before Black Friday.)

Whatever the real reasons, librarians are puzzled. "Perhaps it's sun spots," suggests librarian Robert Thomas of Salt Lake City.

Trick or Treat in Faraway, Indiana: A Midwestern correspondent sends the following unauthenticated communication from a first novelist: "My book, *Bombast*, was published just about a year ago, October 30, to be exact. I understood it was 'in time for the Christmas trade,' but as matters turned out, it was really in time for the Hallowe'en trade. What happened is this. Our local bookseller had promised me a window display. He ordered fifty copies (on consignment, I found out later) and on pub day into the window they went, along with a large photograph of yours truly and six pages of mss., just to show how an author keeps crossing out words and adding others.

"Then, the next day, a funny thing happened on the way to the bookstore. I have to explain that here in Faraway, like in a good many smaller cities around the country, we have window painting contests on Hallowe'en. All the school kids go down and smear paint on the store windows. Well, when I went to look at my display, all I could see was a haunted house and a big orange moon and a witch riding a broomstick. The sky was solid black paint. By getting up real close and peeking through the windows of the haunted house, I could see my novel. But I ask you, how many people are going to do this? All over the country my friends reported the same experience. Lots of paint and no books.

"The picture stayed up for a week, and by the time Mr. Bookstore Owner washed his windows my display had been taken out. 'Got to make room for the new books,' he explained. 'Frankly, yours didn't sell.' You can imagine my frustration. I understand, however, that the painting won a prize."

—David Dempsey.

His Own Way to Fame

Winston S. Churchill, Vol. I: Youth, 1874-1900, *by Randolph S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin. 614 pp. $10), reveals that early adversity was a spur to the future Prime Minister, whose maverick turn of mind was labeled "slovenliness" by his father and teachers. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

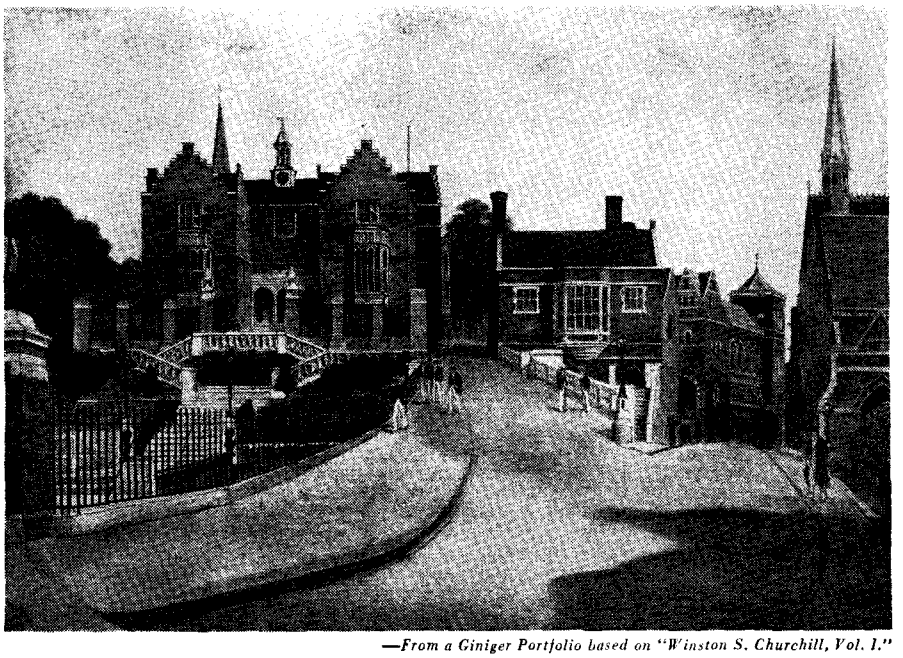
By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

THE SON who portrays a famous father always faces a formidable task, but it is almost intimidating when the father is Winston Churchill and when the son's portrait must compete in the world's imagination with *My Early Life*, Sir Winston's own delightful reminiscence.

Sir Winston in that memoir evoked for us an indolent Victorian boy baffled by Greek, captivated by remote but loving parents, comforted by a loyal nanny. Tensions were blurred, harsh lines subdued, shadows few; and the whole adventure ends as if magically with fame and fortune at twenty-five.

Randolph Churchill's first volume shows no sign of intimidation, and begins and ends the same way; it does not deface the enticing scene laid in *My Early Life*. Yet substantial demythologizing occurs. By reaching into unpublished caches of family correspondence, and so letting the characters speak for themselves, the author here sharpens many lines softened in mellow recall by his father. Shadows do not predominate, though it is clear that despite a fortunate birth into a great English family, as the grandson of a duke in a day when dukes were still ducal, the young Winston Churchill found adversity a keener spur than he later chose to say. His rise was far from magical, but not the less remarkable for that.

To begin with, the cliché (which he himself did much to implant) that Sir Winston was a miserable student is sustained. Sir Winston the schoolboy was in our own drab pedagogical term an "underachiever"—a student of chemistry who at ten could write home, ". . . is it not wonderful to think that water is made of two gases namely hydrogden and nitrogden . . . it seems so funny." No one was amused. Innumerable are the letters of complaint from anxious tutors and headmasters to his parents. "I have written plainly to you," declares the headmaster of Harrow in the summer of 1888, "as I do think it serious that he should have acquired such slovenliness." Just as the conformist Victorian mind could glibly ascribe to drink or insanity his father's insistence on a just Irish policy ("he must be either mad or have been singularly affected with local champagne



—From a Giniger Portfolio based on "Winston S. Churchill, Vol. I."

Harrow School, where "Sir Winston the schoolboy was . . . an 'underachiever.'"

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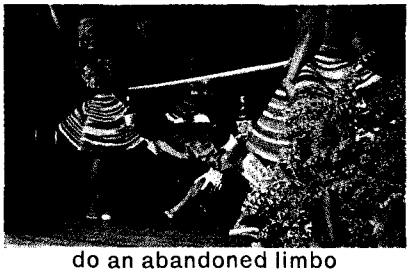
How to convince your friends you've been to

JAMAICA



do an abandoned limbo

show them your slides (all 500)

organize a rafting party

or...bring Jamaica to them, by serving TIA MARIA

Photographed at the Half-Moon Beach, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Tia Maria

JAMAICA'S HAUNTING LIQUEUR

(Maybe they haven't heard it's sold all over America)

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY,
NEW YORK, N. Y. • 63 PROOF

A

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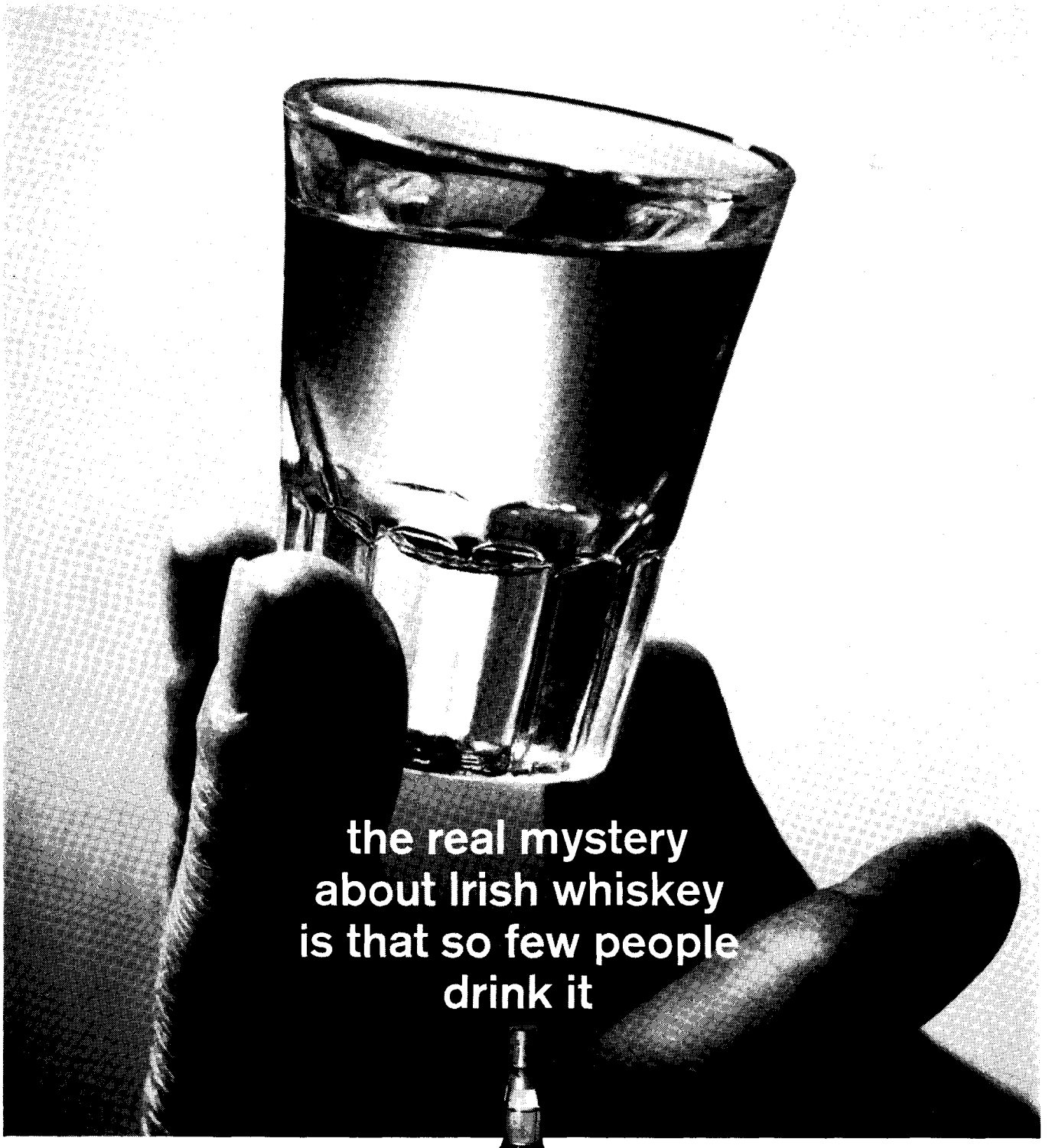

Psychologists say it's better not to repress strong emotions. And we have a strong emotion. It's about Irish whiskey. And Scotch.

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B

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or claret"), Winston Churchill's maverick turn of mind was commonly diagnosed as "slovenliness" even by his father, who should have known better.

Only on his third try at the army entrance test did the young Harrovian scrape into Sandhurst. His marks, too low for the infantry, barely qualified him for the cavalry. The paternal explosion was fearful. "The first extremely discreditable feature of your performance," Lord Randolph wrote in a long, caustic letter, "was missing the infantry, for in that failure is demonstrated beyond refutation your slovenly, happy-go-lucky, harum-scarum style of work."

Actually, these so-called marks of "slovenliness" were fortunate flaws, for the infantry officer might not have ridden at Omdurman and lived to describe it in *The River War*; and the orthodox scholar might have lacked the ingenuousness of the self-taught—that turn of intellect of which Lady Violet Bonham-Carter has observed: "Unlike the scholars he was intellectually quite uninhibited . . . Nothing to him was trite . . . Nor was he afraid of using splendid language. It was his natural idiom."

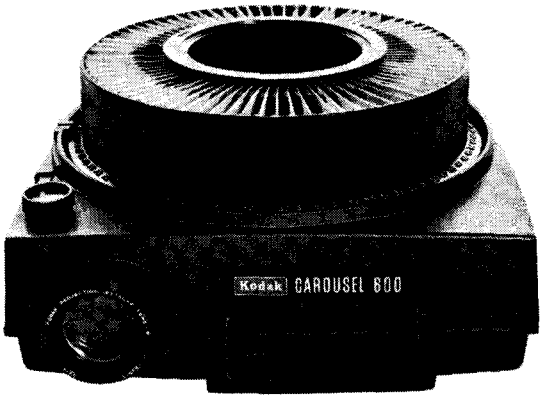
Lord Randolph, his father, was both positively and negatively the dominant force in Sir Winston's life. But it was a mixed heritage, for Lord Randolph was a mercurial, unstable figure and Winston was a neglected son, indulged in many whims but usually kept at arm's length by parents who led a gay, profligate, ambitious life in London politics and society. In many letters the young Churchill almost pitifully begs for small attentions: that "darling mummy" might turn up at a school event, or that Lord Randolph might send a few autographs.

"Like father, like son" is too patent a notion to sum up the bearing of this complex paternal heritage on Winston Churchill, as this work brings out. Yet the giddy rise and fall of Lord Randolph's political fortunes, his feud with the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) over a famous adultery scandal, his mysterious illness, his early death—all these left their mark on the son. Most of all was Winston Churchill haunted in his young manhood by the brevity of his father's life, so untimely aborted by recklessness and illness. "I am twenty-five today," he exclaims in the postscript of a letter. "It is terrible to think how little time remains!"

This sense of the wingèd chariot is perhaps the great clue to Churchill's genius as disclosed here—that is, to the ambition that assumed vigorous shape and course during his cadet days (stung by fatherly rebuke, he resolved to do better at military studies, and did). But army training could not appease his growing curiosity, and we find him in India, a young autodidact in exile, plow-

(*Continued on page* 65)

Show a zillion slides and never jam one.



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AUTUMN BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Legacy of the Four Hundred

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

THERE have been well over 2,000 books published for children and young people annually for the past several years, and this autumn sees no diminution. Some of the trends continue: science books, books for the beginning reader, books that deal with personality problems, books about space and, in increasing number, American editions of English and Australian titles. Many of them are good, some are excellent, some mediocre. Should one be perturbed about the mediocrity? Surely adults can guide the child's reading? Or, if the young reader moves past the point of guidance, won't he learn to prefer the better book? Do Tom Swift and Nancy Drew cause irreparable harm? No, they do result in comparatively little damage if the child reading them is aware of their pedestrian quality and able to appreciate the fine books that he reads.

One reason many children don't learn to distinguish between good books and bad is that they don't read enough. In *About Books for Children,* Dorothy White observes, "It has been pointed out that if one estimates one book a fortnight from seven to fourteen years . . . the number read during the period is 416. These 400 books often influence a child far more powerfully than parents realize, and the attitudes and conduct of the authors' heroes may be temporarily adopted by the reader. A steady diet of second-rate reading can be as deleterious to the mind as poor food is to the body. There is more than one form of malnutrition."

Among the more obvious examples of second-rate writing are the sterile reader with controlled vocabulary; the informative book that is a pastiche of unrelated facts; the patterned, sweet little animal story, or the biography that is adulatory to the point of being misleading. I'm bothered by the less obvious, by the debasement of quality, by the small sins of literary commission.

Here is the beginning of an imaginary book. "Jean-Pierre lived in a house near Paris. Every morning he came downstairs and said, '*Bonjour,* good morning.' His mother said, '*Bonjour, mon fils.* Good morning, my son.'" Such contrivance isn't necessary; if the rest of the dialogue is in English, one should stick to English. An occasional word in a foreign language can be a challenge. The good books that expand linguistic horizons may use one of several techniques. For example: "Jean-Pierre came downstairs and said good morning to his mother. '*Bonjour, maman.*'"

One may use the phonetic approach, in which the text tells you that if you want to say good morning, here's the way to say it—followed by the French (or Italian or Spanish) phrase and the phonetic spelling, perhaps accompanied by a humorous illustration. Another successful technique is the use of duplicate texts for a story that stands on its own in both languages, preferably with a consistency in page layout—English, say, above and Spanish on the bottom.

Another irritating evidence of carelessness is the nonfiction book in which an illustration is pages away from the corresponding textual reference. If this annoys an adult it may not only annoy but, what is worse, really confuse the child. Illustrations that don't match the text will be noticed; if there are six kittens in the picture and the story is about five, the critical young audience will see the discrepancy.

Then there is the biography that con-

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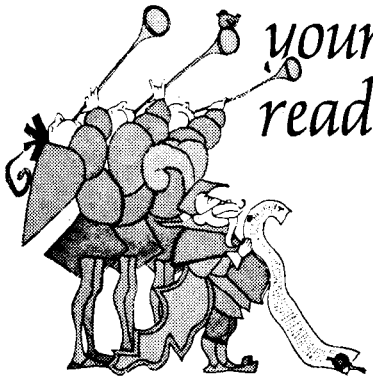
Scribner fall books for young readers



ROBERT SARGENT

The Alligator's Problem. *Illustrated by the author.* A warm, fresh picture book that tells the delightful tale of an alligator who was terrified of the dark and the gentle bug who managed to comfort him. Ages 3-7
Trade Edition $3.25 SLB $3.12 net

YOSHIKO UCHIDA

Sumi's Special Happening. *Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura.* Little Sumi decides to give a truly magnificent gift to Ojii Chan on his 99th birthday. The "happening" that she thinks up delights the old man and the entire village of Sugi. Ages 5-9
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LONZO ANDERSON

Ponies of Mykillengi. *Illustrated by Adrienne Adams.* Set in Iceland, here is the exciting story of Rauf, his sister Egli and their ponies—one of them in foal—all caught in the midst of an earthquake. Ages 5-9
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Twelve Dancing Princesses. *By The Brothers Grimm. Translated by Elizabeth Shub.* Mr. Shulevitz's rich and modern illustrations capture the full magic of this much-loved fairy tale. Ages 5-9
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LILO HESS

Foxes in the Woodshed. *Illustrated with photographs.* The story of a red fox family, told by the author of *Sea Horses,* who adopted, tamed and observed the fox pups until they were grown. Highly amusing and yet scientifically accurate. Ages 6-10
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Illustration from
TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

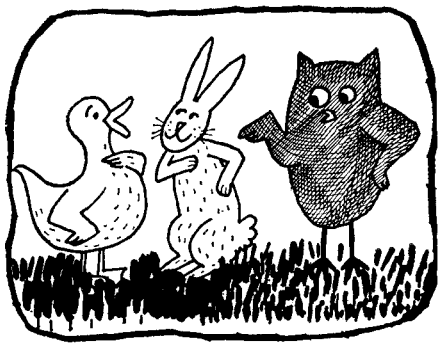
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
New York

tains long, invented, and often painfully informative conversations. In such books one is apt to find, also, the assumptive remark. "How difficult it must have been for Mr. Lincoln. He may have said to himself, 'I shall not countenance such remarks about my wife.'" Especially prevalent in biographies or in historical fiction is the had-she-but-known aside: "Had Jessie but known that some day she would wed the dashing young Fremont!"

Had I but a blue pencil!

The upper-middle-class atmosphere of some junior novels for girls is another puerile device. The protagonists are beset by problems of what to wear and whether to date the dashing new boy at school or the old reliable chum next door. "Susan decided that on the first day after vacation she would wear her new blue imported cashmere sweater that matched her eyes, and the plaid skirt with inverted pleats. She knew that Ken would be in her biology class, and maybe he would offer to drive her home in his convertible."

Other offenders are the books with



—From "Kick, Pass, and Run."

obtrusively stereotyped minor characters; and the beginning science book in which Mother Nature wants all the leaves to look gay in the fall; and the formula sports story in which the brash young rookie gets his comeuppance, learns to be a part of the team, and wins the crucial game. Fortunately, there are many editors (most) who won't sanction these tricks, who have integrity as well as ability.

To those less discriminating, I say, "*Adieu,* Good-by."

For Younger Children

The Mother Goose Treasury. *Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Coward-McCann.* 220 *pp.* $8.95. With rhymes based on the authoritative Opie versions, and with illustrations of dazzling variety, humor, and charm, this book is indeed a treasure. The illustrations are in lovely colors or in black-and-white on alternate double-page spreads. Some of the pages have one rhyme with a full-page illustration; most, however, contain several verses and pictures. The layout of the entire book is imaginative. Ages 2-6.

—From "Keep Your Mouth Closed, Dear."

Theodore. *By Edward Ormondroyd. Illustrated by John M. Larrecq. Parnassus Press.* 33 *pp.* $3.25. Theodore is a toy bear who is often temporarily abandoned by his owner, but there is a compensating love and rapport between them. "He was an old experienced bear, comfortably smudgy, who knew that it was part of life to be forgotten now and then in a closet or under the cellar stairs." Dumped into a laundry basket, Theodore finds himself a few days later trapped in the tumbler of a self-service laundry. On the way home he falls out of the basket; uncomfortably clean, he begs a dog to drag him through the gutter, joins a cat fight, and gets happily smeared by a boy eating candy. When Lucy finds him her mother comments on how dirty Theodore is. Wouldn't Lucy like to put her bear in the laundry? Lucy declines, and Theodore sighs with relief. It's a slight story, but the unobtrusive message of acceptance is gently, lightly conveyed. Ages 4-6.

Keep Your Mouth Closed, Dear. *Written and illustrated by Aliki. Dial.* 45 *pp.* $3.50. There's hardly a child who hasn't swallowed something by mistake, so there ought to be sympathy for Charles, who didn't keep his mouth closed; when you're a crocodile, that's trouble. Charles has trouble. He swallows his mother's mixing spoon and his father's alarm clock; he swallows so many things his mother puts a zipper on his mouth. Charles swallows the zipper. Finally and inadvertently, he solves his own problem when he starts to swallow the vacuum cleaner and everything tumbles out. The nonsensical story is happily complemented by ingenuous and amusing pictures. Ages 4-8.

Who Was Tricked? *By James Cloyd Bowman and Margery Bianco. Translated by*

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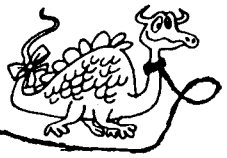

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THE WITCH NEXT DOOR/Bridwell, Norman. Illustrated by the author. A delightful picture-book about a strange and curious neighbor. $1.95.

DOLPHINS!/Compere, Mickie. Illustrated by Irma Wilde. The life and times of these fascinating creatures: how they are born, live, fight, and play. A joy to read and look at. $1.95.

THE LUCKY SEW-IT-YOURSELF BOOK/ Sokol, Camille. Illustrated by Bill Sokol. How to make a scarf, pocketbook, pincushion, doll's pillow, or apron in gay, simple, step-by-step instructions in the basics of sewing. $1.95.

A BOOK OF REAL SCIENCE/Freeman, Mae. Illustrated by John Moodie. Electricity, heat, light, sound, gravity, and outer space are only some of the topics examined in this skillful and appealing introduction to the world of physical science. $1.95.

THE STORY OF THOMAS ALVA EDISON, INVENTOR/Compere, Mickie. Illustrated by Jerome Moriarity. From newsboy to master of an "invention factory", here is the remarkable story of a remarkable man—his personal joys, tragedies, and successes. $2.50.

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ENEMIES OF THE SECRET HIDE-OUT/Peterson, John. Illustrated by the author. A rousing sequel to **The Secret Hide-Out** with adventure and suspense galore. $2.50.

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NOTHING BUT A STRANGER/Hale, Arlene. A startling personal discovery climaxes this tender, moving account of a young girl's search for identity and purpose. $2.95.

And for Young Adult Readers

THE NEW SOUND/YES/Peck, Ira. Photographs. The musical phenomenon of rock 'n' roll—the stars, songs, song writers, and the fans—discussed in recent articles from **The Atlantic, Holiday, The New York Times** and other national media. $2.95.

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"Professional football and its fans owe a debt of gratitude for this highly informative and entertaining history."—Pete Rozelle, Comm. NFL.

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Aili Kolehmainen. Illustrated by John Faulkner. Whitman. 28 *pp.* $2.50. Almost every country has a variation of the story of the hoodwinked seller who gets revenge. This is a Finnish tale, first published in this country thirty years ago in *Tales from a Finnish Tupa* and now enlivened by new, bright illustrations. Pekka, sent to market to sell a cow, is tricked by two sharpers into selling the animal for too little. He goes to three innkeepers, whom he pays in advance to pretend that the meal is free because of his magic cap. The rogues eagerly press on Pekka all that they have in return for the "magic" cap. When his father asks how he received so much for an old cow, Pekka grins. 'You see, I sold my cap as well!" Ages 5-7.

Big Sister and Little Sister. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Martha Alexander. Harper & Row.* 24 *pp.* $2.95. A gentle and charming story for little girls, *Big Sister and Little Sister* is written in a grave and ingenuous style and illustrated with pastel minutely detailed pictures—pictures very much like those of Mary Chalmers. The story has sentiment, yes, but not sentimentality. "Once there was a big sister and a little sister. The big sister always took care," the author begins, and then describes the loving but managerial attitude of the big sister—who is all of eight or nine. One day the younger sister rebels, and stalks off to hide in the tall meadow grass; big sister begins to hunt for her, and cries. Little sister is overwhelmed with love—tempered perhaps with dash of satisfaction.

—*From "Ponies of Mykillengi."*

In a reversal of roles, she comforts her older sister just as she is wont to be comforted. The situation is slightly idealized, but psychologically sound and quite touching. Ages 5-8.

Circus. *By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Photographs by Al Giese. Viking.* 15 *pp.* $3.95. This isn't a story, but a collection of exciting circus pictures accompanied by a rather unimaginative rhyming text that serves to caption the photographs. "Oh, circus elephants are the danciest. Circus horses are the prettiest and the pranciest. Circus lions are the kingliest, howliest. Circus tigers are the snarliest, prowliest." The book is filled with big, full-color action photographs of clowns, animals, trapezists, acrobats, and spangled horseback riders. Ages 5-8.

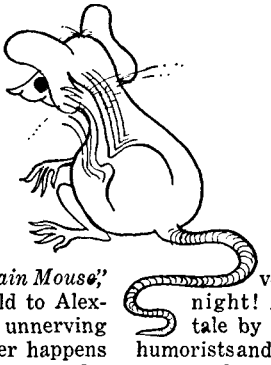
Why the Sun Was Late. *By Benjamin Elkin. Illustrated by Jerome Snyder. Parents' Magazine Press.* 38 *pp.* $2.95. This is a simple retelling of an African folktale, illustrated with pictures in deep, glowing colors that are admirably suited to the jungle setting. A fly alights on an old tree just as it crashes to the ground; impressed by his power, the fly tries to knock down two boys. While swatting the fly one of them hits a branch and startles some squirrels. All of the participants in the chain of incidents—including the sun, who fails to come up because there is no birdsong—explain their roles to the Great Spirit. But the shamed fly only buzzes in embarrassment. And that is why the bird now sings each dawn, why the sun comes up every day, and why the fly can make no sound but a buzz. Ages 5-9.

Black and White. *Written and illustrated by David Arkin. Music by Earl Robinson. Ward Ritchie Press.* 34 *pp.* $2.95. In 1960 the song "Black and White" was used by Edward R. Murrow in a program on desegregation; here the simple words of the song are illustrated in starkly contrasting black and white pages, save for the last two, on which an optimistic note of brotherhood is sounded. Although its text is a little stiff, as most lyrics are when set down apart from the music, the book has dramatic impact. The words and music of the song are given at the end of the book. Ages 6-8.

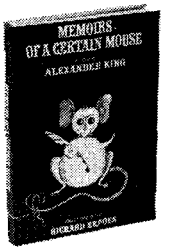
Hanukkah. *By Norma Simon. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. Crowell.* 34 *pp.* $2.95. Like the other books in this publisher's excellent series about holidays, this one recapitulates the historic event that is celebrated and discusses the rituals and customs attendant upon it. Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, commemorates the Jewish victory more than 2,000 years ago over the Syrian ruler who tried to force the Judean people to embrace the Greek pantheon. Careful to distinguish between fact and legend, the author describes both the religious observances of Hanukkah and the traditional games and food that are part of the holiday. Ages 6-9.

Taro and the Sea of Turtles: A Tale of Japan. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Dobrin. Coward-McCann.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. Taro, a small boy living on an island off the coast of Japan, cannot understand why the temple Buddha is so shabby and dark. His father explains that times are hard and their village poor. One day the boy finds some pieces of driftwood, which he takes to an old woman. He suggests to her that if dolls could be made from the wood the profit from selling them could be used for gilding the Buddha. With the help of the village children the dolls are made and sold. As Taro is returning home he sees turtles

Alexander King's Memoirs of a WHAT?



"Memoirs of a Certain Mouse," that's what, as told to Alexander King. One unnerving thing after another happens to this literate mouse who escapes from the laboratory to see the world. You'll laugh, worry (even weep!), and next minute roar as this precocious pet relates his unpredictable exploits and changes from meek to marvelous-like overnight! A rib-tickling tale by the wittiest of humorists and titillating illustrations by Richard Erdoes. A children's book for adults, too. $2.95 at your bookstore.



McGraw Hill Junior Books

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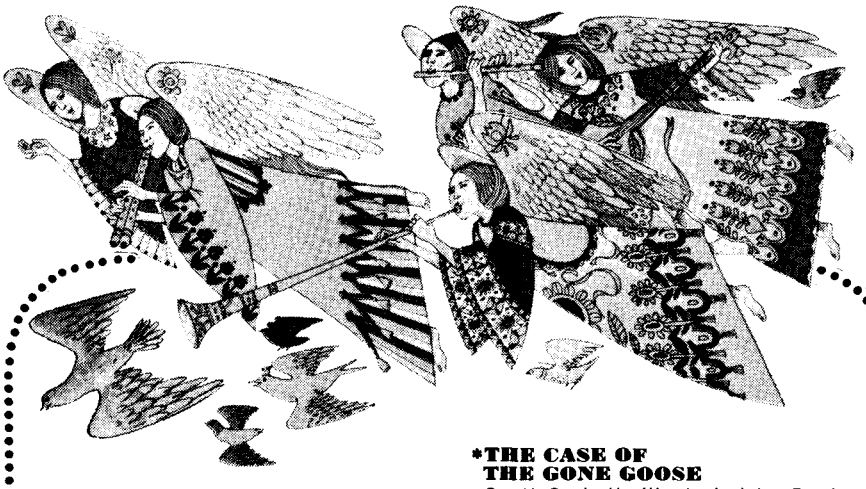
being mistreated and pays to have them freed. Later he is cast into the sea by pirates but is saved when a huge turtle rises under him and rides him back to land. Told very simply, the story has a folk-tale quality, especially in the quasi-fanciful ending. The illustrations, in gray and brown, are in the Japanese tradition and most handsome. Ages 6-9.

Kick, Pass, and Run. *Written and illustrated by Leonard Kessler. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. An assortment of animals watch some boys playing football, and they are Instant Fans. They decide that they, too, will play football; unfortunately, their substitute ball (an apple) is eaten by one of the team. Somehow, enough football terminology is sprinkled through the story to act as a cohesive agent for the nonsensical but beguiling plot. Leonard Kessler's drawings have a naïve humor that suits the story admirably. For the beginning independent reader.

Round About the City: Stories You Can Read to Yourself. *Selected by the Child Study Association of America. Illustrated by Harper Johnson. Crowell.* 117 *pp.* $2.95. For the very young reader this collection of ten stories will have the appeal of the familiar; although all have an urban setting, many of the activities depicted are those of children in any environment. Some of the stories are humorous, two are quite touching, and one or two are rather sedate and dull, but all are useful as supplementary reading material. The realistic—almost photographic—illustrations underscore the clear intention of the compilers to present a potpourri of racial and ethnic backgrounds. One story is about a Negro child, one about Bobo Chang, one about Miki Takino. Although the pictures are attractive, their uniformity is a slight drawback; for example, those for "Show and Tell" don't have the light touch befitting the amusing story that the original illustrations had. Ages 7-9.

Eddie the Dog Holder. *Written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. Morrow.* 187 *pp.* $3.75. Eddie Wilson is indefatigable, and his penchant here for getting in and out of scrapes will undoubtedly satisfy Carolyn Haywood's readers as much as it always has. This time Eddie is struck by the marvelous possibility of a new career. When he finds that his chum Annie Pat (also indefatigable) has taken up painting dogs, Eddie contracts as dog-holder. Then he branches out as cat-holder for another friend who has gone into the photography business. Because their subjects are often uncooperative, and Annie Pat prefers to color all dogs orange, there is more negotiation than profit. The author has an ear for dialogue and a light, humorous style, so the children's ploys and projects seem perfectly natural. Ages 7-9.

You Will Live Under the Sea. *By Fred and Marjorie Phleger. Illustrated by Ward Brackett. Random House.* 61 *pp.* $1.95. This book may turn out to be more prophetic than imaginative, since it is written by an oceanographer and his wife. In simple language but with elaborate detail they describe the activities that will some day



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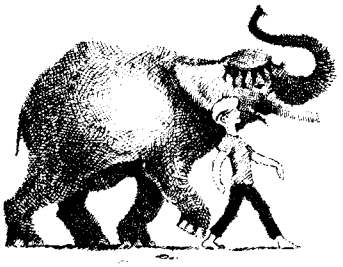

Illustration from *The White Stone*

EMILY'S VOYAGE

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written and illustrated with full-color photographs by Robert Vavra. A true account of a young girl's life in the African jungle and of the baby gorilla who becomes her pet. Ages 7 up $4.50

THE WHITE STONE

by Gunnel Linde; illustrated by Imero Gobbato; translated by Richard and Clara Winston. A captivating story in which a small white stone leads two lonely children into remarkable adventures.
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by Jane Whitbread Levin. A moving story based on fact of two Jewish boys who were smuggled into Sweden in 1943 by the intrepid Danish Underground.
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CHARITY AT HOME

by Barbara Willard; illustrated by Douglas Hall. Warmth and humor mark this story, set in an English village, of 14-year-old Charity's efforts to find herself as an individual. Ages 12 up $3.25

A SOUND OF TRUMPETS

by Allan Campbell McLean. A boy's dangerous involvement in the rebellion of 1885 on the Isle of Skye against a cruel landowner leads him to outlawry and emigration. Ages 14 up $3.25

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

go on under the sea. As a literary device the authors have a small boy go through the tests that will make him a member of the Sea Snoopers' Club. Guided by an adult, he sees a kelp farm, fishboys hunting the sharks that prey on fish, miners at work, a red-hot volcano; he also rides a turtle and chips a sea fan off a rock. The setting affords the illustrator ample opportunity for exotic pictures in beautiful color, and he makes the most of it. Ages 7-9.

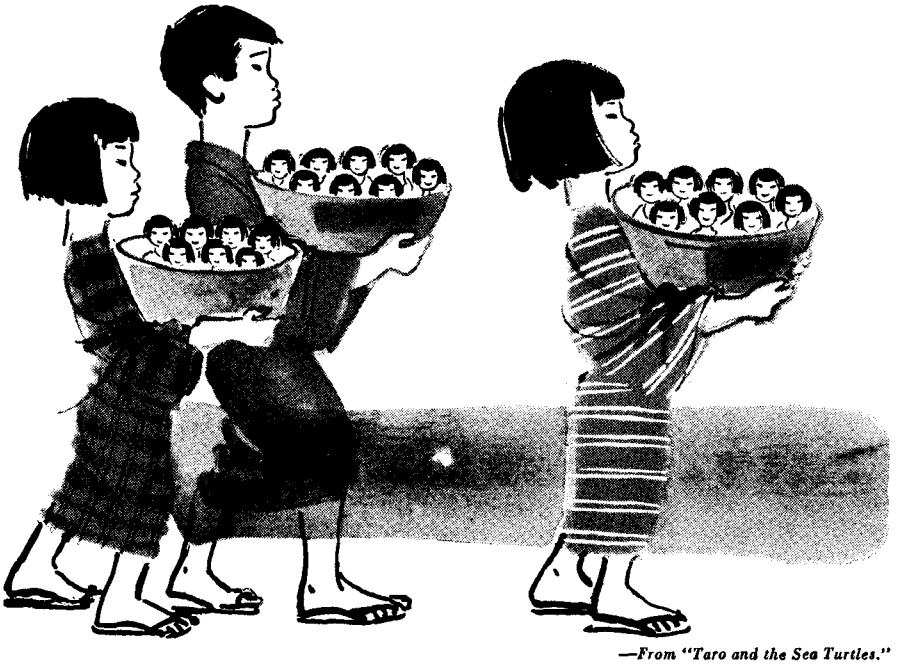
For the Middle Group

High-Rise Secret. *Written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. Lippincott.* 152 *pp.* $3.50. When the five Murphys move into a high-rise urban renewal project "in a large city on Lake Erie" they find that there is a good deal of bickering among the adults as well as the children. The building is noisy; the tenants are troubled by a gang of rough boys, and Peggy Murphy gets into difficulties when she sneaks a cat into the apartment, knowing that pets are forbidden. When the women of the project try to police the area, they are fired upon by the hoodlums; but the publicity about the resultant injuries inspires some changes: police protection, a clubroom for the boys, and a tenants' committee to run the elevators on which the children have been playing. The story is grimly realistic; however, it has the double value of being a candid picture of one segment of urban life and a portrayal of a mixed community where malfeasance, when it exists, is based on individuals rather than on an ethnic group. Ages 8-10.

Ponies of Mykillengi. *By Lonzo Anderson. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribners.* 43 *pp.* $3.25. Egli and her brother, Rauf, who live on a remote farm in Iceland, go off with their ponies and are caught in a severe snowstorm that has been preceded by an earthquake. Alone and frightened, the children must not only find their way home, but they must care for the foal that is born during the storm. Doggedly fighting fear and fatigue, they at last reach the warmth and security of the family circle. The writing is sedate and occasionally choppy, but the illustrations are striking, especially those that show the vast, bleak landscape of snow relieved only by the tiny bright patches of the bundled children or the distant lights of their home. Ages 8-9. Also for reading to younger children.

Jenny. *By Gene Inyart. Illustrated by Nancy Grossman. Watts.* 166 *pp.* $3.50. When you have for nine years been an only child, it isn't easy to adjust to a baby in the family; however, Jenny has long wanted a little brother, and the changes in family life prove to be minor. Jenny has another problem that concerns her more than dethronement: eviction. For a long time the big, weed-grown yard nextdoor has been her kingdom, and she is desolated when she learns that new owners are moving in. The family consists of four boys who run the home so that their mother, the Prof, has time to write; they are delightful people and Jenny quickly becomes very fond of them. Both the acceptance of a social change and the adjustment to a familial change are handled by the author in a realistic and wholesome way. The episodic structure of the book is alleviated by the easy flow of the writing, and the lack of drama by the bright characterization. Ages 8-12.

Pick a Peck of Puzzles. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Roth. Norton.* 76 *pp.* $3.50. Here's a happy miscellany of riddles, optical illusions, games, quizzes, and tongue twisters. Permeated with the nonsense humor that is appealing to most children, the book also has pages of mismatched quotations, picture puzzles, number tricks, mysteries, and word plays. The profuse, deftly silly illustrations, as well as the text, are attractively printed in red, black and white. Ages 8-11.



—From "Taro and the Sea Turtles."

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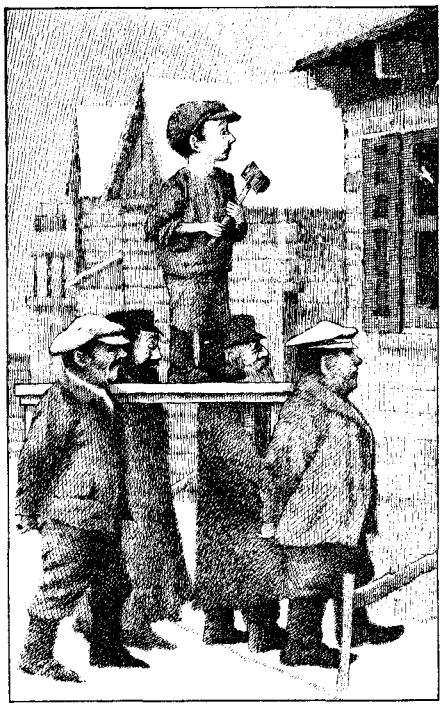

—From "Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories."

The Chemistry of a Lemon. *By A. Harris Stone. Illustrated by Peter P. Plasencia. Prentice-Hall.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. In this simply and informally written science book Harris Stone, a professor of science education, offers a new approach to home experiment. It is his idea not to provide all the answers but to suggest things to watch for and ways to look for them. He gives some directions on experiments; for example, in discussing coagulation, he proposes a test, then asks, "Is there a change in the uncooked white of an egg when you add lemon juice to it? Why? Will vinegar work the same way lemon juice does? Are lemon juice and vinegar different?" Professor Harris does not say. The child – cautioned that some experiments need adult supervision—is challenged to proceed with independent investigation. The book's illustrations are lively if not always informative. Ages 8-11.

Thanksgiving—Feast and Festival. *Compiled by Mildred Luckhardt. Illustrated by Ralph McDonald. Abingdon.* 352 *pp.* $5.95. Although its illustrations are undistinguished, this is a useful anthology for the holiday season, comprising old material and new. The poetry is more distinctive than are the prose selections, which are, however, more varied. The book's first section concerns the Pilgrims and the original Thanksgiving; the second section, "Thanksgiving and Harvest Time, Near and Far," includes Biblical references, the usual medley of excerpts and adaptations, and some background information by Mildred Luckhardt about harvest customs and religious observances in other countries. A brief bibliography is appended. Ages 8-11.

Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Sweden. *Retold by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. Little, Brown.* 92 *pp.* $2.95. The appeal of these six stories, which have been retold in a direct and simple prose, lies chiefly in the universality of their themes. One is about three brothers, the youngest of whom outwits a witch; another is a variant on the tale of the soup that begins with a nail or a stone and acquires additional ingredients from gullible contributors; a third concerns three wishes that result in the greedy wisher's being hoist by his own petard. Some of the illustrations are in black and white; others are made festive by a bright red-orange. Ages 9-11.

Zlateh the Goat and Other Stories. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by the author and Elizabeth Shub. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 90 *pp.* $4.50. Here is a small treasure: the superb writing of a great Jewish storyteller is enhanced by the lovely illustrations of Maurice Sendak. Drawing upon folklore and legend, Isaac Bashevis Singer spins seven yarns. Of them, "Zlateh the Goat" is among the most charming, telling of a small boy who during a three-day blizzard takes refuge in a haystack with his pet goat, whose milk saves the lad's life. One of the funnier tales– and they are preponderantly humorous–is that of "The First Shlemiel," who perversely does everything his wife has warned him against. Ages 9-12.

The First Book of Facts and How to Find Them. *By David C. Whitney. Illustrated by Edward Mackenzie. Watts.* 66 *pp.* $2.65. Occasionally one comes across a book which, though primarily designed to be useful, has been created with such care and

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Pictures by
Maurice Sendak

Translated from the Yiddish by the author and Elizabeth Shub. Seven magnificently illustrated tales of Old World life. "They uniquely combine elements of fantasy, comedy, love. . . . Mr. Singer enriches children's literature." — BERNARD MALAMUD. "Beautiful stories for children, written by a master."— *N. Y. Times Book Review*
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intelligence that it is also interesting. This is a primer in reference work, good for its intended middle-grades audience and just as good for the older reader who is inexperienced. David C. Whitney describes the basic kinds of reference tools and the use of a card catalogue; he particularizes the differences between word-by-word and letter-by-letter alphabetizing; and he discusses the difference between facts and opinions. Ages 9-11.

The Mummy Market. *By Nancy Brelis. Pictures by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row.* 145 *pp.* $3.95. The three Martin children endure a regimented existence under the supervision of a dour housekeeper, whom they call The Gloom. Elderly Mrs. Cavour advises them to shop for a mother. Following her directions to The Mummy Market, they find various types of mothers on display in the booths: homemakers, a beatnik complete with guitar, a rugged outdoor mom. They try some who don't fit; then they find a mother who hasn't yet been selected by children. This time their choice is wise, and the children and their mummy set about planning memories of the past that will knit them into a family. Slightly fey and often funny, this is a most inventive story with sophisticated overtones. Ages 9-11.

The Strange Light. *By James Reeves. Illustrated by J. C. Kocsis. Rand McNally.* 122 *pp.* $3.50. Here is an imaginative story that gets off to a flying start in the first sentence: "When Christina struggled through the gap in the boundary hedge, she knew what she was looking for, but she did not know what it would be like." What Christina finds is the land where characters who are going to be in books live. The first time she sees the strange violet glow on one of their faces she is amazed; then she learns that this is a sign that an author is thinking about such a character. The concept itself is intriguing, and it is enhanced by such details as Christina's encounter with a training session for wizards, a class in which the students, once smugglers, are learning a new trade for which they feel there will be more literary demand. Ages 9-11.

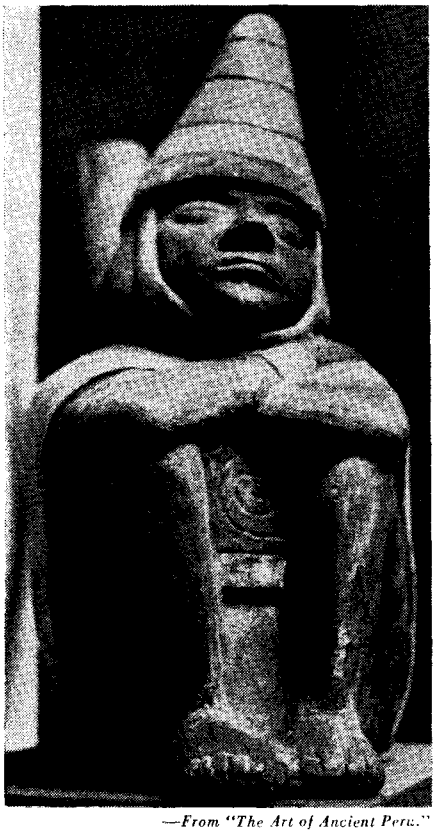
The Art of Ancient Peru. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nook. Harper & Row.* 41 *pp.* $4.50. This is surely one of the most effective of Shirley Glubok's series of books on the arts of ancient lands, the boldness and vigor of the objects photographed enhanced by the careful planning of the layout. The pictures show examples of architecture, sculpture, metal work, weaving, carving, and geometric design in paint, fabric, and feathers. Written with a modest but authoritative simplicity, the descriptions of the art objects provide much interesting information about the culture in which they flourished. Ages 9-12.

The Seventeenth-Street Gang. *By Emily Neville. Pictures by Emily McCully. Harper & Row.* 148 *pp.* $3.50. Capricious, mendacious, and notably hostile, Minnow dominates a group of boys and girls of mixed ages and backgrounds living in a heterogeneous New York neighborhood. When a new boy moves into the area, she takes the lead in plans to ostracize him. Discovering that the boy, Hollis, is not bad, other members of the Seventeenth-Street Gang are less eager to go along with Minnow, and they end by putting group pressure on her so that Hollis is accepted. The resilient Minnow is an *enfant terrible*, but she is more nasty than vicious, and she is utterly believable. The shifting patterns of power plays within the gang are fascinating, as are the stratagems that the children use to maintain their privacy against adults. Ages 9-11.

A Book of Witches. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Dutton.* 127 *pp.* $3.50. Once again the lovely illustrations of this artist felicitously complement the skillful storytelling of the author. The witches may be good or bad, beautiful or ugly; the stories may be humorous or eerie; but all twelve tales are told in a fluent and lively manner. A foreword gives the sources: Bohemia, Denmark, Italy, Germany, England, Russia, and Ireland. Ages 10-12.

Eagle Mask: A West Coast Indian Tale. *Written and illustrated by James Houston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 63 *pp.* $3. The author, whose first book, *Tikta'liktak*, won the Canadian Library Association's award for the best English-language book of 1965, has for many years lived and traveled in the Canadian Arctic and the Northwest. His knowledge of the West Coast Indians is basic enough to keep the cultural details of his story from being obtrusive; his quiet writing has a simplicity that is eminently appropriate for the rich and dignified living patterns of the Eagle clan. Skemshan, his protagonist, is a young prince of the clan.Tested for his courage, he goes for the first time on a sea hunt, then is initiated into full manhood with a splendid potlatch. Ages 10-12.

Long Ago When I Was Young. *By E. Nesbit. With an introduction by Noel*



—From "The Art of Ancient Peru."

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Streatfeild. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Watts. 127 *pp.* $5.95. This is for Nesbit fans of all ages. Although the introduction assumes some familiarity with her work, the book itself is a delightful introduction for the neophyte. Edward Ardizzone's illustrations are endearingly appropriate for the old-fashioned setting of the author's reminiscences, first published as a magazine series in 1896. The setting is indeed old-fashioned, but the remembered incidents of Edith Nesbit's childhood have an immediacy and color that give them a universal appeal. Imaginative and impetuous, the small girl struggled through five years of being shunted from one boarding school to another in England and in France. Ages 10-12.

Kallie's Corner. *By Alice Low. Drawings by David Stone Martin. Pantheon.* 246 *pp.* $3.95. Even if this story has some aspects that seem out of perspective, it has a percipience that is rewarding, a setting that is appealing, and a conclusion that is satisfying. Kallie is a new girl at a private school in which a small seventh-grade clique is ruled by Pamela. A very smooth operator and a snob, Pamela has decided that Kallie is despicable. All but one of the other girls dutifully consider Kallie despicable; Jane, however, finds herself drawn to this odd creature. She visits Kallie's corner in Greenwich Village and meets Kallie's father, an anthropologist whose wanderings Kallie has shared. The action centers on Jane's plans for a joint Christmas puppet show and a first party for Kallie. It is in Jane's complete freedom to spend her time in the Village, although she has been depicted as overprotected by conservative parents, that the story seems weak. However, the plot is really of less importance than the emergence of Jane from her chrysalis of insecure conformity to the peer group. Ages 10-12.

Colonel Sheperton's Clock. *By Philip Turner. Illustrated by Philip Gough. World.* 190 *pp.* $3.75. Published in England in 1964, *Colonel Sheperton's Clock* is the first book written for young people by Philip Turner, whose *The Grange at High Force* won the British Library Association's Carnegie Medal. It is a remarkably balanced book, giving a vivid picture of a town in the north of England, of the continuity of generations, and the curiosity of boys anywhere. David, Peter, and Arthur are in the All Saints choir, and while they are illicitly investigating the clerestory passages, they come across an old newspaper article that excites their imagination. With the help of various adults, they pursue the clues that lead to their discovery of an unknown act of espionage in World War I and to the realization that Colonel Sheperton was an unsung hero of that conflict. The story line is deftly handled; the dialogue and characterization are superb. Ages 10-13.

Rodin: A Biography. *By Elizabeth Ripley. Lippincott.* 72 *pp.* $3.75. When Auguste Rodin was fourteen years old he returned to Paris after five years away at boarding school, and, despite paternal disapproval, found an art school he could attend without tuition. At his father's insistence he took a job, but he went on modeling figures in his spare time. He was briefly a monastic novice; he served in the National Guard; he worked for some years in Brussels. Not until Rodin was forty-one was he accorded recognition as a sculptor; nevertheless, throughout the rest of his lifetime much of his work was criticized. Full-page photographs of Rodin's work face each page of text. As she has in her previous biographies of great artists, Elizabeth Ripley succeeds admirably in incorporating details about the individual works of art into the matrix of the artist's history. Ages 10-13.

Mustang, Wild Spirit of the West. *By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Robert Lougheed. Rand McNally.* 208 *pp.* $3.95. This moving account of one woman's dedication to preserving the wild mustangs of the West is based on fact; the story is told through the words of Mrs. Johnston, the "Wild Horse Annie" of the book. Opposed by those who used the mustangs for canned pet food, Annie and her husband worked for years to achieve the legislation (passed in 1959) which forbade the wholesale slaughter, and which undoubtedly led to the establishment of refuge areas. All the more exciting because it is true, this book is both a documentary and an adventure story. Ages 10-14.

Troublemaker. *By Alberta Armer. Illustrated by J. C. Kocsis. World.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. Twelve-year-old Joe Fuller had been placed in a detention home because he was guilty of petty thievery; his father was in jail and his mother in a state hospital. When the welfare board sent him to stay with foster parents, Joe was prepared to dislike the Murrays. He found their two small adopted children likable, and he liked Mr. Murray, but he felt uneasy both with Mrs. Murray and with the older girl, who was also a foster child. Conscious of the inadequacies of his real parents, Joe told little Melvin spun-sugar fantasies about his hospitalized mother. Not until, recovered, she came for a visit was Joe able to face reality and admit that his life with the Murray family had a warmth and satisfaction that he hoped to find when his own home was again established. The story has a message, but no moralizing; the characterization is perceptive and sympathetic. Ages 11-13.

Second-Hand Family. *By Richard Parker. Illustrated by Gareth Floyd. Bobbs-Merrill.* 114 *pp.* $3.50. It is interesting to compare this book with the one reviewed above; although the setting and the family situation are quite different in this English story, the basic problem of the adjustment of an outsider to the living patterns of a family is the same. In *Troublemaker* the protagonist was his own chief problem; here the boy of twelve, Giles, is quite ready to accept overtures of affection. But, save for the gentle friendship of Mr. Maxwell, there are no overtures. Mrs. Maxwell has a hasty temper, Linda (also twelve) is aloof, and Martin is surly, clearly resentful of having to share his room with a kid. A kid who likes school, too. Strangely enough, it is through his appreciation of Martin's long-haired combo that Giles gains the last token of acceptance which makes him feel he belongs to the family. Mr. Parker's char-

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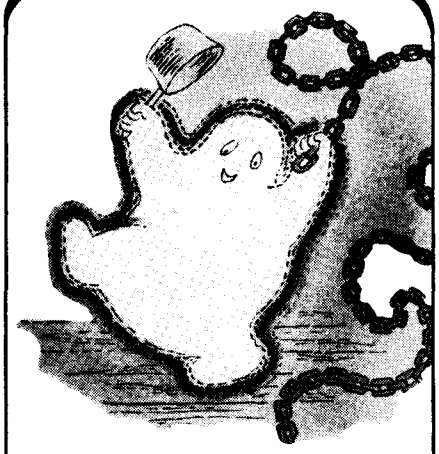

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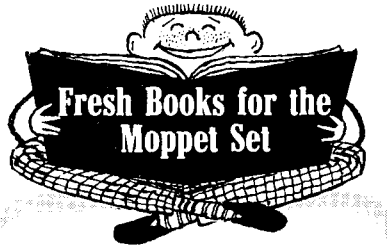

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acters are distinctively real; his writing style has ease and vitality, particularly in the dialogue. Ages 11-13.

God and His People: From the King James Version of the Old Testament. *Edited by Harold Bassage. Illustrated by Clark B. FitzGerald. Seabury.* 212 *pp.* $4.95. In looking at an adaptation of the Bible, there is always the question, "Why?" Often the beauty of the prose style is lost or the adaptation lacks continuity. Neither has happened here. Dr. Bassage, a clergyman, has kept the language of the King James Version and has eliminated (as he explains in the preface) laws, genealogies, poetry, and prophecies, so that the story of the Old Testament could be told smoothly. The text is printed in the short lines of a verse form with interpolated material set in italics. Although occasionally their rigidity reflects the fact that the artist is basically a sculptor, the illustrations are attractive. The result is a handsome book. All ages.

—From "Long Ago When I Was Young."

For Older Boys and Girls

And Forever Free. . . *By Joanne S. Williamson. Knopf.* 197 *pp.* $3.95. When Martin Herter, aged fifteen, comes from Germany to New York in 1860, he is luckier than most immigrants, since his uncle can give him a home and a job. He becomes increasingly aware of the corruption of city politics and of the growing tension about slavery; indeed, he helps to hide a runaway slave. Enthralled by the atmosphere of a newspaper office, Martin succeeds in getting a job with the *Tribune*, where he learns more about Tammany Hall. He sees the bitter fighting in the draft riots and the even more dreadful carnage of Gettysburg. The ending of the story is rather inconclusive, but the book is almost more a narrative documentary about the social and political scene than it is a novel, and as such it is quite good. Ages 12-14.

The Hollywood Kid. *By Maia Wojciechowska. Harper & Row.* 165 *pp.* $3.50. In a way, this book has more in common with *Shadow of a Bull,* for which the author was awarded the Newbery Medal, than do her two intervening books, *Odyssey of Courage* or *A Kingdom in a Horse.* Here too, living without a father, is a boy verging on manhood and called on by the press of circumstance to make a decision that requires the deepest kind of courage and sensitivity. The decision itself, the setting for the story, the mood of the writing, and the level of psychological sophistication are all quite different. Bryan, fifteen, is the son of a movie star who has always been more interested in her career than her child. When his stepfather dies, Bryan realizes that his mother is going to need him with her for emotional sustenance and that that will mean giving up his plans to go to the prep school where his father teaches. Torn between the desire for freedom and a compassion for his mother, Bryan unhappily gives up his plans. However, at the last moment he is granted a reprieve when she decides that he must go away. The book would be much stronger were it not diffused by a plethora of quick character analyses of minor figures whose roles are not affective in the story. Ages 12-up.

From Colony to Nation: With Washington and His Army in the War for Independence. *By Olga Hall-Quest. Illustrated by Christine Price. Dutton.* 242 *pp.* $4.25. Although the broad scope of military action is adequately covered, this very good history of the Revolutionary War concentrates on action in and around New York. Beginning with a description of the city in 1764, one hundred years after the English had wrested it from the Dutch settlers, the book gives a detailed and fascinating pic-

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ture of the first rumblings of conflict and their effect on the city. The writing is lively and brisk; the bibliography and index indicate thorough research. Ages 12-14.

The Curse of the Viking Grave. *By Farley Mowat. Illustrated by Charles Geer. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 243 *pp.* $4.50. Only a man who has experienced the bleak vastness of the Far North could write so convincing an adventure story; danger piles up on danger, and it is all believable. Three boys live with trapper Angus Macnair in his cabin in Manitoba: his orphaned nephew Jamie; Peetyuk, who is Eskimo-English, and Awasin, a Cree. Deciding, when Angus is hospitalized, to explore the Viking grave they have stumbled on (in *Lost in the Barrens*), the boys strike out for the Far North by dog sled. There are personal and cultural abrasions in their relationships, but their dependence on each other is paramount, and their friendship survives the stresses of petty differences. Ages 12-15.

Raven's Cry. *By Christie Harris. Illustrated by Bill Reid. Atheneum.* 193 *pp.* $3.95. When white men came to the West Coast in 1775, they discovered that there was a fortune to be made in trading goods for sea otter pelts, furs that could be sold for vast profits in China. To the white men the coastal Indians were savages to be despised and exploited; to the Haida Indians the traders were persecutors who destroyed their culture. This is a story told from the viewpoint of the Indians, a proud people who succumbed with bitter dignity to the inroads of disease and the denigration of their religion and customs. The starkly effective drawings of Mr. Reid, a descendant of the Haida, are in the tradition of Haida art. Ages 12-14.

Lapland Outlaw. *By Arthur Catherall. Illustrated by Simon Jeruchim. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. The bleak setting of northern Finland and the exotic atmosphere of the reindeer-based Lapp culture make an unusual background for this fast-paced mystery story. Johani Sarris and his sister are left alone to handle family affairs when their mother goes to a distant hospital to stay with their injured father. Johani is stunned when a Swedish trader says he owns all of the Sarrises' reindeer. Johani knows his father would never sell the whole herd, but cannot prove it. He runs off with the reindeer, leading the police a chase that is vividly described. In a dramatic courtroom scene the conniving trader is unmasked, and Johani is cleared of the charge of being an outlaw. The characterization is good, the action and suspense nicely sustained. Ages 12-14.

Creating with Plaster. *By Dona Z. Meilach. Reilly & Lee.* 73 *pp.* $5.50. Written by an artist and art teacher, this is an unusually good do-it-yourself book because of the clarity of the instructions, the simplicity of the materials, and the many illustrative photographs. The author discusses the advantages of various kinds of plaster, describes the tools used and techniques, and tells how to cast and duplicate with plaster. The more complicated procedures, such as sculpture in plaster, are suitable for the older reader. However, some of the projects are simple enough for quite small children, and the book can be used for guiding their work. Ages 12-up.

The King's Fifth. *By Scott O'Dell. Decorations and maps by Samuel Bryant. Houghton Mifflin.* 264 *pp.* $3.95. Seventeen-year-old Esteban de Sandoval is in prison, accused of attempting to defraud the King of Spain of the King's Royal Fifth, his rightful share of the treasure of Cibola once in the possession of Esteban. Seven men had left the camp of Coronado, following a long and hazardous trail to Nexpan and its lake with a bottom of gold; only Esteban, who knew where the bags of gold were hidden, survived. With great skill Scott O'Dell shifts the narrative from the trial itself to Esteban's reminiscences in his cell, each part of the parallel structure revealing more of the adventure. Because in the course of the story it becomes increasingly clear that greed for gold has been the motivation—and the downfall—of the Spanish explorers, the denouement is the more dramatic. His original sentence remanded to three years owing to his youth, Esteban is offered a chance to escape by a man who proposes to divide the treasure if Esteban will lead him to Nexpah; the boy refuses, feeling that he is more free in prison than he was when the fever of gold controlled his life. Ages 12-15.

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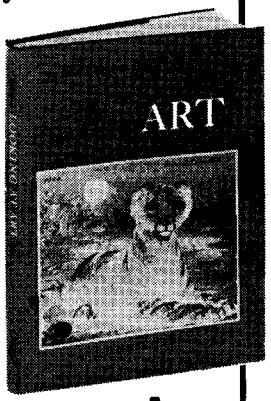

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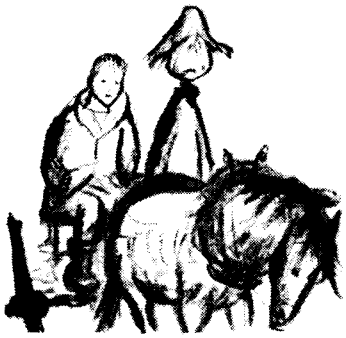

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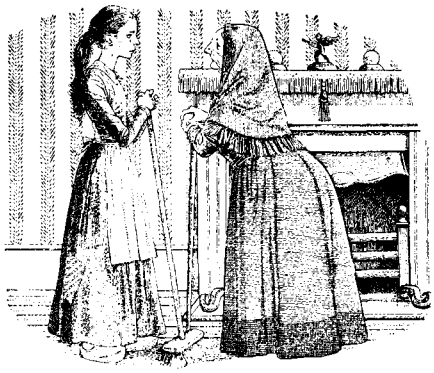

—*From "A Book of Witches."*

Tomorrow's Children: Eighteen Tales of Fantasy and Science Fiction. *Edited by Isaac Asimov. Illustrated by Emanuel Schongut. Doubleday.* 431 *pp.* $4.95. Not every science fiction anthology has been compiled with discrimination. This one was; Mr. Asimov made no concessions in adhering to his theme, for the word "children" in the title is literal. Some of the stories are amusing, some deliciously horrifying, and all are good solid stuff—as well they may be with writers like Asimov, Knight, Bradbury, Sheckley, Leiber, and Simak as contributors. Ages 12-up.

Lions in the Way. *By Bella Rodman. Follett.* 238 *pp.* $3.95. For two years residents of Jameson, Tennessee, had fought to prevent school integration; by 1959 they had lost their case and, in observance of the legal decision, were admitting eight Negro students to Fayette High School. Fomented by a professional agitator, the latent prejudice and hostility of the community openly erupts, testing the courage of the eight students and their parents. Matthew Logan, a white minister, finds that he can no longer tolerate his own attitude as bystander, and, risking both censure and danger, fights for integration. Although this novel has a slightly jarring shift in focus, it is impressive in its portrayal of a whole community moved by the currents and undercurrents of ethical standards, personal motivations, and conflicts of interest. Ages 12-15.

Women's Rights: The Suffrage Movement in America, 1848-1920. *By Olivia Coolidge. Dutton.* 189 *pp.* $4.95. Embellished by old photographs that have at once a comic charm and a faded dignity, this history of the struggle for voting privileges is competent in approach and broad in scope. Much of the material is biographical, and it is neither stuffy nor adulatory, but narrated with enthusiasm for the cause and a sort of amused sympathy for the participants. Characteristic of Olivia Coolidge's writing, a sense of humor lightens her impressive marshaling of facts. Ages 12-15.

The Adventure of Man: His Evolution from Prehistory to Civilization. *By Arthur Gregor. Illustrated by John Martinez. Macmillan.* 184 *pp.* $4.50. Profusely illustrated with maps, diagrams, and drawings, this is an excellent introduction to the body of knowledge about man's evolution from the primates. Arthur Gregor provides ample background for an understanding of the significance of anthropological findings, especially in his clear explanations of comparative morphology. He describes the evolution of racial differences, theories of diffusion, and the beginnings of civilization. Always careful to distinguish between fact and conjecture, he points out that our knowledge about man's past is susceptible to change or refinement. A glossary, an index, and a bibliography are appended; the last indicates with asterisks books that offer a simple introduction to the subject. Ages 12-16.

The Silver Swan: Poems of Romance and Mystery. *Compiled by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska. Wood engravings by Diana Bloomfield. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 221 *pp.* $3.95. It would be an unexpected pleasure to find an anthology compiled with such discrimination had these two poets not done so before in *The Crystal Cabinet.* The poems are unusual, comprising elegies, spells, charms, romances, and mysteries. In the appendix are author, title, and first-line indexes, as well as an extensive and interesting compilation of notes. What more could a poetry lover ask? Ages 12-up.

What's the Market? *By James Playsted Wood. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 179 *pp.* $3.95. Here is an excellent survey of the stock market, with an extensive history of fairs and exchanges that preceded the modern stock exchange. The author describes its operation, including the rules and regulations, explains the intricacies of the financial pages, and gives a considerable amount of sensible advice on investments. The text is enlived by dramatic anecdotes and, occasionally, by lurid biographical episodes. Although the book is intended for the young adult, both the information it contains and the suggested reading list may prove interesting to adults. Ages 13-16.

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A Critique of the Council at Rome

Paul Blanshard on Vatican II, *by Paul Blanshard (Beacon. 371 pp. $5.95), makes some negative criticisms of the Ecumenical Council, although the author expresses satisfaction at the changes now taking place within the Catholic Church. Daniel J. O'Hanlon, who teaches theology at the Jesuit School of Theology in Los Gatos, California, and the Graduate Theological Union at Berkeley, was in Rome during most of the sessions of Vatican II.*

By DANIEL J. O'HANLON

A FEW skeptics at the Vatican Council, Paul Blanshard tells us in this book, "questioned whether the ultimate cause of Christian unity is best served by starting with amiable manners and sentimental good will. It might have been better, they said, to start directly with basic disagreements even if the initial atmosphere proved to be somewhat quarrelsome." Blanshard observed that "this approach was rejected out of hand in favor of nonspecific amiability."

His own book can hardly be found guilty on this charge, and its critical specification may be its distinctive value. After centuries during which almost everyone started directly with basic disagreements (with no readily apparent gains for Christian unity), we have entered a period where amiability is the more common thing. We should be properly grateful for someone who continues to consider his main task to be singling out for our attention the objectionable features of the Roman Catholic Church. However, since this book concentrates on the negative side, and contains some distortions, it should be read together with more balanced reports on the Council as a whole. Gary MacEoin's *What Happened at Rome,* one of the first over-all books to appear in English, is a useful companion volume, and the really serious reader will want the actual text of the sixteen *Documents of Vatican II* (Association Press, paperback, 95¢) for reference as he goes along.

Many of the negative criticisms of the Council (and of the Catholic Church itself) that fill this book are shared by not a few Catholics, as is evident to anyone who was there or who has read some of the books and articles written by observers. Without presuming to speak for anyone but myself, yet with the assurance that many other Catholics who followed the Council would say much the same, let me note at random some of my agreements with Paul Blanshard. The list could easily be lengthened.

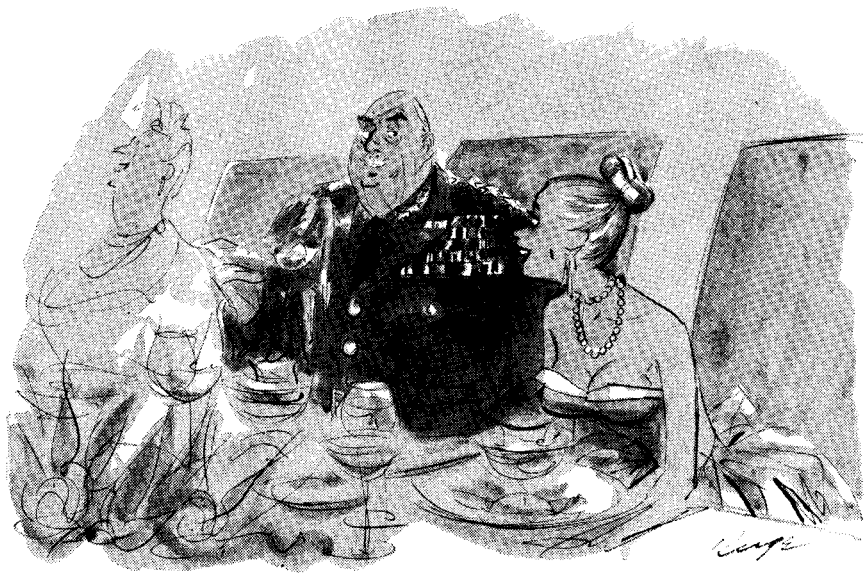
1) The rules of procedure (*regolamento*) of the Council failed to provide adequate means of easily and rapidly discovering, expressing, and executing the desires of the majority. 2) The pomp and display surrounding the Pope and other bishops should yield to evangelical simplicity. 3) The present charter for the Synod of Bishops (first meeting scheduled for 1967) does not yet provide an adequate instrument for the sharing of authority among the Pope and the other bishops. 4) It would have been desirable (and perfectly in accord with Christian tradition) that there be laymen with voting rights at Vatican II. 5) More concrete steps need to be taken to protect the freedom of scholars within the Church. 6) The insensitivity of many Roman personalities to the feelings of Orthodox leaders has been an ecumenical liability. 7) Women, who comprise the majority of "religious," should have some representatives on the Roman Congregation for Religious (and on many other such bodies). 8) Many Catholics have too long adopted the ostrich approach to the problem of overpopulation.

It says something, I suppose, about American democracy as Blanshard conceives it that, using it as a norm (and this is what he has done consistently through the years), he comes up with so many conclusions which others have reached by consciously using as a norm the Christian Gospel. Actually, most of the quarrels Catholics (this one at least) would have with Mr. Blanshard would not be over what he values, but rather over his charge that Catholics fail on principle to prize these values.

In dealing with the Council's *Declaration on Religious Liberty,* for instance, he gives ample space to the small minority that takes a dim view of religious liberty, but he seems reluctant to make clear that it was precisely this view which the Council overwhelmingly rejected. Of the historic *Declaration* itself he gives no serious account. Instead, he fastens onto a few phrases and badly distorts their meaning. At one point, after stressing in various ways the duty of government to provide full safeguards for the religious freedom of all its citizens, the *Declaration* says:

> If, in view of peculiar circumstances obtaining among peoples, special civil recognition is given to one religious community in the constitutional order of society, it is at the same time imperative that the right of all citizens and religious communities to religious freedom should be recognized and made effective in practice.

Blanchard quite wrongly takes this to mean approval of a doctrine advocating the establishment of the Catholic religion as a state religion. In actual fact, the definitive wording of this section was consciously and deliberately chosen to make it quite clear that the Council did not endorse this attitude. An earlier text had said that religious liberty was no obstacle to special government recognition of one particular religious community. In response to written protests against this formulation, the paragraph



"Why, General! You don't have the Good Conduct Medal!"

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was written to show that the Council took no stand in favor of an established religion. As the final text reads, the whole emphasis is on the importance of full guarantees of religious freedom for all, even if a particular country (for instance, England, Spain, the Scandinavian, or Moslem countries) gives some special recognition to one religious community. I would ask anyone who takes this part of Mr. Blanshard's book seriously to read the text of the *Declaration on Religious Liberty* (pages 675-696 in the paperback edition referred to above) and judge whether he has dealt with it fairly.

ONE has the impression on this issue, and on quite a few others, that Mr. Blanshard has been shooting so long at targets like these that he has not been able to accept with good grace the fact that the targets have been removed, or at least transferred to a different position.

Mr. Blanshard has said he is happy that the Roman Catholic Church has begun to correct some of the faults he has long criticized. I am sure he hopes that in the future more of his critical suggestions are heeded. May I offer a critical suggestion to Mr. Blanshard? I think his ideas would receive a readier hearing from Catholics, especially those best placed to carry out reform in the Church, if without ceasing to draw attention to our faults, he would try harder to modify his outmoded polemic style. The repeated attribution of cheap motives and the frequent recurrence of such phrases as "priestly interference," "insufferable barnacles of superstition," "more humane than Roman Catholic," "arrogant claims," "the card-house of celibacy," "gobbledegook of Latin ritual," "the old dogmas of magic," "the miraculous underworld of the Church," "antinaturalistic magic," "ecclesiastical imperialism" make it hard for us to believe he really means what he says when he graciously refers in the preface to the men he met at the Council as "Christian gentlemen of high order whose sincerity I could not doubt."

Keep up the particularization, Mr. Blanshard, but don't be afraid of a little amiability now and again.

Journey Into Religion

The New Theologian, *by Ved Mehta (Harper & Row. 217 pp. $5.95), records interviews with such pioneering religious thinkers as Bultmann, Tillich, Niebuhr, and Barth. Rudolph Muska is professor of philosophy at Heidelberg College.*

By RUDOLPH MUSKA

THOSE who want a painless and easygoing introduction to the "new theology" will find it in this latest offering by *The New Yorker*'s vigorous Ved Mehta. His forte is his fluid pen, and here again, as in his earlier books, he displays an effortless prose that delights the eye. Indeed, some may judge this to be the best feature of the book, which at best is a sweeping survey of the contemporary firmament.

Actually this volume is something of an intellectual journey by an inquisitive journalist. Starting with the "sensational stuff" of Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God,* Mehta readily perceives that the bishop is dealing with ideas more profound than his own—namely, those of Bultmann, Tillich, and Bonhoeffer. Not to be intimidated by these awesome figures, the author turns to their main works to discover exactly what they are saying, and with the aplomb of a child making a modest request he simply asks to drop in on them. (Niebuhr "was only a few minutes away by taxi. I decided to look him up.") In the course of his investigations, Mehta winds up by meeting an impressive array of eminent thinkers —not only Niebuhr and Tillich (shortly before his death), but Barth, Ramsey, Hamilton, and others.

Most of the book is a record of the ensuing interviews, in which personalities come through more clearly than ideas. But some of the conversations are disappointing. With Barth, for example, we enjoy only a short and chatty bit of nothing (he was not feeling too well). With Van Buren, on the other hand, some keen insights and an unparalleled honesty are revealed: "If you really got me with my back to the wall, I'd probably want to say I am more concerned about the substance of that Christian picture [*i.e.*, a certain image of man and of human relationships] than about the name by which you call it. If somebody wants to fight about the name, then I guess I would have to admit that I'm just not a Christian." From Eberhard Bethge we learn little about new theology but much about the talents of his family and how everyone there worships the memory of Bonhoeffer. And from Bultmann we hear that he has already said in his books everything he cares to say about demythologizing.

Many a reader will surely ask, as he sets aside this volume, what is the author trying to do? Is he introducing us to theologies or to theologians? Is he really concerned with their ideas, as he professes, or their idiosyncrasies? Too often he tells us more about their vanities than their virtues (Tillich: "My work is an infinite subject. Ask me some specific finite questions."), more about their differences than their common grounds (Van Buren: "Altizer and Bill Hamilton and I are saying different things."), more about their doubts and misgivings than about their accomplishments.

In spite of all this, Mehta is a delightful writer. Not every journalist has the ability to penetrate the obscurities and presumably unintentional obfuscations of philosophers and theologians. Neither does everyone have the fortitude or the knack to fire pointblank questions at such illustrious thinkers. Added to this, the reader gets a sort of vicarious thrill from knocking on secluded doors ("When I rang the bell, a boyish-faced man . . . opened the door and looked out. 'I am Woolwich,' he said. 'I can't get the door open any farther, because my wife is painting the hall.'"), meeting the modest wives of famous men, or inhaling the rarefied atmosphere of cramped studies where great or popular theological works first came into being.

But when everything is said and done, what is the net effect of reading this book? Is a person better informed or merely entertained? Is he invigorated by its substance, or frustrated by a suspicion that the author is subtly lampooning the efforts of these prominent thinkers? This judgment I leave to the reader. Few will quarrel about Mehta's brilliance. His ease at handling abstractions and, more important, his uncanny ability to transform the far-removed into the near-at-hand do much to offset whatever shortcomings the book may have. We do not, after all, come away empty: we discover that the giants of thought are mortals like unto us; we get a glimpse of personal struggles and the high cost of courage; we see that this radical movement, diverse and somewhat paradoxical as it is, does have some common ground, and the promise of something genuinely new filters through the diaphaneity of the text (in spite of the author's concluding remarks to the contrary) and presages a time of religious relevance. Perhaps if theology is to infuse a radically critical age it will need to invest itself in a contemporary idiom not unlike that foreshadowed by the new theologians.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read 10, 2, 7, 12, 9, 5, 3, 4, 1, 6, 11, 8.

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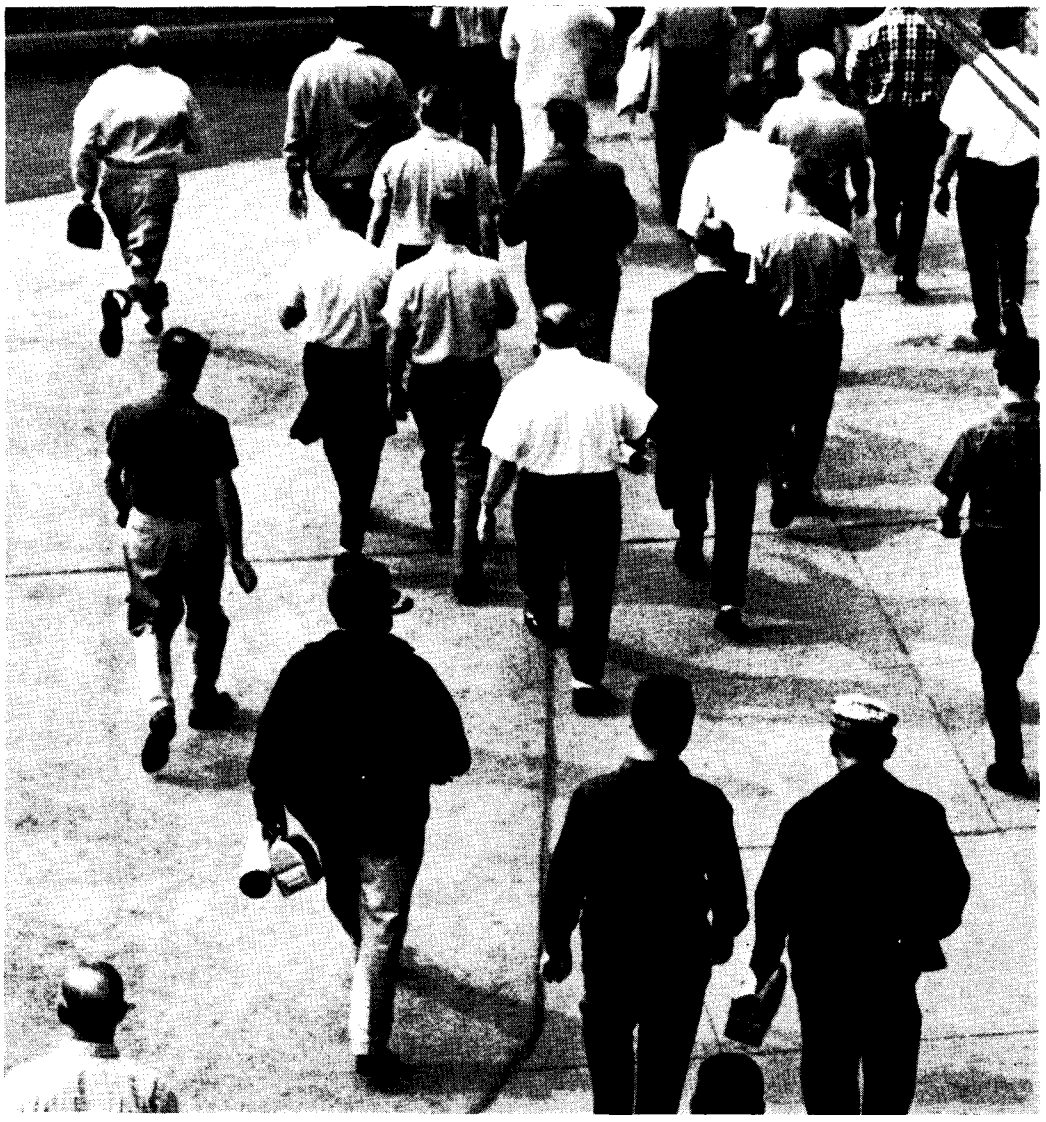

Manpower is one of our most critical problems.

We face a serious shortage of skilled workers, technicians, executives.

But there's something America needs as much as manpower...

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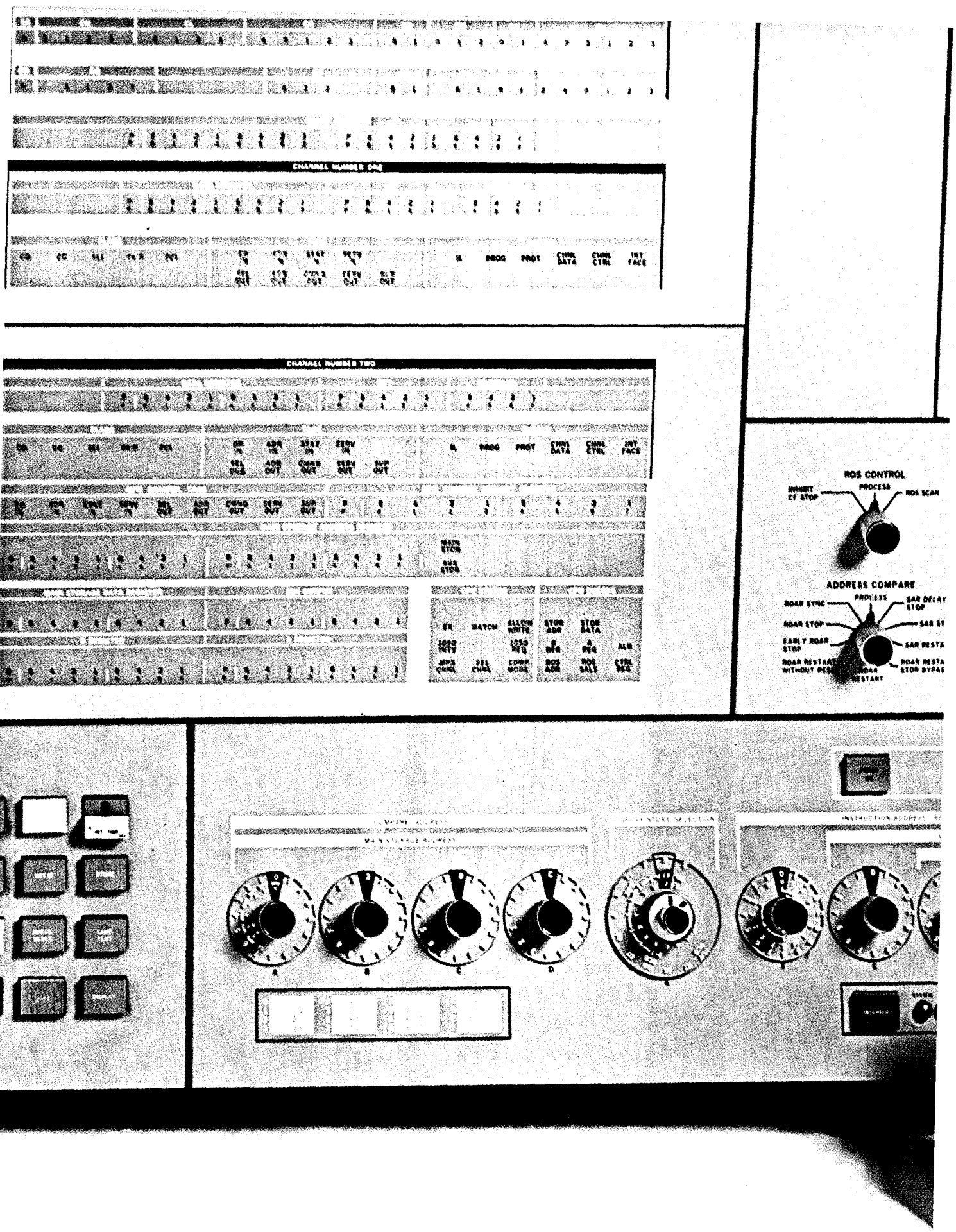

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Womanpower.

It's one of America's greatest natural resources—but it's not being properly used.

Women have invaded male ranks in almost every field. There are more women in professional and semi-professional occupations than ever. But year after year, their proportion of the total *declines*.

Today, only 18% of America's skilled workers are women.

Only 12% of our technicians. 7% of our doctors. 3% of our lawyers.

Only 15% of America's executives are women.

Women are working. But women are also *shirking* the jobs that put a premium on talent and brains.

The reasons are many. Women are marrying earlier. Some 60% of all women students leave college *before* graduation. For married women, it's easier to help family finances by taking a clerical, factory, or service job.

But the most disturbing reason is the barrier which still exists—of prejudice, ignorance, and simple discrimination.

Frequently, women earn less money than men, even when doing similar jobs. Advancement is uncertain. In many fields, "for men only" is the unwritten sign on the front door. Even today, when industry faces a near-critical labor shortage, one of the *last* palliatives applied is the hiring of women.

Of course women are different. And viva that difference.

But when it comes to intelligence, learning abilities, and skills, women are hardly different at all.

In the study of the government's Commission on the Status of Women, it was found that at comparable high levels, women differed very little from men in job turnover, length of service, and reliability.

Today, both industry and government have discovered that a prime source of brainpower is the woman in college.

Today, universities and companies are proving that *women* can be trained for top-level management jobs.

Today, there is legislation designed to guarantee equal pay for women who perform jobs equal to men.

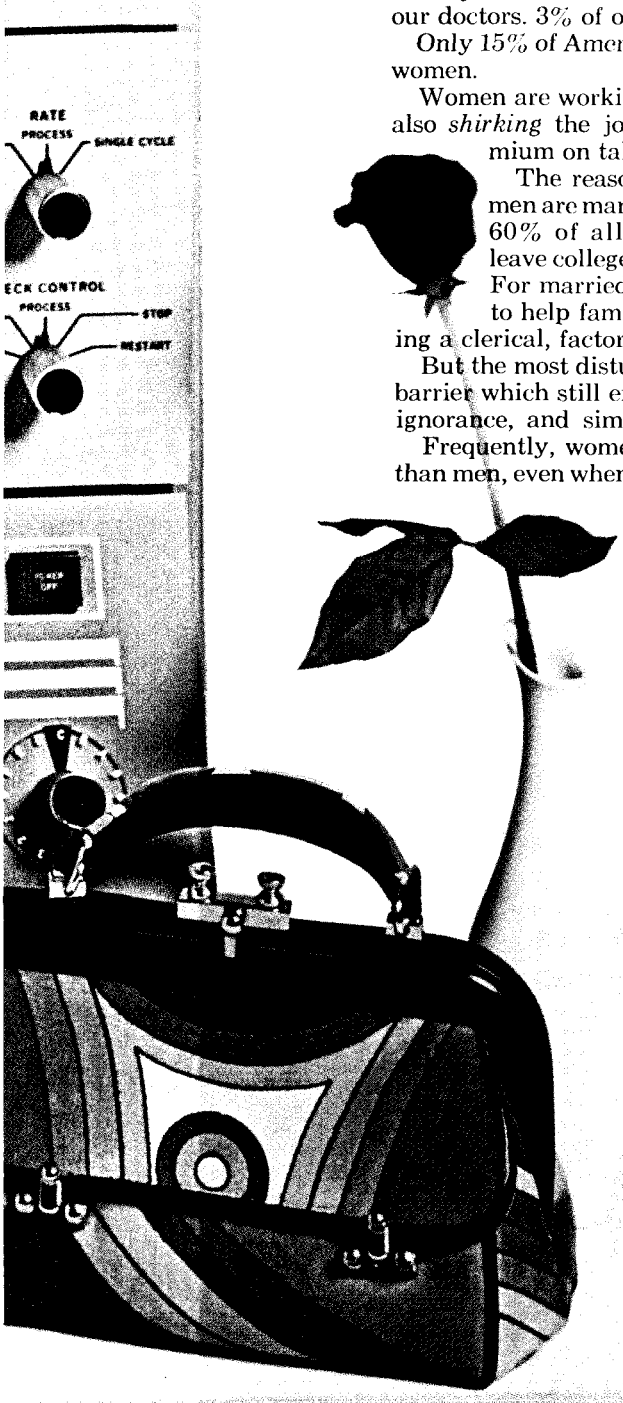
But legislation alone isn't the answer. We need a new attitude. Acceptance of women in the realms which only stubborn tradition has left to men. Programs to encourage women to enter new fields and enlarge their knowledge horizon. Ways to help women *continue* education after marriage, to enable them to cope with technological changes when they're ready to re-enter the labor force.

Our lack of womanpower may be a crucial weakness in our social and economic system—and a determining factor in our survival.

If we're fair to the fair sex, our nation's manpower and brainpower can be increased enormously. Our capacity for growth can be greatly enlarged. Our future can be brighter and more secure.

There's so much work to do.

Let's not do it by half.



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With 34 wives, even a king has to cut a few corners.

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But when it's not being taken apart, a VW holds together very nicely. So even though old ones cost a good deal, they're still a good deal.

Especially if you happen to get one that was owned by an elderly king who only used it to go to court.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY,
KING NJIIRI.

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The Secular Saints

Dissenter in a Great Society: A Christian View of America in Crisis, *by William Stringfellow (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 164 pp. $4.95);* ***The Social Gospel in America, 1870-1920: Gladden - Ely - Rauschenbusch,*** *edited by Robert T. Handy (Oxford University Press. 399 pp. $7);* ***The Fifteenth Ward and the Great Society,*** *by William Lee Miller (Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. $5);* ***God's People on the March: A Modern Bishop Speaks to His People,*** *by W. M. Bekkers (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 180 pp. $4.95);* ***Christian Ethics and Contemporary Philosophy,*** *edited by Ian T. Ramsey (Macmillan. 399 pp. $7.95), and* ***Christian Social Ethics in a Changing World,*** *edited by John C. Bennett (Association Press/SCM Press. 381 pp. $5.50), examine from various viewpoints the relationship and responsibility of Christianity to the human problems of our time. David Poling is associate editor of Christian Herald.*

By DAVID POLING

WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW, a New York attorney and an active churchman, is on first-name terms with people who suffer from poverty, racial wounds, and neighborhood despair, and his *Dissenter in a Great Society* is a serious reminder of the human problems that plague our national life.

There are many who will not accept Stringfellow's piercing commentary. His theme is similar to that of his earlier book, *My People Is the Enemy*: that racial injustice and ignorance have not been alleviated; that Washington marches or Selma parades or a Civil Rights Act bring no relief. "On the contrary," says Stringfellow, "as far as I can discern there has been a hardening of white apathy and a fermenting of black despair. The nation is not apt to be spared a holocaust."

Few are spared harsh comment. After a searching analysis of the Great Society and its embarrassments in Vietnam and Watts, Stringfellow levels stiff criticism against the churches, which, he feels, are not yet willing to accept the radical claims of Christ to be the agent of reconciliation in the world. He defines the missing dimension: "It is, terribly and wonderfully, forgiving the KKK, though they have not yet abandoned their violence and treachery. It requires caring for the John Birchers as human beings, even in the face of their hysteria and contempt. It is loving others though they hate themselves."

For those who want to know what secular sainthood is all about the author gives living examples, but none perhaps is as authentic and vivid as William Stringfellow himself.

At the beginning of this century some early nominees for secular sainthood appeared, often appalling the Christian church. When Washington Gladden, Richard Ely, and Walter Rauschenbusch prescribed a social gospel, the vibrations were felt throughout the industrial empires of our land. With a firm basis in what they believed about the Christian message, these three did much to challenge prevailing political and economic doctrines. Robert T. Handy traces the background of each personality in the well-prepared resource volume *The Social Gospel in America*. Rauschenbusch, who became deaf in later life, was not confused by wealthy men urging individual piety. "The church has passed under the spiritual domination of the commercial and professional classes. When the Christian businessman is presented as a model Christian, working people are coming to look with suspicion on these samples of our Christianity."

Dr. Handy shows through his selections from their writings and speeches that these reformers were prepared for many eventualities, including the development of a pluralistic society. In 1904 Rauschenbusch said, "By Christianizing the social order I do not mean putting the name of Christ in the Constitution of the United States. Some descendants of the Scotch Covenanters still refuse to vote or hold office under a government because Jesus Christ is not formally acknowledged as the head of our nation. But in our stage of life that would only be one more act of national hypocrisy. To put a stop to child labor in our country would be a more effective way of doing homage to His sovereignty than any business of words and names."

OF the many religious centers with an interest in the urban community, few have had so much continuity and vigor as Yale Divinity School. Its students, faculty, and graduates have a certain fondness for the City of Man. In this tradition is William Lee Miller. His *Fifteenth Ward and the Great Society* includes much more than anecdotes about the Italian-Irish skirmishes of New Haven, or even the phenomenal urban renewal program of Mayor Richard Lee, who put New Haven on the map by taking it off. Dr. Miller's surprising range of comment touches the Kennedy-Nixon contest, the intricacies of public housing, and his own election as Alderman in the fifteenth ward. The author describes the uproar and white backlash that followed the integration of school buses for children. Whole blocks were incensed over "the comfortably well-off private school liberals with good jobs and big houses in the suburbs, bravely summoning the public school working man in two-family house streets to face the moral crisis of our time." Yet William Lee Miller faced it and won.

One can almost hear the cheering in Europe when Bishop W. M. Bekkers writes: "Thanks be to God, we now look at the world differently. The world is the

"We'll have to have these earphones checked. The French delegate keeps telling me to pick up two fares on the corner of 23rd and Broadway."

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place where Christianity takes form—the real world, where the laity stands with both feet planted in material reality, the world of pneumatic hammer and the roar of traffic." Turning the pages of *God's People on the March,* one hopes that the late Bishop's philosophy reaches far beyond the boundaries of his diocese in Holland. Confession, sacraments, daily work, authority in the church, and the priest of tomorrow are favorite topics.

He reminds his colleagues that the priest no longer lives in a no man's land between altar and alley, the pulpit and the precinct: "He has to be able to appreciate the mixed odor of incense, oil, and gasoline." Bishop Bekkers warns that the priest who participates in the world will be powerless "if he finds himself unable to speak the world's language, if he has taken no notice of secular events, has no awareness of man in our times, and still thinks that he is dealing with 'souls' instead of human beings."

Bishop Bekkers died in 1966 at the age of fifty-eight. His style of life and encouragement to young leadership—lay and clerical—should give us genuine hope for the future. In another decade perhaps the spiritual skylines of New York and Los Angeles will light up with the radiance of God's people on a march, for they have found a bishop to follow.

Christian Ethics and Contemporary Philosophy, edited by Ian T. Ramsey, is a collection of essays and papers mostly by British scholars. The book struggles for 400 pages to shore up Christian morality and rehabilitate the theme of natural law. In spite of some good exchanges, especially those between P. H. Nowell-Smith and his critics, A. Boyce Gibson and J. R. Lucas, it just doesn't come off. The volume is heavy going, and the writers seem lost in the "bewilderment of Christian morality," which they hoped to clarify.

The dialogue between the church and the world, the secular and the sacred, is treated at length in *Christian Social Ethics in a Changing World,* edited by John C. Bennett.

His is one of the surprise books of the year. Prepared for the World Council of Churches meeting in Geneva this summer, it has a range and vitality that should generate all-night discussions. Adeolu Adegbola of Nigeria discusses "From Tribalism to Nationhood," J. M. Lochman writes of "The Service of the Church in a Socialist Society" (in this instance Czechoslovakia), Richard Shaull talks about the revolutions in South America, and Roger L. Shinn provides a road map for the Christian pilgrim in an affluent society. For those who want to be abreast of the new morality and natural law, Joseph Fletcher has a fine, precise chapter that defines the ground rules for many secular saints.

Grandfather Was a Czarist

***The Birds Fall Down,** by Rebecca West (Viking. 435 pp. $5.95), a tale of espionage in the Edwardian era, depicts a young English girl caught up in the plots and intrigues of her grandfather, an exile from Czarist Russia. David Hales was for many years associated with the University of California Press.*

By DAVID HALES

"Dame Rebecca has created characters who delight us."

THIS fascinating novel opens slowly, and with sureness prepares the scene for the ever-deepening revelations and intricacies of plot that follow. One needs to be well prepared, because this is a tour de force and the pace becomes very heady indeed. As the tension and suspense mount one is tempted to turn the pages quickly, but is held back by the profound insight and sharp humor with which the characters are shown. Summoning up all the diverse talents of her previous books, Dame Rebecca West has brought them all together to raise the espionage novel to the rank of literature and to provide a wonderful delineation of the Russian character.

When Laura Rowan arrives in Paris with her Russian mother she leaves behind in Edwardian London a father who enjoys both a distinguished career in the House of Commons and a mistress. Of the latter fact the girl has a budding realization because of her father's detachment and her mother's sadness. The visit to her mother's parents, intended to be a respite, becomes anything but that. Count Diakonov, her grandfather, is a former Minister of Justice upon whom suspicion fell. Exiled and disgraced, he is a towering, Lear-like figure who fervently lives and breathes his devotion to God's Anointed, the Czar. But his best friends in Holy Russia dare not contact him when they travel. He has a handful of faithful servants and a friend and assistant, Kamensky. Although one presumes everyone with him is loyal, his very presence in the French capital provides a vortex around which swirl all the intrigues of the secret police (whom he used to command) and the plots of the terrorists.

The Count is delighted to find that his granddaughter is familiar with the Orthodox liturgy in spite of having been brought up in "pagan England." He laments the lack of intensity in English affairs—no assassination attempts, no dark troubles at Windsor Castle. (But, of course, he is overlooking the fact that the Tower of London was not always a tourist landmark, and that terror and intrigue did once exist there as men invoked God and sought the soul of England, and even went into exile.)

Laura, for all her affection for him, keeps up a running commentary in her mind, based on sensible English attitudes, while listening to her grandfather's amusing diatribe. After all, her brothers are probably playing cricket at this moment with just the right amount of seriousness.

During her train journey with the Count they are joined by one of the terrorists. He is a man whom the Count had known on his country estate and had taught to hunt birds—to be expert with a revolver and to kill and not leave for maimed any of God's creatures. How they converse! They carefully examine each other and exchange ideas that range from the profound to the hilarious. But they also reveal what they know of the activities of the Czar's agents and the terrorists. Suspicion grows as the chronicle of past crimes leads inevitably to present fear. A note of terror insinuates itself as they become aware of what they face—the possibility of a double agent.

Laura tries to hold back from the approaching abyss by using every reasonable English form of protest. She is full of indignation that her grandfather should allow himself to listen to a man

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whose list of deeds makes him a rival of Jack the Ripper. Yet the old man murmurs, "For what you have spent your life doing, you are a sensitive man."

All Western attitudes are failing her. She, and the reader along with her, will have to enter the Russian way of feeling and thinking, with its mixture of pity and terror. Before long Laura will even find herself planning to act as an accomplice in an assassination plot.

Fortunately, the intensity of the drama is mercifully balanced with rich humor and paradox. Laura's appeals to her English father for help avail little, and when he does come she is already more Russian than English. She can but recommend his trying the dessert: "Have some *plyoomkek*. They call it that because they think they're copying our plum-cake, but it's much nicer."

So is this book, compared to others in the field. Not sparing any of the hair-raising elements, Dame Rebecca has created characters who delight us; the portrait of the double agent is a triumph. The novel is dedicated to friends ". . . whom I love and honor." The author has certainly honored her readers with a civilized, engrossing entertainment.

Bonsoir Tristesse

***La Chamade**, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Robert Westhoff (Dutton. 156 pp. $3.95), concerns a triangle involving an intelligent, sensual woman, her sad, wealthy, fifty-year-old lover, and a sad, poor, younger man. Dorrie Pagones is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

MENTION that Françoise Sagan has written a new novel, and it's like saying that Brigitte Bardot has made a new movie. People begin to look titillated and ask, "Is it—you know—like her other ones?"

La Chamade is like Sagan's other ones, but she is far from being the BB of the literary world. Jane Austen would be nearer the mark. Certainly no Sagan heroine would feel, as an Austen one did, that refusal to dance with one gentleman "put it out of her power" to dance with anyone else. She might not even feel that accepting one gentleman as a lover put it out of her power to accept another the next night. But Miss Sagan, like Miss Austen, is incapable of describing her characters inelegantly.

The title is untranslatable. At the end of the novel an erudite guest at a society party tells the others that "According to Littré, it's a roll on the drums to announce defeat."

The plot concerns itself, as no one will be surprised to hear, with an amorous triangle. Those involved are Lucile, an intelligent and agreeable sensualist verging on thirty, Charles, who is sad, wealthy, and fifty, and Antoine, who is sad, poor, and thirty. Although Lucile has been Charles's mistress for two years, the stage is rapidly set for her to become Antoine's. "As her only form of morality was the avoidance of self-deceit," she stays with Antoine until, after several passionate but monotonous months in his small, ugly apartment, she comes to realize "she no longer loved loving him."

The heroine's world is inhabited by a vapid group of aging society types, most beautifully portrayed by Miss Sagan. There is Claire, a little past fifty and a little too tightly belted into her Cardin dress: ". . . she was a clever woman and never spoke ill of anyone, unless it was absolutely necessary in order not to appear stupid." Then there is Johnny, who "had been a homosexual until the age of forty-five, but now, after a day's work and a dinner, felt incapable of meeting a handsome young man at midnight." Last there is Diane, who has ruled society for twenty years but breaks its basic rule of indifference and becomes its victim.

Lucile finds these people alternately amusing and touching. To her they look frightened, "frightened of growing old, of losing what they have, of not being able to get what they want, of being bored. . . ."

Lucile herself is never frightened, except when she is prevented from doing whatever makes her immediately happy. She might be Dominique of *A Certain Smile*, or even Cécile of *Bonjour Tristesse*, a dozen years older and tempered, though not altered by experience. Underneath she is as adolescent as they.

Bonjour Tristesse was the novel that any eighteen-year-old girl worth her salt would have loved to shock the grown-up world with. Now the heroines are growing older, and their lovers older still. Ten years from now I suppose the heroine of the latest novel, fortyish but still almost ravishing, will be obliged to consummate her desires with a boy of eighteen. Then, indeed, *bonjour tristesse*. However unhappy or bored her languid ladies get, I hope Miss Sagan will be putting her fine mind to work on short, elegant novels for at least half a century more.

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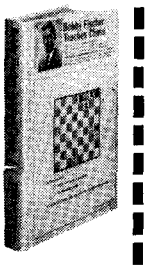

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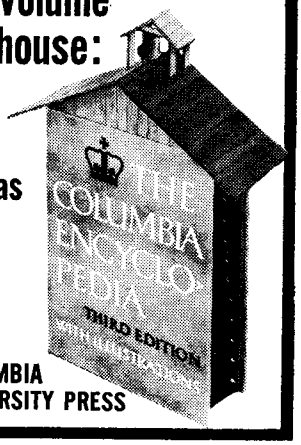

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An Old-Fashioned Kind of Love

The Notebooks of Captain Georges, *by Jean Renoir, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Little, Brown. 316 pp. $5.95), carries echoes of Dumas and Prévost in its story of the love of a well-born French officer for a prostitute. "The French New Criticism," by Laurent LeSage, a companion volume to his "French New Novel," is scheduled for publication this winter.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

AMONG recent French novels this one by the famous cinematographer stands out as an anachronism. Neither sociological, metaphysical, nor phenomenological, it is simply a love story, the story of an old-fashioned kind of love related in an old-fashioned way. It belongs to a tradition that, although generally abandoned today, is nevertheless a long and glorious one in French fiction, having produced such works as *Manon Lescaut,* by Prévost, *Dominique,* by Fromentin, *Sylvie,* by Nerval, and *Le Grand Meaulnes,* by Alain-Fournier.

I don't wish to place Renoir's story of fatal passion between a young man of family and a prostitute on the same level qualitatively as these classics. A realistic emphasis on the details of sex too often punctures the illusion of transcendent love and threatens to turn the novel into a pack of naughty postcards. Prévost knew better than to show Manon and Des Grieux in the postures that Captain Georges assumes with Agnes, his wench from the brothel of Sables d'Olonne. Moreover, if Renoir's complacency in describing bedroom scenes or scenes usually reserved for bedrooms obscures his portrait of a great love, so does the obviously "period" frame he chooses to put around it. The setting is too reminiscent of Feydeau or Dumas *fils*—the demimonde of the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, where gay young blades sowed their wild oats and fashionable *cocottes* showed them how. Georges, caught without his pants in the closet, resembles the hero in countless farces of the period. And frequent reminders of *La Dame aux Camélias* (even to the heroine's fatal malady) give the novel the cast of a time-marked parody.

But Jean Renoir doubtless wished neither to parody nor to emulate, but rather to evoke the good old days when real romance was possible. Rather than a caricature or stock figure, Georges must represent for him a nostalgic ideal—a dashing figure in his hussar's uniform, with his eye for bosoms and his way with horses. And Agnes, the artless little peasant turned whore, seems to wring Renoir's heart.

Those not profoundly moved by the story of these "star-crossed" lovers may still find it quite readable, and genuinely relish some incidental material—if not the orgies or the escapades, perhaps the period vignettes or the scenes of cavalry combat in World War I. The pompous and proper couple who run the bawdy house, the Parisian courtesan who has black silk sheets, the colonel's daughter are all well-drawn secondary figures. Horses and horsemanship are extremely well described too, both in maneuvers and in battle. I myself confess an extraordinary interest in Mr. Hartley of the prologue and epilogue, who raises dogs and published Captain Georges's notebooks in order to board and lodge an unmarried girl and her baby.

Homely Recipe

Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt, *by Harry Golden (Putnam. 320 pp. $5.95), offers another helping of the Golden wit, wisdom, frankness, and maybe a little chicken soup. Joseph Haas is an editor and writer for Panorama Magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JOSEPH HAAS

HARRY GOLDEN is everyone's favorite Jewish uncle, whose warmth and humor replace the reputed severity of the Dutch uncle. Papa preaches, mama teaches; but if you want the straight facts you go to Uncle Harry, who offers the truth in such a palatable way that you aren't aware he's doing both.

Another collection of Goldenisms isn't a book, however. Books are meals, and good ones are feasts. Golden's latest collections of paragraphs and short articles from his popular newspaper column are, rather, an appetizing *nosherei.* You don't sit down to it to dine. You try a little of this, a little of that, and maybe you return to the table a few times before you're

(*Continued on page* 71)

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Churchill

Continued from page 41

ing through Gibbon and Macaulay, searching volume after volume of the *Annual Register,* and ceaselessly demanding more books of Lady Randolph.

Lord Randolph's early death, and a thin purse ill-combined with extravagant tastes in clothing, polo ponies, and, above all, fame, left Churchill little choice but to live by his own pluck and wit. From the Northwest Indian frontier he wrote candidly and revealingly to his mother in 1897:

> I rode my grey pony all along the skirmish line where everyone else was lying down in cover. Foolish perhaps but I play for high stakes and given an audience there is no act too daring or too noble. Without the gallery things are different.

Again, as he awaited an assignment to join Lord Kitchener's campaign in the Nile Valley:

> A few months in South Africa would earn me the S.A. medal and in all probability the company's star. Thence hot foot to Egypt—to return with two more decorations a year or two hence—and beat my sword into an iron despatch box.

Egotistical, even Faustian, as this sounds, there was nothing devious in his grand personal strategy. Nor was the ambition unadmirable—to seek out danger, preferably flying bullets, and expose himself, gambling for medals, fame, and above all the money to go into Parliament. Thus a break between terms at Sandhurst saw him bouncing off to Cuba, to "observe" the Spanish forces. It was the first of many exploits to win notoriety—"rather an extraordinary proceeding even for a Churchill," one newspaper remarked. The American and some of the British press sympathized with the Cuban rebels, questioning the presence of this young swashbuckler of twenty-two among their oppressors. Yet it was mostly for adventure's sake, and Churchill's letters disclose sympathies by no means uncritically pro-Spanish. Later the Indian frontier, the dervish risings on the Nile, the Boer war would offer similar perils and similar opportunities for an increasingly busy and gifted pen.

Before he had turned twenty-five Sir Winston had told several persons that he would someday be Prime Minister. Randolph Churchill documents this presentiment here. But his sense of destiny also warned him that in order to avoid faltering near the top as his father had done he must scale the heights quickly. Lacking funds and, as he thought, "a good life," having only a good name and good connections (which he did not fail to exploit) he must indeed "play for high stakes."

The strategy worked, but, as the world knows, in a strange way. At twenty-five Winston Churchill had written three successful books of war reportage and a conventional though revealing novel, *Savrola,* whose hero's youthful philosophical blandishments tell much of the young author's creed. But his books sold well, and he could now meet the notes of his London bankers, pay lingering duns, and go to Parliament for Oldham. He thought the course would be short and quickly climactic; actually it was to be protracted, with many reversals.

His son has done full, affectionate justice to this captivating story, wisely adopting Lockhart's tactic that the subject, through letters, "shall be his own biographer." Occasionally there appears a minor though irritating disproportion in what Mr. Churchill chooses to elaborate on. A famous adultery scandal, involving Lord Randolph's brother, is related in great detail, though its impact on Sir Winston, then a child, was marginal. The far more crucial story of Lord Randolph's illness and political decline is not sharply drawn. But of the central character in this story, where the promise of a very great man was clearly visible, Randolph Churchill has written appealingly. The next four volumes cannot come too soon.

December 3rd
SR's Christmas Book Number
A shopping guide for your Christmas gift books.

France's Superpatriot

De Gaulle, *by Jean Lacouture, translated from the French by Francis K. Price (New American Library. 215 pp. $4.95), sees the paradoxical General as "a great Jacobin cardinal" who combines the qualities of Richelieu and Mazarin. Saul K. Padover, who participated in the liberation of Paris in 1944, wrote "French Institutions, Values, and Politics."*

By SAUL K. PADOVER

IF PRESIDENT DE GAULLE bewilders and infuriates Americans (one columnist in a national weekly recently referred to him as a "fourflusher"), it is no wonder. He also baffles and exasperates Frenchmen, as this biography by Jean Lacouture amply illustrates. Lacouture, a fine journalist on *Le Monde,* writes sparkling prose about the man to whom he refers in one chapter as "Charles-the-Alone"; but at the end the reader is not much the wiser about the phenomenal character who dominates France from the Elysée Palace.

"What makes de Gaulle run?" the author asks on the last page of his book. Lacouture does not seem to know the answer:

> To some, he is only the flamboyant alibi for French political underdevelopment, and to others, the necessary agent of an abrupt transition into the industrial era. . . . So long as he lives, Frenchmen will feel they know the weight of this abusive man, this hypnotist who watches over their political sleep; but his greatness, true or false,

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will be measured more accurately when he is gone.

Lacouture's short biography, if that is the word for it, reflects this uncertainty. The book is a series of essays in the best French stylistic tradition, without scholarly impedimenta, references, documentation, or bibliography. It begins, properly enough, with de Gaulle's childhood and educational influences (including his schoolmaster father and the philosopher Henri Bergson); discusses his frustrating career as a farsighted and largely ignored military intellectual in the shabby Thirties; expounds on the unparalleled national disaster of 1940; explores the dramatic and all but incredible emergence of the indomitable General as the leader of the Free French and of freed France, and ends with de Gaulle in supreme power today.

The de Gaulle saga is, objectively speaking, a fantastic story, worthy of the pen and labors of a great biographer, which Lacouture is not. Apart from the fact that the author has not followed the true biographer's art, including a meticulous examination of available evidence, he has been quite obviously defeated by his elusive subject. In all fairness, however, it must be said that de Gaulle has so far eluded everybody else, too, just as he has always managed to outwit his rivals and opponents. He towers alone, in a kind of nonplussing, befogging, ironic grandeur. A "great Jacobin cardinal," the author calls him.

There are unforgettable descriptive flashes in Lacouture's *De Gaulle*. Here is how the elongated General looked as he appeared at the Hotel Matignon early in June 1940 to become Undersecretary of State for National Defense in Paul Reynaud's cabinet at the moment of France's catastrophic collapse: "a great, solitary wolf, awkward and morose, two stars on the army kepi, a flinty eye, a disdainful cigarette, a pair of white gloves in one hand." Look at him four years later, during the invasion of Normandy, as he bobbed up at Bayeux and Isigny, his stiff gait, excessive height, imperious nose disconcerting those who had known him only through the London wartime radio: "the nocturnal, demanding voice was the voice of this giant in an earth-colored jacket who strode through their midst, surveying the ruins of his country with an air that was at once sad and proud." And see him now as he appears on television, which he uses systematically as a powerful instrument of his dominion over France:

> The de Gaulle of television is an eye, a mask, forearms, and hands. The eye of an elephant, of ruse and rancor, glittering with enormous wisdom or with cold rage; the mask, in which age has ceased to carve its lines and begun to smooth over the planes, hardens abruptly when he is angry, relaxes again for the paternal or bantering words. And then there are the forearms, which he hurls out in front of him like tanks on the slopes of Abbeville or a sword at the feet of Caesar.

He is full of paradoxes. A monarchist who saved French republicanism; a professional soldier who has scant respect for most of his colleagues; a nationalist who looks beyond Europe; an anti-Communist who is on the friendliest terms with the Soviet Union; an authoritarian who respects independent ideas, even those that criticize or ridicule him—these seeming contradictions could be multiplied. Actually there is an inner consistency to the man. He is moved by two overriding motives: power and France.

HE has a sense for and of power and knows how to use it in all its ramifications. In the pursuit of his political objectives, whatever they may be at any given time, de Gaulle is as icily cynical as Richelieu and as wily as Mazarin. This, indeed, places him in the great tradition of French politics. Like his famous predecessors in the craft of statesmanship—put in the service of France—de Gaulle is totally unmoved by the twentieth century's obsession with "consensus," opinion surveys, or public affection. He will court votes but not love. Public approval, whether it is called plebiscite or election, has only one function—to put him in power and keep him there. Once on the republican "throne," his wielding of power is determined solely by his own conceptions of the needs, interests, pride, and honor of the nation. Nothing else matters.

For France, de Gaulle has a special kind of feeling and love, a compound of mysticism and romanticism. France to him is not merely a *patrie*; it is a mystique with which his soul is identified. His deep sense of country defies ordinary logic, which is peculiar in that he is otherwise a coldly realistic and intellectual person. France, de Gaulle says simply, is not France without greatness. The debilitating corruption of the Third Republic and the cowardice of so many of his countrymen during World War II came as a shock to this proud man. His all-consuming goal now is to restore France's pride and power.

De Gaulle has done much already to bring back to the French a feeling of self-respect and dignity among nations. But a restoration of France's ancient power and leadership in Europe under modern conditions, may well be a mirage. Perhaps de Gaulle suspects that he is cultivating a national illusion, but it is part of his eminence that he is trying to do so. Whatever the judgment of posterity, it is clear, from Lacouture's excellent book and others, that the de Gaulle character and charisma are such that legends about him will grow and accumulate with the years.

Your Literary I. Q.

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NAME PLAY

It has often been an author's whim to name his characters by their characteristics. It is now the whim of Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, N. J., to collect a dozen such names from famous books and plays and to ask you to remember in which one each of the names appears. Answers on page 56.

Squire Allworthy ( )	1. *Around the World in Eighty Days*
Harry Anguish ( )	2. *Graustark*
Richard Dauntless ( )	3. *Hard Times*
Stephen Dedalus ( )	4. *Measure for Measure*
Tony Lumpkin ( )	5. *The Rivals*
Mrs. Malaprop ( )	6. *Roderick Random*
Mr. M'Choakumchild ( )	7. *Ruddigore*
Mistress Overdone ( )	8. *The School for Scandal*
Passepartout ( )	9. *She Stoops to Conquer*
Lord Quiverwit ( )	10. *Tom Jones*
Dr. Slop ( )	11. *Tristram Shandy*
Lady Sneerwell ( )	12. *Ulysses*

Coming November 19
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How Little I Know

Continued from page 31

life on earth is inherently anti-entropic, for it negotiates the chemical sorting out of the earth's crust's chemical-element inventory and rearranges the atoms in elegantly ordered molecular compound patternings.

Of all the biological anti-entropics—*i.e.*, random-to-orderly arrangers—Man's intellect is by far the most active, exquisite, and effective agent thus far in evidence in the universe. Through intellect, Man constantly succeeds in inventing technological means of doing ever more orderly—*i.e.*, more efficient, "better sorted-out"—local universe, energy tasks with ever less units of investments. To guarantee his and their anti-entropic functioning, the intellectual-integrity universe that has designedly arranged Mankind and all the other living species, has its ultra-shortsighted, built-in "desire" drives, its romantic-conception ambitions and protectively colored self-deceits, as well as its longer distance "needs," all of which cause each specie to pursue its particular "honey" with its particular rose-colored glasses as does the bumblebee, which at the same time inadvertently and unconsciously performs myriads of other tasks, designed with fabulous scientific capability by Nature—which inadvertent intercoordinate tasks are all essential to realization of the regenerative continuance of the much larger survival-support conditions for the generalized ecological system of all life. It is part of the comprehensively anticipating design science of life that the bumblebee's self-unviewed, unwitting, bumbling tail bumps into and knocks off male pollen, which it later and, again, inadvertently, knocks off upon the female botanical organs, thus unconsciously participating in a vastly complex ecological interaction of the many energy-processing biochemical "gears" of the total life system, dynamically constituted by all living species.

THE myriad inadvertencies of all the living species have sum-totally provided a metabolically sustaining and regenerative topsoil process which, it is realized now—but only by our retrospectively gained knowledge—has kept Man regeneratively alive on earth for at least 2,000,000 years, while ever improving his physical survival advantages and increasing his longevity. This vast "game-playing" of life has also indirectly occasioned not only the regenerative multiplication of human beings but also a progressively increasing percentage who survive in conditions of ever improving physical advantage.

I think Man is very properly concerned about that which he does not understand. I don't think that it is the machine *per se* that bothers Man; it is just not understanding anything that disturbs him. When an accident bares portions of human organs familiar only to doctors, those organs look foreign and frightening to people. Stick your tongue way out before a mirror. It is a strange-looking device. If, existing originally and transcendentally as psyches only, individuals had to choose and assemble their own sets of organic parts, having been assured of mortal incarnation and of mortal "honey-chasing" experiences after successful selection and completion of the assembly, and these individuals were endowed as psyches only with an esthetic sense of selectivity—being devoid of any understanding of either the separate or integrated functions of those parts—no humans would merge those cooperatively functioning parts into mortal beings, for no part of the "guts" would be chosen. Nature had to skin over the regenerative chemistry and physics controls with an esthetically intriguing, pseudo-static, sculptural baby-doll unity in order to trick the immortal psyches into the problem-beset, temporary occupation of such humid-process regenerative machines as those of the humans.

I have learned that Man knows little and thinks he knows a lot. When any man can tell us just how and why he is handling and disposing the energies of his breakfast; or when any man can tell us that he is deliberately pushing each of his million head-hairs out through his scalp at specifically preferred rates and in specifically controlled shapes for specific purposes, we may say that this man knows a little. But I don't know of any man who can tell me so little, even, as why we have hair.

I am the most unlearned man I know. I don't know anyone who has learned how little one knows as have I. But that does not belittle the little I seem to know, and I have confidence in the importance of remembering how little we know and of the possible significance of the fact that we prosper, and at some times even enjoy life in Universe despite the designed-in littleness that we have to "get by with." Despite their billionfold numbers, babies and very young children soon after their arrival on earth have uttered and continue to utter spontaneous comments and questions concerning life on earth and in Universe which are so economical and uniquely fresh in viewpoint and formulation as to be pure poetry, proving, apparently, that poetry is inexhaustible; to which their sophisticated and surprised, off-guard adult audience cliché unpoetically, "Oh, how cute."

I have learned that truth is an omnipresent, omnidirectional, evolutionary awareness, one of whose myriadly multiplying facets discloses that there are no

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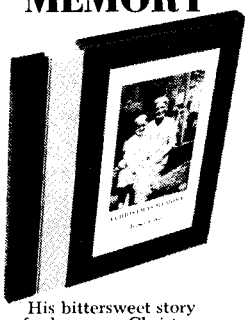

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"absolutes"—no "ends" in themselves, no "things"—only transitionally transformative verbing. It seems possible to me that God may be recognizable in Man's limited intellection only as the weightless passion-drive which inspires our progressive searching for the momentarily only, and only most-truthful-thus-far-possible comprehension of all the interconnections of all experiences. It seems, then, to me, that the nearer we come to understanding, the nearer we come to the orderly, omni-interrelationships of all the weightless complex of all generalized principles which seem to be disclosed to us as so important as to be tentatively identified as God. For it is the integrable interrelationships of all the generalized laws which apparently govern the great verb "universe," of the vastly greater—because comprehensively anticipatory—verb-intellecting which verb of optimum understanding may be "God."

IT seems that truth is progressive approximation in which the relative fraction of our spontaneously tolerated residual error constantly diminishes. This is a typical anti-entropy proclivity of Man—entropy being the law of increase of the random element. Heisenberg's indeterminism, in which the act of measuring always alters the measured, would seem entropic were it not for the experimentally realized knowledge that the successive alterations of the observed diminish as both our tooling and instrumentation continually improve; *ergo*, intellection's effect upon measurement and the measured is a gap closing, and the pursuit of more truthful comprehension is successfully anti-entropic. Before Heisenberg, T. S. Eliot said, "Examination of history alters history." And Ezra Pound and earlier poets reported their discoveries that in one way or another the act of thinking alters thought itself.

When we ask ourself, "What have we learned?" we feel at first that the answer is, "Nothing." As soon as we say so we recall exceptions. For instance, we have learned to test experimentally the axioms given to us as "educational" springboards, and we have found that most of the "springboards" do not spring and some never existed. As, for instance, points, holes, solids, surfaces, straight lines, planes, "instantaneous," "simultaneous," things, nouns, "congruence," "at rest." The words "artificial" and "failure" are meaningless, for what they aver is experimentally "nonexistent." If Nature permits a formulation it is natural. If Nature's laws of behavior do not permit the formulation, the latter does not occur. Whatever can be done or occurs is natural, no matter how grotesque, boring, unfamiliar, or unprecedented. In the same way, Nature never "fails." Nature complies with its own laws. *Nature is the law.* When Man lacks understanding of Nature's laws and a Man-contrived structure buckles unexpectedly, it does not fail. It only demonstrates that Man did not understand Nature's laws and behaviors. Nothing failed. Man's knowledge or estimating was inadequate.

STEP to the blackboard. Write out a number so lengthy it has never been written before. The pattern of numbers constitutes a new form. The number is a doodle, and I cannot accredit novel form as creativity of Man. The number of relationships between items is always $\frac{N^2 - N}{2}$. The relationships between four or more items are always greater in number than the number of items. *Ergo*, there are always more chords than notes. And chords by themselves are not music. It takes two to make a baby. But it takes God to make two.

I assume that the *physical universe* is *definite*, and the *metaphysical universe* is *finite*. What men have called infinite I call finite. And what men called finite I call definite—*i.e.*, definitive. By my philosophy the finite, but imponderable, metaphysical universe embraces the definite, ponderable, physical universe. *Finite* is not conceptual. *Definite* is conceptual. I have mathematical proof that the difference between the sums of all the angles around all the surface vertices of any conceptual, definitive physical system and the finite but nonconceptual metaphysical universe is always 720 degrees. Or a difference of only one *definitive tetrahedron*. Therefore, the

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combined physical and metaphysical universe is finite.

You can't buy anything worthwhile, like spontaneous *love* or *understanding*. Though metaphysically finite, these are imponderables. The absolute would be non-transformable, static, and weighable. *Ergo,* experimentally meaningless. Infinity is only local, and occurs within definite systems, as for instance, a circle around the sphere, which may be followed experimentally only as long as intellect follows.

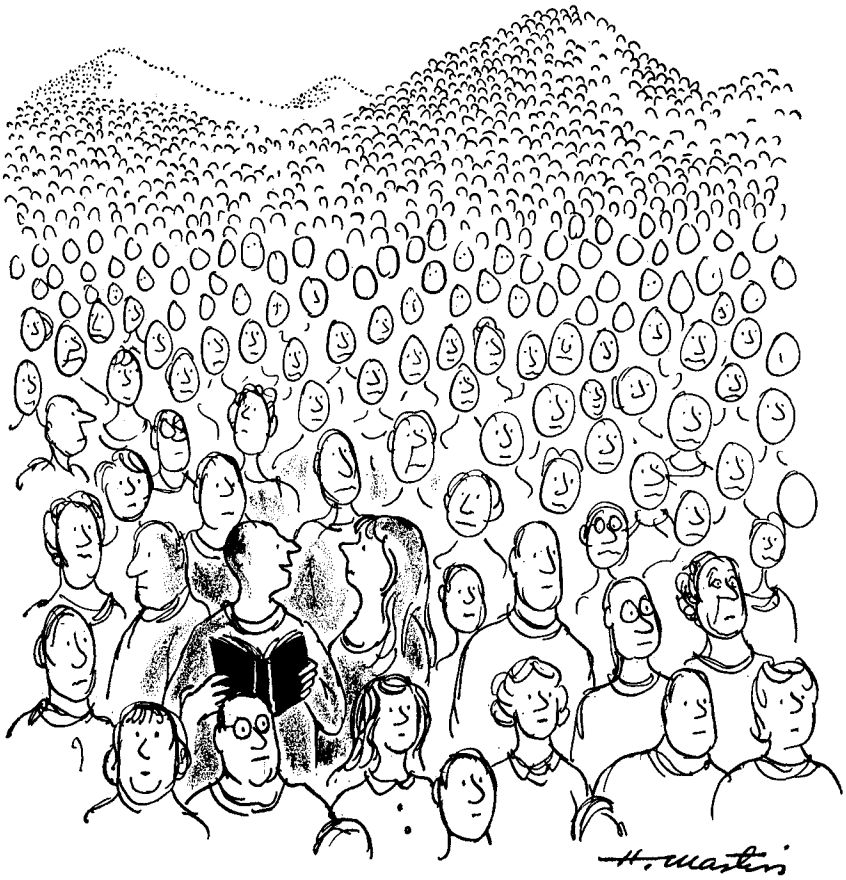
Not being simultaneous, Universe cannot consist of one function. Functions only coexist. Universe, while finite, is not *de*finable. I can define many of its parts, but I cannot *de*fine the non-simultaneously occurring aggregate of experiences whose total set of relationships constitutes the whole universe, though the latter, as an aggregate of finites, is finite.

There is strong awareness that we have been overproducing the army of rigorously disciplined, scientific, game-playing, academic specialists who, through hard work and suppressed imagination, earn their Ph.D.'s, only to have their specialized field become obsolete or by-passed in five years by evolutionary events of altered techniques and exploratory strategies. Despite their honor grades, they prove not to be Natural Philosopher Scientist-Artists, but just deluxe quality technicians or mechanics. And what they lack to adapt themselves to change has now been pronounced in Washington as "creativity."

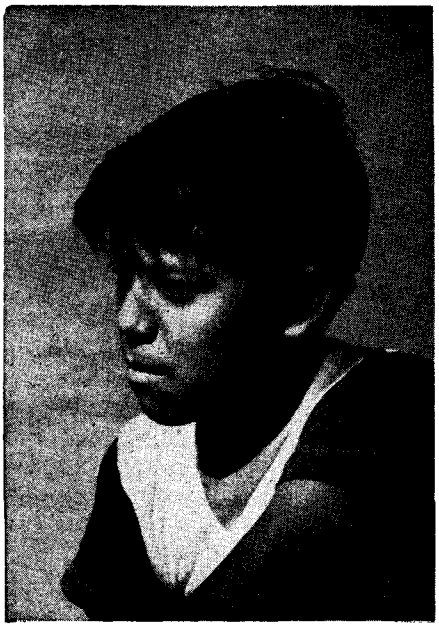
Philip Morrison, head of Cornell University's Department of Nuclear Physics, talks about what he calls "left-hand" and "right-hand" sciences. Right-hand science deals in all the proven scientific formulas and experiments. Left-hand science deals in all of the as yet *unknown* or *unproven*—that is, with all it is going to take intellectually, intuitively, speculatively, imaginatively, and even mystically, by inspired persistence, to open up the as-yet unknown.

The great scientists were great because they dealt successfully with the unknown. All the "greats" were left-hand scientists. We have been governmentally underwriting only the right-hand science, making it bigger and sharper. How could Congress justify appropriations of billions for dreams? So the billions went only for the swiftly obsoleting, bigger, faster, and more incisive modifications of yesterday's certainties by Ph.D. specialists. Everything that constitutes science is unteachable. Scientific routines for specialized technicians, and scientific formulas for their reference, alone are teachable.

The American Academy of Sciences, studying the few American scientists who have made historical breakthroughs,



"Listen to this. A writer way back in 1966 predicted that our generation would have one person to every square foot."



The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

He'll probably survive into adulthood. But uneducated, he will be unemployable. Unemployable, he will remain trapped in poverty and dependence. Tommy Red Eagle will survive. But you can't call it living.

Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION you or your group can help a child like Tommy to really live. As his sponsor, you'll receive his photograph and story. You can correspond with him if you like.

Your sponsorship contribution will provide him with the chance he needs. School supplies. Decent clothes. A cash allowance.

Your support will give him confidence. A sense of security. A friend to depend on.

The price of a child's future is $12.50 a month. We think it's a bargain.

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hoping thereby to develop more of the same, found out in the early 1950s that the first thing to be looked for is the university attended. It is interesting, therefore, that the California Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology did not make the first twenty; Reed College is the top U.S. source of first-rank capability scientists. The outstanding observation is that "great scientists" are all graduates of small, liberal arts colleges rather than of powerful scientific establishments. The National Science Foundation asked the great "breakthrough" scientists what they felt to be the most dominantly favorable factor in their educational experience. The answer was almost uniformly, "Intimate association with a great, inspiring teacher."

TEACHING is not done with a needle or a pump. It can best be accomplished through the informed leadership of meticulously self-disciplined individuals who have invincibly loving faith in the integrity of universal evolution and of the indispensability of Man's functioning, unknown though it may be, in the realization of totality. To be with a great scientist at his research work can give the highest inspiration to an unimpaired student who must take the initiative in disciplining *himself*. Look for opportunities for the young to work with the loving pioneers—when they are as yet pioneering; to see the whole world picture of science as a part of a complete creative need—as an artist's need to articulate.

Kepes, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made a beautiful demonstration. He took hundreds of 8 x 10-inch, black-and-white photographs of modern paintings and mixed them thoroughly, like shuffled cards, with photographs taken by scientists through microscopes or telescopes of all manner of natural phenomena – sound waves, chromosomes, and such. The only way you can classify photographs with nothing recognizable in them is by your own spontaneous pattern classifications: Group the mealy, the blotchy, the striped, the swirly, the polka-dotted, and their subcombinations. The pattern-classified groups of photographs were displayed. The artists' work and the scientists' were indistinguishable. Checking the "back-mounted" data, it was found that the artist had frequently conceived his imagined pattern before the scientist had found it in nature. Science began to take a new view of artists.

Loving mothers prohibit here and promote there—often in ways irrelevant or frustrating to brain-coordinated, genetic evolution, often suppressing a child's profound contribution trying to emerge. We have to look on our society as we look on the biological world in general, recognizing, for instance, the extraordinary contributions of the fungi, the manures, the worms, *et al.*, in the chemical reprocessing and fertility upgrading of the earth. We must learn to think of the functions of the trees' roots as being of equal importance to the leaves' functions. We tend to applaud only the flower and the fruit, just as we applaud only the football player who makes the touchdown, and not the lineman who opened the way. What society applauds as "creative" is often isolated out of an extraordinary set of co-equal evolutionary events, most of which are invisible. Evolutionary "touchdowns" are unpredictable—sometimes centuries apart. Who knows which child is to make the next breakthrough?

In the next decade society is going to be preoccupied with the child because through the behavioral sciences and electrical exploration of the brain we find that, given the right environment and thoughtful answers to his questions, *the child has everything he needs educationally right from birth.* We have thought erroneously of education as the mature wisdom and over-brimming knowledge of the grownups injected by the discipline pump into the otherwise "empty" child's head. Sometimes parents say "don't" because they want to protect the child from getting into trouble. At other times when they fail to say "no" the child gets into trouble. The child, frustrated, stops exploring. It is possible to design environments within which the child will be neither frustrated nor hurt, yet free to develop spontaneously and fully without trespassing on others. I have learned to undertake reform of the environment and not to try to reform Man. *If we design the environment properly,* it will permit child and man to develop safely and to behave logically.

Order is achieved through positive and negative magnitude and frequency-controlled alteration of the successive steering angles. We move by zigzagging control from one phase of physical universe evolution to another. The rudder concept of social law is most apt. The late Norbert Wiener chose the word *cybernetics,* derived from Greek roots of "rudder," because Wiener, Shannon, and others in communication theory were exploring human behaviors and their brain-controlled "feedback," etc., as a basis for the design of computers—and it became evident that the human brain steers Man through constant change.

No sharp cleavage is found which identifies the boundary between life and nonlife, between the heretofore so-called "animate" and "inanimate." Viruses—the smallest organized structures exhibiting "life"—may be classified as either crystalline or "cellular" forms. This is the level also at which the DNA/RNA genetic coding has elucidated the basic life design. The genetic code is essentially a structural pattern integrity. Such pattern integrities are strictly accountable only as mathematical principles. Pattern integrities are found at all levels of structural organization in Universe. The DNA/RNA, is a specialized case of the generalized principle of pattern integrity found throughout life and nonlife. *All pattern integrity design is controlled by angle and frequency modulation.* Life is not strictly "animate" at any point. Given that the "ordering" of life is accomplished through such codings as DNA/RNA which are essentially angle and frequency modulation, then we may go on to suggest that "life," as we customarily define it, could be effected at a distance—it may be radiated from a remote source. Life could be "sent on."

Within the order of evolution as usually drawn, life "occurred" as a series of fortuitous probabilities in the primeval sea. It could have been sent or "radiated" there. That is, the prime code or angle and frequency-modulated signal could have been transmitted from a remote stellar location. It seems more likely (in view of the continuous rediscovery of Man as a fully organized being back to ever more remote periods) that the inanimate structural pattern integrity which we call human being was a frequency modulation code message beamed at earth from a remote location. Man as a prime organizing "principle" construct was radiated here from the stars—not as primal cell, but as a fully articulated high-order being.

All that is weighable in respect to life is physical. All that is weightless in respect to life is metaphysical. I am not the 1,000 tons of physical elements which I have progressively processed cellularly in hair, skin, flesh, and bones and progressively discarded for reformulation and articulation by other lives of any species.

You and I are essential functions of Universe. We are exquisite anti-entropy. I'll be seeing you! Forever.

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Homely Recipe

Continued from page 64

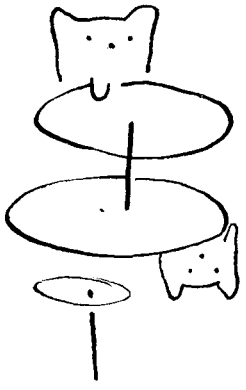
satisfied. It isn't a meal, but it's good and tasty.

This new collection follows the original Golden recipe. A little wisdom, a pinch of wit, a spice of laughter, nostalgia to taste, and a little pepper for tang. Unlike too many other columnists, Mr. Golden isn't afraid to take an unpopular or controversial stand. He may try to serve his principles in a more acceptable way, but he won't bend them to please his audience.

Who else but Harry Golden could browse through the right-wing journals of William Buckley, the John Birch Society, Billy James Hargis, and the rest and reach this eye-opening conclusion: "The reformed Communist is the most trustworthy American patriot of our times"? Or see in the vicious attacks on atheist Madalyn Murray a symptom of what is happening to our churches and synagogues today? The ministers and rabbis now are judged on how well they perform "interfaith work" and the like, and the laymen run the congregations. So, "Harassing Madalyn Murray is the new piety."

I especially enjoyed his defense of a popular culprit, movie tycoon Louis B. Mayer. Bosley Crowther and Mayer's other detractors charge that Mayer was uncouth, lascivious, avaricious, tough, and a boor to boot, for keeping his immigrant father around with his broken English and inviting him to fancy social gatherings. Mr. Golden feels Mayer did pretty well for a former junk dealer, and other children should treat their old parents as well. "Some of the folks I interviewed . . . complained that Louis B. Mayer once propositioned Myrna Loy and Jeanette MacDonald," Golden says. "This too is considered bad? In fact, it was precisely at this moment that I acquired an affection for that old immigrant who was trying so desperately to be an amateur Gentile."

So eat, eat, my children. Mr. Golden is famous for his *nosheret.*



—*Vic Volk.*

WHEN MR. JACK started making his whiskey, he called it by different names. Jack Daniel's was the one he finally settled on.

One of the first names he used was Belle of Lincoln. Every young lady in Lincoln County thought she was the one he had in mind. So rather than appear to honor any one of them, he found a new name and stayed friendly with them all. And kept his reputation as a ladies' man. Even though he changed the name of the whiskey, he never changed the way he made it. He was too good a whiskey man to want to do that.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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San Francisco—Festival Rising

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR continues its coverage of major 1966 film festivals.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE, now a San Francisco matron, resigned her position as chairwoman of the selection committee of the city's tenth annual film festival during a dispute over the inclusion of the Swedish film, *Night Games*, a publicity coup of the first magnitude resulted. Suddenly the festival became news, and *Night Games* became the hottest ticket in town for its one-night stand.

Miss Temple stuck by her guns. She termed the offending film "pornography for profit," gave new fuel to the pending anti-smut legislation in California, and could hardly have done the festival a greater favor. At the end of the film a television camera was set up in the lobby of the Masonic Auditorium, where showings were held, and members of the audience were asked their opinions of the movie—already notorious because at the recent Venice festival the showing had been limited to the jury and press. A good many of those interviewed thought there was far rougher stuff playing in the local cinemas, not to mention the topless vogue in the city's night spots.

True enough, *Night Games* wasn't much of an erotic shocker. As directed by Mai Zetterling, it is more arty than artistic, artificial in its structure, and given to hints and peeks at moral corruption rather than any head-on examination of Swedish night games. Its assumption is that a man in his thirties, made sexually impotent by his mother's baroque escapades—which he witnesses as a child—can exorcise his private demons by returning to the old mansion and recapturing the fateful memories. The Freudian atmosphere is heightened by the presence of his bride-to-be, a girl whose face resembles that of his now dead mother. During the memory sequences—somewhat Bergmanesque in technique—the child is seen viewing his mother giving birth to a dead infant during a weird "childbirth party," and he runs afoul of some early incestuous impulses, in part because the beloved mother (Ingrid Thulin) has unwittingly aroused him.

Most of this only slightly gamy material is suggested through dark, moody photography. When, now and then, Miss Zetterling provides a more graphic moment—such as a sequence in which the boy peers curiously beneath his mother's skirts, or one in which the covers are flung back to reveal the boy in automanipulation—it is striking mainly because of its novelty on the screen. As dramatic material, however, it seems to have an all too obvious derivation from a psychoanalyst's notebook. But the fact that a film attempts to deal seriously with erotic behavior does not necessarily make it erotic, and certainly not pornographic. Miss Temple was obviously not acquainted with either the legal definition or the forms that film pornography can take.

There were better films to be seen at the festival, among them the German *Young Torless*, an atmospheric and literate adaptation of Robert Musil's pre-World War I novel. As in the novel, the setting is a boys' school, presumably in Germany rather than Musil's Austria. The sadism practiced by the schoolboys on a student misfit, and the attitudes of the professors, are, of course, lent a baleful significance by the subsequent course of German history. Even though the novel was a remarkable foreshadowing, while the film is aftershadowing, so to speak, *Young Torless* seems to indicate that Germany may be regaining its lost vitality. An early film by Pasolini, *Mama Roma*, also was shown, and, again offered a mixture of the director's Marxist-Christian intellectual preoccupations. While it was strengthened by one of Anna Magnani's earthily magnificent performances, it was, unfortunately, weakened by too many contrivances.

THE festival film choices—twenty-one, plus as many short subjects—were, in the main, more satisfying than those of the recent New York festival, even though they included a few already shown at Lincoln Center. But the duplicates were among the few noteworthy ones of that festival: *The Shameless Old Lady*, *Hunger*, and *The Hunt*. The work of Jean-Luc Godard was notably absent from the program, and just as well in view of the weakness of his recent output. Japan returned to the festival field with two films, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were well represented, and the Netherlands, Denmark, India, and Switzerland added to what seems to be the festival's main purpose—the presentation of as wide a spectrum of film-making as is possible.

Afternoons at the Masonic auditorium, a new and excellent hall for film showings, were devoted to retrospectives, and to screenings of the work of new directors of promise. George Cukor was present to comment on clips taken from his work, and so were such relative youngsters as Monte Hellman and Juleen Compton, whose films, made independently, revealed growing skill.

Previously, San Francisco's festival was under private sponsorship, and so low had its prestige dipped that the community considered dropping its already small support. The greater San Francisco Chamber of Commerce decided to make a study of the situation and appointed a committee headed by William C. Boyd to make recommendations. Boyd and others traveled to Cannes on a field trip, conferred with George Stevens, Jr., of the USIA, and Ralph Hetzel of the Motion Picture Association of America, and eventually decided a film festival would serve worthwhile cultural purposes. But they drastically revised its structure in 1965, and the result is a very worthwhile festival. Public support has been aroused, volunteers have done the major share of the work, and, under Boyd's administration, with Albert Johnson's scholarly assistance, a program of cultural value has emerged.

Boyd also made it his purpose to enlist some Hollywood participation, a most difficult task, as other festivals have long found. Somehow, United Artists was persuaded to open the program with its *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, and a large contingent of Hollywood personalities was flown up to help launch the social side of the festivities. These were glittering indeed, and the society columns of the local papers covered them avidly. A large press contingent came, too, and gave the festival more coverage than formerly.

Boyd, who is undoubtedly the spark-plug of the event, demonstrated that an intelligent specialist in public administration can learn the ins and outs of international cinema in a remarkably brief span. One thing he learned was that not all films requested can be obtained, even for noncompetitive screening. He persisted, however, and got the power structure of the city to lend its aid. And Boyd has more plans for the future. He intends to get more participation from foreign industries by bringing in official delegations from abroad, and he intends to "sew up" important films for showing.

The city itself makes a good setting for a festival. It is neither too large nor too small, and it appeals to natives and foreigners alike as a good place to visit. San Francisco, said Peter Ustinov, who also took part in the festival, "is regarded as the most beautiful city in America even by those who have never been here." The problem for the future may well be finding more "Shirley Temple-type" incidents to intrigue people into learning what all the fuss is about.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Trouble on Stage 67

ALTHOUGH it was announced recently that *ABC Stage 67*'s telecast time will be changed in January from 10 p.m. on Wednesday to 10 p.m. on Thursday, the network insists that there will be no cutback in the projected twenty-six-week schedule of its prime-time, "bold-venture," quality-programing series. The season's first national Nielsen report ranked the show 89th among 105 programs rated, while its leading competition, NBC-TV's *I Spy*, ranked 19th. Most viewers of ABC-TV's *Peyton Place*, which precedes *Stage 67* on Wednesdays, apparently switched immediately to *I Spy* and never even looked in on *Stage 67*. In its new January time spot the program's NBC-TV competition will be *The Dean Martin Show*. The network feels it should have a better chance there.

Out-of-town newspapers have approved of the early *Stage 67* shows; New York critics have been generally negative. The trade, largely, has been disappointed in the show's poor ratings, and in its reception by the alleged "cultural minority" audience. Some feel that the series is trying to be both popular and elitist and fails at both. Others say that the first six shows simply have not been good by any criteria. "They lack class and show signs of money-skimping," remarked one highly placed television executive—despite the fact the series is reputed to be heavily bankrolled.

There are still twenty shows to go, and one watches faithfully for surprises in excellence. A comedy by Broadway playwright Murray Schisgal—the season's premiere—was unorthodox but unfathomable. A spy thriller written by John Le Carré, and starring James Mason, was a better-than-average suspense drama, in this viewer's opinion. A musical fantasy by Richard Adler was trite and incredibly sophomoric. A Jack Paar special, *The Kennedy Wit*, was a conventional, mawkish exercise in idolatry which perhaps would have embarrassed the late President. A revue featuring young talent was bland and forgettable. *Confession*, a drama by David Karp, intended to say something useful about overzealous detectives and psychologically unstable suspects, but was marred by overstatement in writing and direction, and by a contrived and unconvincing ending.

These are subjective preferences, however, cancelable by those of other viewers. The question of why the series hasn't worked is one of greater interest.

An eclectic anthology series in television prime time takes a chance. There must be a willingness to risk "a few adventurous failures." But *ABC Stage 67* is being done in a market climate rather than a creative one. The corporate strictures involved in the large financial investments and the prestige at stake have pushed in the direction of minimizing risk. The network *has* made a point of seeking out successful writers who have seldom or never contributed to television, and combined them with acting stars of major proportions. But both writers and stars have an eye on box-office values—the more calculating in order to maintain their success. At the same time, they are itinerants in the world of television, with no basic commitment to the form and no ideology of the medium.

A STRONG nostalgia has marked *ABC Stage 67*, an attempt to revive "the golden age of television," which was characterized by *Philco Playhouse, Studio One, Playhouse 90*. We are dealing in semantics here, and myths that exist in people's minds. Yet one can reasonably say that the climate of those former days and those early programs was nearer "the creative" than the "market" ambience.

As one television playwright who made his mark in that period is fond of recalling, a symbiotic *esprit de corps* existed among the writers, directors, and producers then. They watched each other's work like hawks, they criticized each other emotionally, passionately. They shared a common concept of what they believed drama on television was fitted best to do: communicate large human meanings through intimate, small-scale relationships. They were a group, a repertory company, interacting with rapport. They left this more genuine creative climate when television went to market—and they went to market themselves.

Television will have its isolated successes *d'estime*, but it probably will not revive that pristine climate until it makes a new commitment—to the new unknowns. The fervor of a renaissance cannot be bought in the international marketplace of entertainment. Exalted merit, which is one definition of excellence, costs more than money. The price is psychic risk, nurture, and the wiping of creative noses.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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To that end, during its four-year existence, the Workshop has held 10,653 auditions; read 2,438 original scripts; screened films by the hundreds; heard original musical compositions by the score; scouted local little theatre groups, colleges and universities, clubs and community centers for talent. The cream of the crop was showcased on-air in 140 top-quality productions: dramas, comedies, revues and musicals.

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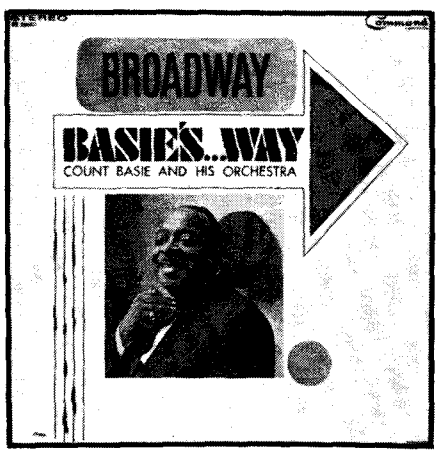

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AC-DC "Elektra"; Ghiaurov as Mosè

THE METROPOLITAN'S new *Elektra* is provocative, distracting, atmospheric, and impracticable, sometimes all at once, sometimes sequentially. It is eye-filling and ear-opening, but neither heart-searching nor mind-gripping. It fascinates at the same time it repels—but not always in the way that Strauss and Hofmannsthal meant the first of their great collaborations to possess and distress. It has moments of superb musical theater and others when it treads on its own tail, dramatically. The current it discharges is more often alternating than direct. That it nevertheless wound up to a storm of "bravos" is the least of the paradoxes about it. *Elektra* always does (Strauss took care of that nearly sixty years ago with an aural onslaught few can resist).

Typically enough, the greatest of its physical assets is also the most damaging of its liabilities. This is the stage arrangement by Rudolf Heinrich (who created the *Salome* admired a few seasons ago). It strikes out boldly (for the Met) in its use of mass and space, dark areas brought into prominence by sudden shafts of light, and, to match the aural ones of the onrushing music, projections to provide changes of visual tints and shades. These are displayed mainly on the massive blocks of dark, shiny-surfaced materials that form the "sky" above the playing area as well as the earth about it.

However, when the drama is at its height and the performers must come and go on its uneven joints and wedges, Heinrich's visually imposing arrangement proves to have been purchased at a cost to convenience and credibility. Opera singers are not notorious for their gazelle-like attributes, and the robes and high-heeled sandals used by several of them mean they must tread warily lest a misstep produce a fatality before the scheduled ones. And when Birgit Nilsson as Elektra has to look where to put her foot for the next pace of the climaxing dance, it is obviously being performed with something less than a Grecian acceptance of the inevitable.

Herbert Graf's stage direction has much that is knowing in its translation into action of the hatreds and solaces its creators imagined, but more than a little, too, that is fussy and ostentatious. As always, he is best in his movement of groups, less good in his creation of dramatic tension. With two such practiced performers as Regina Resnik for Klytaemnestra and Leonie Rysanek as Chrysothemis, one would have thought there would be a directoral concentration on making Birgit Nilsson, in her first New York Elektra, a worthy third to their dramatic purpose. But, if it was quite unbelievable as singing, it was, in another sense of the word, also quite unbelievable as characterization.

Let it be agreed at once that Miss Nilsson's dramatic technique is primitive. But is it not possible at least for her to dress the character with a suggestion of the "rags" mentioned in the first page of the text, with some likeness to a "wild" one who has been living on "Essen zu den Hunden?" Aside from decorously mussed hair and a liberal amount of dead-white face powder, the black gown Nilsson wore might have served for Amelia in *Ballo in Maschera*. Nor is this merely a matter of "appearance." For, if she had a better mental image of how the downtrodden, animal-like Elektra should look, she would also have a sharper awareness of what an engaged interpreter of her should do with word as well as tone. It was, unquestionably, a great vocal feat to sustain the amount and quality of sound she produced over an hour and a half's effort, but Rose Pauly created twice the dramatic effect with half the vocal resource. The dance at the end was well planned, but hardly executed without regard for limb or life.

For the two R's, it was an evening of almost complete command. Resnik made every hideous moment count, and Rysanek sings nothing as well as she does Chrysothemis. William Dooley made a success of his first Orest, as Robert Nagy did his Aegisth. Thomas Schippers's musical direction built well to the climax of the climaxes and rarely misjudged a tempo, but he didn't communicate the snarl or bite others have found in this score (among them two other R's, Reiner and Rodzinski), or the measured fury of Mitropoulos. These are hard taskmasters, but the hardest of all is the Strauss score itself. He who undertakes it must also risk being overtaken.

In the aftermath of it all, the thought persists: Does no one at the Met study a set to determine its playability, or worry whether the costumes are meaningful as well as grotesque? It hardly seems so.

Earlier in the week another audience reacted with fervent approval to the O'Hearn-Merrill production of *Frau ohne Schatten*. Rysanek's preoccupation with the preparations for Elektra brought on Ingrid Bjoner in her place.

(*Continued on page* 92)

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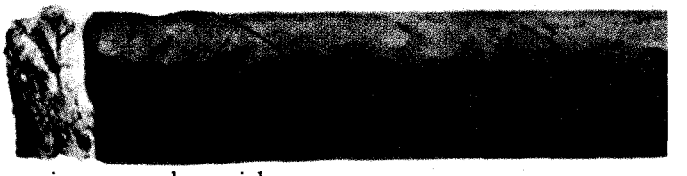

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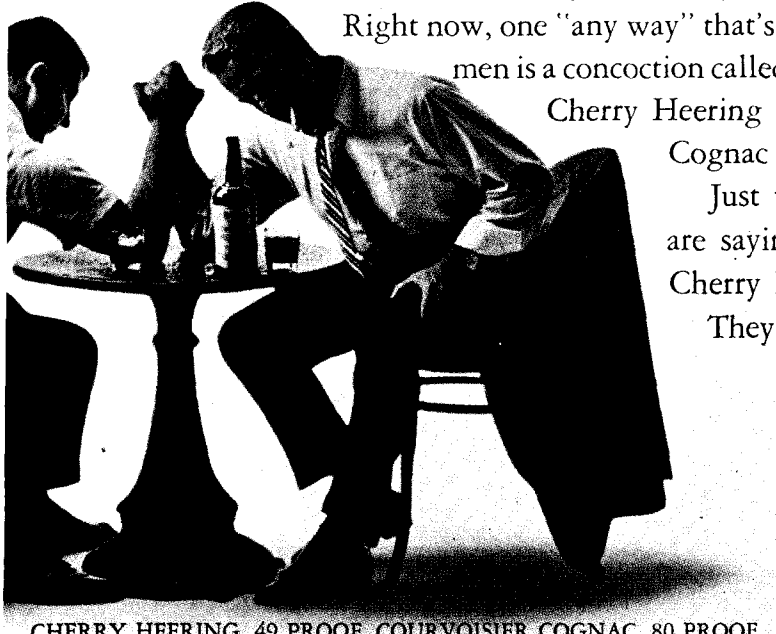

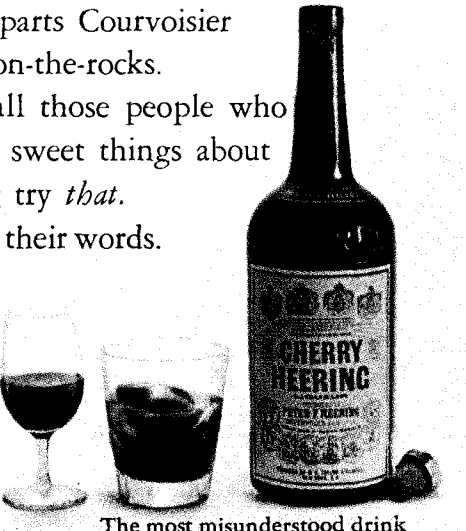

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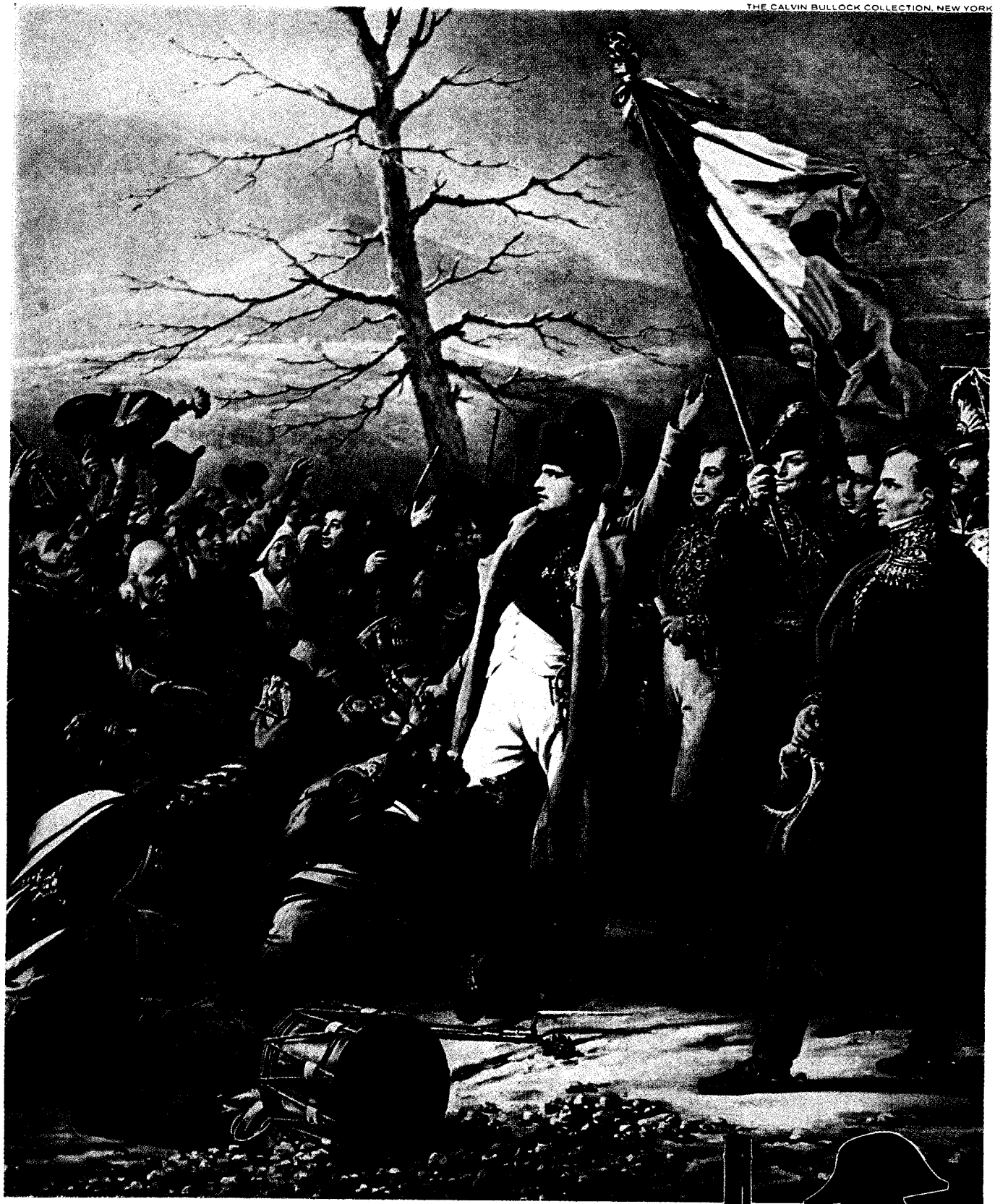

Retour de l'Ile d'Elbe Février 1815. Detail from the painting by Karl Steuben (1788-1856). Napoleon sailed from Elba on February 26th and nine days later reached Grenoble, where a garrison of troops marched out to stop him. Napoleon stepped forward: "If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, here I am." A pause, then "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from a thousand throats as his former troops knelt at his feet.

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Autumn on the Campus—II

THE true fragrant essence of the American autumn is nowhere better inhaled than on the campus of a university. It isn't necessary to be an alumnus or even a partisan rooter to tour a college. Indeed, one's credentials may show nothing more compelling than the curiosity of an average tourist. In these public relations days many colleges have arranged regular campus tours, which are conducted by undergraduate tour leaders.

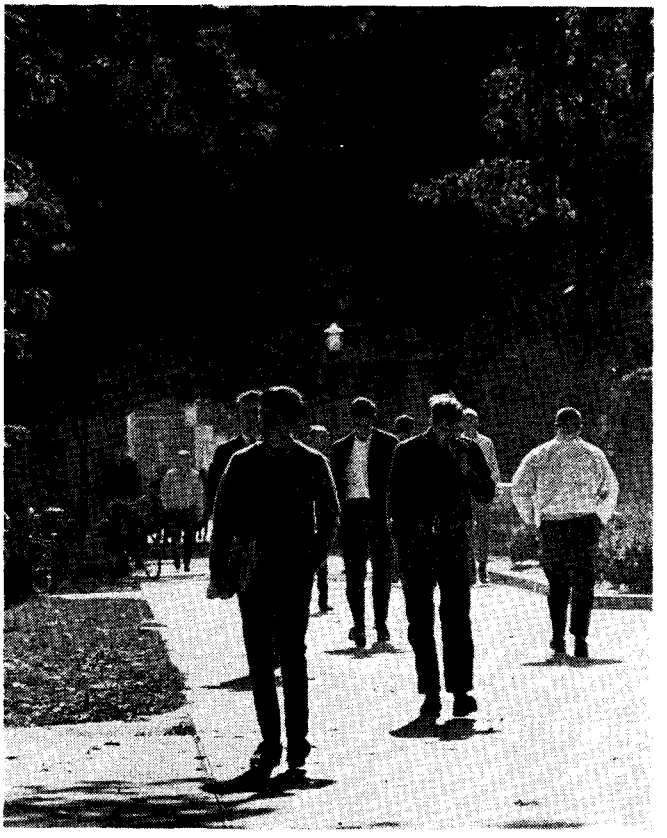
When I was in Ann Arbor recently, I made an extensive promenade around the University of Michigan's new North Campus [see *SR*, Nov. 5] and also around its original Central Campus, which grew around a nucleus of forty acres established by a legislative act in 1837. (Classes began in 1841 with two faculty members teaching seven students. There are now more than 36,000 students, three-quarters of them from Michigan, but 500 from Asia, fifty from Africa, a dozen or more from the South Seas, and 150 from Europe; and the university gives cram courses in English so foreign students will be able to handle the curriculum.)

All these types were busy criss-crossing the Diag, two slanting walks that slice across the main quadrangle of buildings. The center of the Diag is marked by a giant, block-letter *M*, a gift of the Class of '53 which is inlaid into the pavement. Any freshman who treads on the *M*, say the campus mystics, will flunk his first exam. Lack of study can be another reason.

Every campus from West Point to the angry acres at Berkeley has its own traditions. Following one of the routes of the Diag will bring the stroller under the arcade known as the Engine Arch, a bridge between two walls of the Engineering Building. Appropriately enough, the problem of building an engineering building on the site without interfering with the walk along the Diag was solved by an engineering professor. The Engine Arch, as it became known, quickly became a campus landmark and is suitably entwined with the ivy of tradition. A girl is not truly a Michigan girl until she has been kissed at midnight under the arch. This ritual involves a dare, for all coeds must be safely in their lodgings at midnight or they are docked late minutes. An accumulation of late minutes might bench a girl for a weekend. The understanding male for whom the coed has taken this risk provides the balm. He is required to send a rose for every late minute the girl has been docked.

Like most American campuses, Michigan suffers from a rather horrendous conglomeration of architecture, a situation caused not so much by a lapse of taste as by the durability of buildings that have lasted from eras of architectural popularity long since dusty with history. The Undergraduate Library that went up in the late 1950s looks dead across at the gray-painted bricks of the tired Economics Building, which was dedicated more than 100 years ago. It was built as a chemistry laboratory at the wish of President Tappan who, in stating the need for it in 1855, thought it would "probably cost from two to three thousand dollars." Hard by both of those conflicting structures is the Clements Library of Americana that went up in 1923 and more or less follows the strictures of classic Greek design. It was this building that the university chose to use for the ceremony at which President Marcos of the Philippines received an honorary degree during his recent visit to the United States.

Nowhere is the incongruence of architectural periods more vividly portrayed than in the façade of the Undergraduate Library, which is covered with blue panels. It didn't take the students long to find



University of Michigan—"Every campus from West Point to . . . Berkeley has its own traditions."

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an appropriate acronym for it. To them, and now to everyone, it is simply the UGLI. The basement of the UGLI is a popular place of assembly, especially for those who have concluded a hard period of study in the library—or, to put it in the local argot, have "hit the libes." The modern tile walls of the basement coffee shop, the lean tables and chairs, give it a barren but handsome Swedish air. The rest of the equipment is pure, technocratic American. There are coin-operated machines for milk, coffee, and cold drinks, and even coin-operated duplicating machines. It is no longer necessary to hand-copy the class notes of a friend. You *make* a copy for a dime. The duplicating machine has also made it possible to copy pages of a book for future reference. Copy now, read later, is today's campus slogan.

Nor is looking at old exams any longer a surreptitious venture. A sign on the library wall gives the hours in which the master exam file can be read, a courtesy extended by the Student Government Council. Besides such peripheral benefits, the UGLI also offers typing rooms with coin-operated electric typewriters, and audio rooms with turntables and tapes. Fourteen channels are constantly aired, and students can tune in with earphones to anything from a dramatization of *As You Like It*, to Beethoven's String Quartet in C-major, opus 59, by the Budapest String Quartet.

Not all of the university landmarks are stone. During my tour of the campus we looked through the glass to see a famed professor, live and in action, in a huge lecture hall. In this case the teacher was Hazel M. Losh, a professor of astronomy who, according to campus chitchat, marks papers only A, B, or C. Athletes get As, boys get Bs, and coeds get Cs. This generalization undoubtedly derives from Professor Losh's fervent interest in university sports (she is said to be a walking encyclopedia). She goes to all rallies, usually warmed by a letter sweater glistening with fraternity pins. She has been decorated by almost all the fraternities on campus, and this year she has been nominated for homecoming queen.

While the usual traditions of college still survive, these are times of student activism and political consciousness, both left and right. The day I set off on my first conducted tour of the campus, university officials were being nettled by an activist demonstration, as it is called today. The students were objecting to the alleged presence at campus gatherings of detectives using cameras and tape recorders. There was some link to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which had subpoenaed certain students and faculty members whose names had supposedly been submitted by university officials. The presence of the plainclothesmen at events sponsored by the Voice, a political party, was blamed on the university vice president in charge of financial affairs. To publicize their outrage, students occupied the vice president's office overnight. In the morning, when I looked in, they were a scruffy band of objectors, suitably hirsute and very intent.

A walk over to the Fish Bowl—a popular appellation for a foyer connecting two mid-campus halls, and traditionally a center for rallies—produced a different stripe of political activist. Young Americans for Freedom, a Birchist offshoot, had set up a table loaded with propaganda. Among the free literature was a long letter from the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade signed by Fred Schwartz, its president; a report from the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations; and a YAF flyer with pictures and statements from the heroes of the right: Barry Goldwater, Senator John Tower, Senator Strom Thurmond, William F. Buckley, Jr., Ronald Reagan, and others.

Happily, there is still time—possibly only for the middle-of-the-roaders—to partake in such unpolitical steam-blowing as TGIF parties and bearding the football enemy. The parties, originally staged to "Thank God It's Friday," are now held almost any day when beer and free time become available. The name has stuck regardless of the day.

Buildings on the Ann Arbor campus are often adorned with a big, green S, indicating that the homeland has been violated in the dark of night by the hated rivals from Michigan State, sixty miles away in East Lansing. The University of Michigan's partisans return the favor by dabbing State's buildings with the telltale blue of Michigan.

Paint, for which youth of all nations seem lately to have developed an addiction, is also applied to fraternity-house

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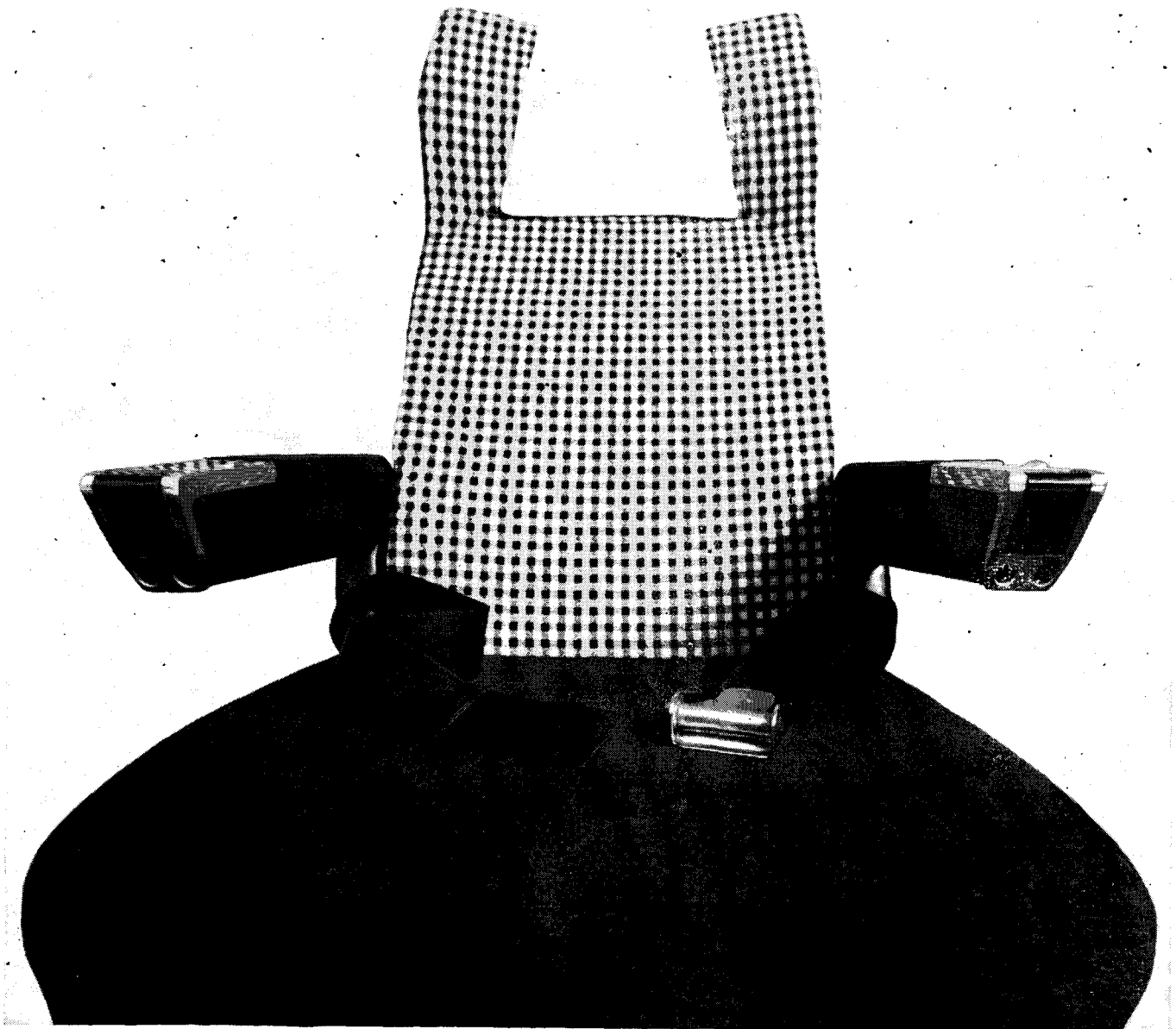

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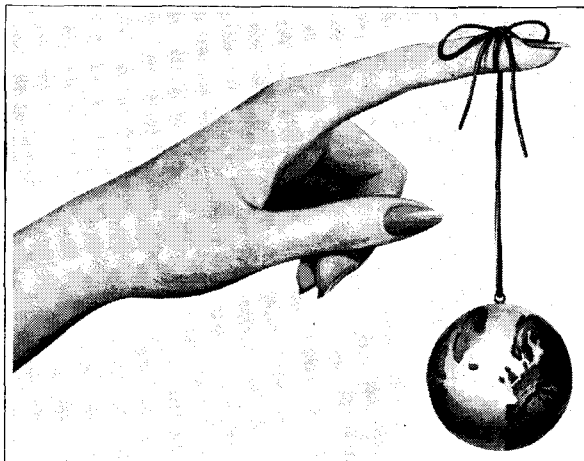

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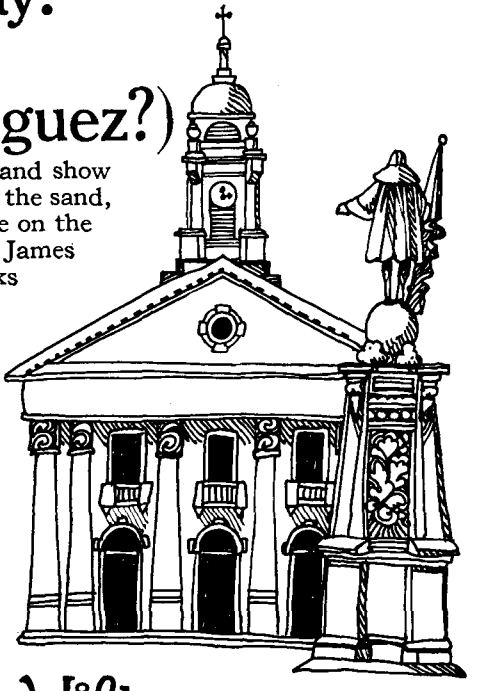

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dogs. The fraternity dog belongs to no single owner but is kept as the mascot of the entire house. St. Bernards, Dalmatians, and German shepherds seem to be the popular breeds, and some of them roam the campus at will, even attending classes. One frater took his house dog aside during the last Presidential campaign and taught him to bark at the mention of Barry Goldwater. The dog was in attendance at history class one day, sitting in a chair like an attentive student, when the professor chanced to mention the candidate from Arizona. The dog barked. It then was ejected, and quiet was eventually restored. If dogs can't be heard on campus they certainly can be seen. One constant patroller along the Diag is a Dalmatian painted Kelly green, this year's canine vogue.

While Michiganders are immensely proud of the academic achievements of their university and frequently (though not especially this year) prideful, too, of their football team, they are also eager to point out that Michigan was the scene of the first panty raid in history—in the spring of 1951. Many of the women's quarters are on a rise alongside the Oak Hill Cemetery. The raids are recurrent and begin with the war cry, "To the Hill!"—a call that becomes loud enough, as the crowd of men advances, to raise the nearby dead. At Stockwell Hall two ladies only this fall dashed outside in their night clothes and, in response to the exhortations of the male students, removed the desired undergarments on the spot and threw them to the crowd. The hill is not known as Observatory Street for nothing.

Among the other local steam vents are such undergraduate nests as Bimbo's, a sawdust saloon that offers a combo and dancing, and the Pretzel Bell, where the walls are plastered with photographs of Michigan athletes and where the management, those beneficent souls, ring the bell and award a free beer to any student in the house on his twenty-first birthday. Stores, taverns, and movies are grouped in shopping areas that have sprung up in enclaves on the campus. State Street, a part of the campus, runs right into the heart of a shopping area which has two movie theaters and even a branch of Saks Fifth Avenue.

A new Sheraton Motel is going up in the very center of downtown Ann Arbor, but the fringes of the settlement are dotted with modern drive-in lodgings. There are two Holiday Inn motels where the singles cost $9 and the doubles $14. Both have swimming pools, and restaurants where a steak sandwich still costs just $2.19. Inn America has a fine dining room with a sophisticated menu that proffers stuffed grape leaves, oysters on the half shell, Chicken Kiev, whitefish in champagne, and English kidney

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A message to anyone who's been to Europe.

If you've fed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, and looked down at Paris from the Eiffel Tower, if you've stared at the crowds on the Via Veneto, and watched the bulls charge in Madrid; in short, if you've seen Europe and are looking for a new place to write home about, let us make a suggestion:

Come to India.

Stay on a houseboat in Kashmir and sip cocktails prepared by your own personal valet. Bargain for jewels and rugs with merchants who love to haggle. Flirt with par on lush, rolling golf courses.

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Go see Madras, a colorful, bustling city that boasts, among other things, the finest silk emporiums in all of India. (Only a strong man can resist bringing back his wife a few of the bright, gaily-colored sarees Madras is famous for.)

Journey to the deep south. To Kerala, the fertile, palm-studded region so reminiscent of islands in the South Seas and the Caribbean. Loaf about on beautiful beaches. Explore mysterious inland waterways. Visit a wild life sanctuary abounding in elephants, tigers, and wild boars. (Also visit with some of the handsomest people in the world.)

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For more information on what to do and see in India, see your travel agent, or write to: Government of India Tourist Office; New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

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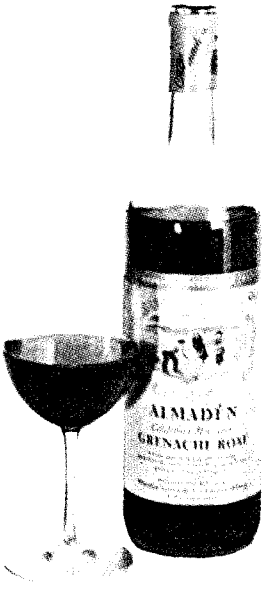

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pie—not bad for small-town America. Howard Johnson's, just a year old and planted right off the expressway, charges from $9.50 to $11 for singles, and $12.50 to $18 for doubles. Like most Howard Johnson's motels, the rooms are probably of the most advanced design in all moteldom, far outshining the cuisine at the inevitably appended Howard Johnson's restaurant.

The motel lands outside of the center of town are also graced with the presence of Weber's, a stained glass and dark-paneled ersatz Rhineland roost which does Strogonoff, scaloppine, sweetbreads, scampi, and all sorts of delectables, serving it up to the faithful who decamp in dark little nooks waiting for the manna. Considered among locals as a cross between Pavillon, "21," and Sardi's, Weber's has been the repository of the faithful for years and there is simply no telling how many Wolverines have wolfed a wurst in its dim-lit halls after a hard Saturday afternoon in the rafters of the Stadium.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the second of two articles on the University of Michigan.)

State of Affairs

Continued from page 16

Johnson had outlined the day before. In their joint statement, the seven nations defined their objectives: 1) to be free from aggression; 2) to conquer hunger, illiteracy, and disease; 3) to build a region of security, order, and progress; and 4) to seek reconciliation and peace throughout Asia and the Pacific.

WHEN the last official paper had been signed the delegations headed back to the hotels to don the *barong tagalog* and to celebrate the conclusion of the Manila Summit. It was Marcos's party and it was stupendous. Barges dripping with kappa shell lanterns—flickering star-shaped lanterns ordinarily seen only at Christmas time—floated down the Pasig river. Stunning Filipina beauties threaded among the visitors. Waiters poured drinks and served canapés as the barges floated under the bridges, led by spraying fireboats and outrigger canoes bearing flaming torches.

The procession landed at Malacanan Palace, magnificently decorated like some romantic dream of fairyland and Disneyland brought together at the edge of the China Sea. Yellow lanterns dripping streamers hung among the great banyan trees, some of them from branches a hundred feet high. The edges of the lawns were strung with the pearls of lighted bulbs.

Now out of the night came a procession at once beautiful, romantic, and

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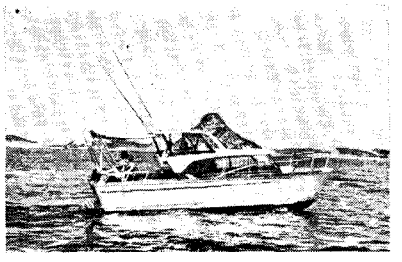

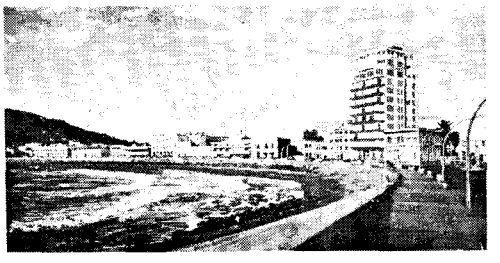

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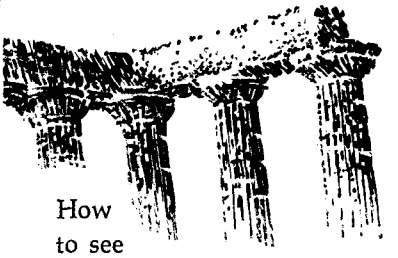
religious. It was headed by bearers carrying three paper lanterns shaped into crosses. Behind them came streams of candle holders walking to the string music with measured step. High portable pergolas came, festooned with paper flowers and held aloft by strong bearers. Under each of them walked a Filipina beauty carrying a cross, or a caged white dove. It was a prelude of beauty to a night that was unforgettable.

TABLES had been set up on the lawns under the brilliance of the lanterns, and gay booths offered meats and fish, fruits and desserts, served in large flat baskets covered with palm leaves. The leis of sampaguita filled the night with sweet perfume.

Before the table of the heads of state the lovely Filipinas danced, and then their voices filled the night and floated through the lantern-lit trees with "Waltzing Matilda" and a spirited yipeeyayay rendition of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" that brought Lyndon Johnson to his feet. From across the river a lighted balloon rose from the opposite shore and lifted higher in the sky, symbolically carrying the aspirations of the conference to its hopeful heights.

"Don't expect miracles," Lyndon Johnson had warned in Honolulu and again in Manila. There were the cynics who said it was all political anyway, and U.S.-inspired. And others who acknowledged it might have been political but it held some promise in different ways for all the participating nations. There would be no way to measure the success of Manila in tangible results, but if nothing more it established a certain resolve among Asian nations and gave them a certain assurance that perhaps they could settle their problems themselves and eventually let the United States withdraw its presence.

Standing by the edge of the river, Lyndon Johnson took a long look at the balloon. In his open-collared *barong tagalog* he waltzed Imelda Marcos around the marble dance floor. Then, with Lady Bird, he got into the bubbletop and rolled down the lantern-lit driveway of the palace grounds. From the loudspeaker in his car came the familiar Texas voice. "Goodnight, goodnight," it said over and over to the crowds on the lawns. "*Mabuhay*! *Mabuhay*!" Long life and aloha. —HORACE SUTTON.



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Out of Ellison into Kafka

By HANS W. HEINSHEIMER

Gunther Schuller — "Twelve tone Puccini?"

AT 7:30 on the evening of October 12, 1966, Gunther Schuller, a forty-one-year-old American, who for fifteen years has been a French-horn player at the Metropolitan Opera, and, since 1959, a free-lance composer and conductor known mainly to those on the inside of the musical world, stepped into the pit of the Hamburg opera house to conduct the world premiere of his first opera. Entitled *The Visitation*, it had been composed to his own libretto, based on Kafka's *The Trial*. Two hours later he was a celebrity.

Newspapers and magazines all over the world reported that the first opera of the little-known American, written in twelve-tone technique and sung in English, had received a twenty-two-minute ovation and fifty curtain calls. A leading German paper ran a two-column headline: AMERIKANISCHER OPERNTRIUMPH IN HAMBURG. Such encomiums had, in the past, been reserved for American achievements in the high jump, space travel, or, at best, a Nobel prize in chemistry. The director of the Hamburg State Opera, Rolf Liebermann, himself an operatic composer of renown who had commissioned many new operas and performed more contemporary works than anyone else, called Schuller's work the best opera since *Wozzeck*. Several papers labeled Schuller the Puccini of twelve-tone opera.

Before the night was over, Schuller had commissions for new operas from two German opera houses and a request for a television opera from the BBC. Three recording companies sent cables or had their intercontinental petitions bounced off Telstar in competing for the recording rights. Within hours the Hamburg intendant received invitations to show the work in several European countries on both sides of the curtain, and in Boston a local opera company began to search for a turntable it could install in order to make possible a production there next summer when the Hamburg ensemble will be in America for a season at the Metropolitan. Meanwhile, the subject of this world-wide excitement sat in a quiet *pension* in Hamburg, trying to think about a little orchestra piece he had promised to write for the New Haven Youth Symphony. He was determined not to let them down.

The unexpected emergence of a fresh talent in the field of opera is, of course, a major event. To be sure, comparisons with Puccini and Verdi are as premature as they are questionable. But that they have been made at all by responsible critics shows the point of near-starvation that contemporary opera is approaching.

It has been an axiom that no new opera has taken a firm place in the repertory since *Wozzeck* in 1925 and that none has *really* been universally accepted since *Turandot* in 1926. The famous remark by Rudolf Bing that the Met is a museum has been hotly criticized by the flagbearers of contemporary art, and he has been accused of defeatism, lack of imagination, and surrender to the superficial taste of the ticket-buying public. But when the chips are down and nobody tries to fool himself, the fact remains that he and his confreres around the world have not much to choose from in the post-*Rosenkavalier*-*Turandot* era. The reaction to Schuller's innovation can thus best be compared with the attitude of the Israelites when manna unexpectedly began falling from heaven. Everybody was happy to have something to eat and nobody asked, for the moment, whether manna would retain its place in the regular diet in years to come.

All the more surprising is that *The Visitation*, a rare exception to the rule in such matters, was Schuller's first musico-dramatic attempt. Whatever the eventual significance of the work will be, the amazing dramatic dexterity, the placing of accents with unerring know-how, the tempo of events on the stage—never too fast, rarely too slow—show an inborn dramatic instinct that, beyond this particular work, was the real discovery of the evening. Whatever was inborn was probably helped and developed by Schuller's years as a horn player, during which time he wrote the first of several pieces in *SR* on his theories vis-à-vis jazz and the mainstream of music, which later gave rise to his "Third Stream Music." His operatic background—playing *Don Giovanni* one night, *Pagliacci* the next—doubtless had a part in shaping his text.

The music, too, whatever its ultimate evaluation, provided the same dramatic impact. This is music consisting, in accordance with Schuller's brief report in the program book, of a main series of twelve-tones and a complex of others derived from it. It is written in his own extension of Schoenberg's twelve-tone system called *combinatoriality*. For that 99.5 per cent of the audience who wouldn't have recognized a tone *Reihe* if they met one along the Alster and who would jump into the Alster if they met something called *combinatoriality*, this was music that was not only exciting and dramatic but frequently pleasant, mostly agreeable to listen to, and—to their utter surprise—sometimes beautiful in an old-fashioned sense. There were a few jazz pieces and a march at the end, bound to make independent concert, perhaps even juke-box careers.

THE background of *The Visitation* is worth revisiting. The story began on May 14, 1963, when the Hamburg State Opera had just completed a three-day guest appearance in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. As Rolf Liebermann, intendant of the Hamburg Opera House, walked through a hotel lobby, he met Gunther Schuller, who was in Zagreb on a State Department-sponsored lecture tour of Eastern Europe. They had only a few minutes together, but Liebermann, always in search of new material, on the spur of the moment asked the composer to write a "jazz opera" for him. When Schuller came home a few weeks later, a contract was waiting for him.

More than a year passed while the composer was trying to find a subject and a libretto. Occasional letters from Hamburg kept up gentle pressure. Then, later in 1964, Schuller read Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. He had always felt that a jazz opera would have to be connected with the story of a Negro. Here, he thought, was his libretto. He began at once to organize the material with the stage in mind and soon the first scenario went off to Liebermann in Hamburg. The reaction was positive and immediate. A date—October 1966—was decided upon for the first performance. Gunther Rennert, one of Germany's foremost directors, was engaged to stage the work.

Meanwhile negotiations began with Ralph Ellison's agent, who seemed both happy and impressed. (Schuller also asked *SR*'s Recordings Editor to ar-

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range a meeting with Ellison.) As the representative of Schuller's publisher, I had a couple of luncheons with a lovely girl operative on the agency's expense account. A contract was drafted, the girl operative expressed confidence that it was all just a formality, and an agency attorney called to assure us all was well.

Schuller was already deeply involved. His "third stream" conception of music—the fusion of the rhythms and the improvisational spontaneity of jazz with the structure and discipline of twelve-tone music and a "normal" orchestra—seemed ideally suited to the people and situations of the novel. Words and musical sketches went on paper. Letters and optimistic reports were dispatched to Hamburg. Then the blow fell. The girl operative (invisible this time, no lunch) called to say that Mr. Ellison had decided against the project. Schuller got the news as he returned from concerts in Europe and from a meeting with Liebermann, at which he had reported enthusiastically on his progress. He did not dare to transmit the news to Hamburg.

By now it was the summer of 1965, and he had to report to Tanglewood, where he since has succeeded Aaron Copland as head of the Berkshire summer school. The date, October 1966, was still pencilled—nay, inked—in the Hamburg schedule. Schuller looked at works by Genet and by Faulkner. Nothing there. Then echoes of the racial turbulence of the summer of 1965 began to penetrate the quiet atmosphere of Tanglewood. He sensed a connection between the problem of the Negro in America and Kafkaesque ideas. He studied *The Trial*. Then he began drafting a libretto.

He phoned me in Switzerland and asked that I look into the rights to the Kafka story: Never again an invisible man! It took me a little time to disentangle it all. There was an opera on the same subject by Gottfried von Einem. He graciously raised no objection, and more graciously wished luck. The Kafka estate, represented by nice and understanding people (who also remained invisible but, at least, had no girl operatives), was helpful and, within a few weeks, it was all arranged.

—*Wide World.*

Felicia Weathers and McHenry Boatwright in a scene from "The Visitation."

All this time Liebermann was holding the October date, now just about one year away, for the world premiere of *Invisible Man!* Tanglewood over, Schuller took himself and his family to Europe. Luckily, but not quite accidentally (Liebermann's fine Swiss hand had not been idle), he had been chosen by the Ford Foundation as its Berlin composer-in-residence for the year. This was an almost indispensable arrangement in preparing the new opera, for he was less than an hour by plane from Hamburg. It also gave him an occasion to prostrate himself before Liebermann and tell the truth.

HAPPILY, there was little commotion. They just crossed out the words *Unsichtbarer Mann* on the 1966 calendar and wrote *Der Prozess* instead. Schuller went to work feverishly. Liebermann and Rennert began thinking about the cast: The opera called for four Negro singers in addition to the regular cast of the Hamburg Opera. Schuller, in the meantime, began to assemble his jazz combo of seven players from the best men available in Europe. On a plane to Vienna, where they were to see a performance of *Porgy and Bess* in their search for singers, Schuller and Liebermann hit upon the title for the opera: *Die Heimsuchung* (*The Visitation*).

Before Schuller returned to America for his summer assignment in Tanglewood, three of the Negro singers had been engaged. One was Felicia Weathers, a member of the Munich opera; another, Simon Estes, who had applied for the Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow and, only a few days before he had to report for rehearsals in Hamburg, won second prize there. The lead, McHenry Boatwright, was in America, where Schuller worked with him throughout the summer. On September 8 they all met on the stage of the Hamburg opera house. The final scenes were written and orchestrated while most of the opera was already in stage rehearsals. A few important changes were made after the last rehearsal: Schuller, unruffled and relaxed, listened calmly to friends and experts and made his decisions a few hours before the curtain went up.

He almost overslept on the day of the dress rehearsal. But he made it. He made it indeed!

Drips and Drabs of Dockstader

TOD DOCKSTADER is a rarity in musical circles—he claims he is not a musician but rather an engineer. And that's refreshing when we observe some of our self-styled musicians making various, odd, and random noises all in the name of music. Dockstader does not even call the tapes he produces music, but rather organized sound—a term used by Varèse.

As an engineer he is skillful and aware. He chooses his sounds at will and is not bothered by any of the silly arguments that insist that all tones must be electronically produced, or that they should be organized according to any arcane formulae. He is not plagued by theory and, since he maintains that he is not a musician and in fact has never studied music, he is quite uninhibited in assembling taped sounds into a satisfying organization. And in so doing he actually becomes a composer. The end result is, for the most part, really musical—more so at times than that assembled or composed by many of his more pretentious academic colleagues.

I first encountered Tod Dockstader in 1963 when Folkways released *Eight Electronic Pieces* [see "Anarchy and Order," *SR*, Oct. 26, 1963]. Currently he is exposed on three LP discs released by a label new to me: Owl Records of Boulder, Colorado. On reviewing a single disc three years ago, I observed that a little of this can go a long way. But now with the three LPs available, a lot seems to go much further. For Dockstader has continued to produce music—and I feel content in calling it that—that is quite absorbing, particularly when taken in adequate doses. At all times it is an innately musical assemblage reminding one of those produced by Alwin Nikolais, who maintains he is not a musician either, but a choreographer.

The titles of various works are suggestive, but not always highly relevant. One of the earliest examples, from 1961, is a piece—or organization—called *Luna Park*, which is in a conventional three-movement order with laughter that ranges from the silly to the sinister. *Apocalypse*, produced the same year, is a taped orchestral assemblage of bells, guns, chimes, wind, cats, drums, and the ragged voice of a sawtooth oscillator. Such a combination would have been a delight to that wonderfully gifted eccentric, William Billings, who in 1778 advocated that, in order to perform one of his pieces correctly, one should, "Let an Ass bray the brass, let the fileing of a saw carry the Tenor, let a hog who is extream hungry squeel the counter, and let a cart-wheel, which is heavy loaded and that has been long without grease,

(*Continued on page* 93)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Manny Albam: *Brass on Fire.* Albam, arranger and conductor, with 16-piece band. Solid State SS 18000. Jimmy McGriff: *The Big Band.* McGriff, organ, with 12- and 16-piece bands. Solid State SS 18001. Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: *The Jazz Orchestra.* Jones, flugelhorn; Lewis, drums; with 16-piece band. Solid State SS 18003, mono, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Solid State is "seeking a new threshold in sound," and its sound is good—although not quite spacious enough for the weighty Jones-Lewis orchestra (at the end). Albam, the label's musical director, heads a band of twelve brass and four rhythm in an intelligently planned program which reveals his sensitive understanding of dynamics and the usage of brass mutes. He is also responsible for the arrangements on the McGriff set. This consists of ten well-chosen numbers from the Basie book of today and yesterday, the one fault being the over-emphasis on the organ as solo instrument. The Jones-Lewis fare is more ambitious and more demanding of the listener. The powerful ensemble tends at first to be overwhelming, but it shows itself capable of some dynamic niceties, notably in Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of "Willow Weep for Me," where Jones's flugelhorn is heard to advantage.
Count Basie: *Broadway, Basie's Way.* Basie, piano, with 16-piece band; Chico O'Farrill, arranger. Command R 905, $4.79; stereo, RS 905, $5.79.	Especially in stereo, this record gives a remarkable impression of the band's sound at close quarters. O'Farrill's arrangements, despite the limitations of the three-minute form, succeed in investing the most banal of these Broadway tunes with color, warmth, and typical Basie characteristics. Roy Eldridge is featured on "Mame" (trumpet) and "Here's That Rainy Day" (flugelhorn), the excellence of his work making the shortness of his stay in the band all the more regrettable. The whip-cracking high notes at the end of "Just in Time" also testify to his continuing authority. Besides the usual soloists, two capable new trombonists—Richard Boone and Harlan Floyd—are introduced, and guitarist Freddie Greene is brought briefly into the foreground on two occasions.
Woody Herman: *The Jazz Swinger.* Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone and vocal, with 18-piece band. Columbia CL 2552, $3.79; stereo, CS 9352, $4.79.	The punning title is justified by the performance of eleven songs associated with Al Jolson! This desperate album idea would have been burden enough without obliging Herman to sing all eleven, for some of the lyrics were not worth disinterring. What makes the vocal surfeit more intolerable is the fact that the arrangements by Nat Pierce, Ralph Burns, and Bill Holman are well constructed and played. "Dinah" is the most appealing track. Pierce plays a very sympathetic piano accompaniment, and his arrangement calls for an unusually striking slow tempo.
Thad Jones and Pepper Adams: *Mean What You Say.* Jones, flugelhorn; Adams, baritone saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Milestone MLP 1001, $4.79; stereo MLP 9001, $5.79.	This well-organized quintet is distinguished by the mellow tonal combination of flugelhorn and baritone saxophone. The former instrument, indeed, proves even more appropriate to Jones's style than the cornet, to which he had previously gravitated from trumpet. Adams is one of the fastest exponents of the baritone saxophone. He plays with strong attack, and has the ability to improvise and execute ideas which match his partner's. The program consists mostly of originals, but there is a knowingly comic spoof on oldtime versions of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby."
Gary McFarland: *Profiles.* McFarland, vibraphone, marimba and conductor, with 19-piece band. Impulse A 9112, $4.98; stereo, AS 9112, $5.98.	This derived from a concert at Lincoln Center in February this year, when McFarland's original compositions were performed by a highly competent band of New York musicians who are usually heard in record and TV studios. For the most part, they played well and they had obviously rehearsed, but the rhythm section was never inspiring, perhaps because some of its members were more concerned with reading their parts than with relating to the ensemble. The brass and reeds, however, blew with enthusiasm, and often carried everything before them, including the rhythm section. The outstanding soloists were Clark Terry (on "Bygones and Boogie"), Zoot Sims, and Richard Davis. The "collective improvisation" at the end of "Willie" and "Milo's Other Samba" was evidently intended as an acknowledgment of the current avant-garde's principles. It was suitably distressing—and corny.
Louis Metcalf: *At the Ali Baba.* Metcalf, trumpet, bongos and vocal; Sonny White, piano; Jerome Patterson, guitar; Al Matthews, bass; Struttin' Sam, drums and vocal; Victoria Spivey, vocal. Spivey LP 1007, mono only, $5.00.	Power and range are not to be expected from a trumpet player who was blowing with King Oliver and Duke Ellington nearly forty years ago, but Metcalf displays surprising facility on the trumpet, especially in the up-tempo "Patrick's Mood," where the mood in the last chorus is decidedly boppish. He has a feeling for the blues and for atmosphere, and he has obviously absorbed what has gone on around him in the course of a long career. Thus there are suggestions of Red Allen and Rex Stewart, as well as of later stylists, but the set is courageously imaginative in general. Sonny White, another, but younger, veteran, plays romping piano solos, and the young guitarist, Jerome Patterson, fits comfortably into the context established by his elders.
Robert Shaw: *Texas Barrelhouse Piano.* Shaw, piano and vocal. Almanac 10, mono only, $4.90. (Post free from Almanac, P.O. Box 7532, Houston, Texas, 77007.) Various Pianists: *Barrelhouse Blues and Stomps.* Speckled Red, Charlie Rasch, James Crutchfield, John Bentley, Henry Brown, Dink Johnson, Buster Wilson, piano. Euphonic ESR 1204, mono only, $5.00.	Annotator Mack McCormick defines Texas barrelhouse piano as "a tradition that stands . . . between country blues, ragtime piano, and early jazz . . . ." An authentic survivor, Shaw has lived most of his life in Texas (since 1908) without ever hearing of the "fast western" style of piano playing that book-writers, copying one from another, long claimed to have prevailed there. He is now a prosperous businessman who has preserved not only the barrelhouse repertoire of his past, but also the ability to present it with irresistible verve and charm. He plays traditional piano pieces like "The Fives" and "The Cows" convincingly. The Euphonic album features seven pianists whose techniques range from the primitive to the relative sophistication of ragtime. The most engaging performer is Dink Johnson, who sings and plays in a manner that instantly recalls his brother-in-law, Jelly Roll Morton. Anyone who falls under his spell should investigate Euphonic 1201 and 1202, on which he renders a further fourteen numbers.
Sonny Stitt: *The Matadors Meet the Bull.* Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Joe Newman, Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; J. J. Johnson, Urbie Green, trombone; Lockjaw Davis, tenor saxophone; George Berg, baritone saxophone; Billy Taylor, Junior Mance, piano; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Les Spann, Barry Galbraith, guitar; Eddie Safranski, Milt Hinton, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Joe Cuba, Tito Puente, timbales; Ray Barretto, conga. Roulette 25339, $3.79; stereo, S 25339, $4.79.	In the bull's role, the ubiquitous Stitt is less sympathetic than the many matadors who line up for the chance of a thrust. Lockjaw Davis and Joe Newman get two, most of the others only one. Perhaps the most successful feature of the well-recorded set is the way the organ is incorporated in arrangements written by Henry Glover and Fred Norman. Wild Bill Davis plays horn-like solos without his customary vibrato and gives the ensembles an attractive, crunchy texture. Of the two technically gifted trombonists, Green is the more expressive.
Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer: *Gingerbread Men.* Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn and vocal; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Hank Jones, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Dave Bailey, drums and vocal. Mainstream 56086, $3.98; stereo, S/6086, $4.98.	Terry's singing, heard on one track each side, is a curious extension of his playing. Although superficially dissimilar, it proves repeatedly to be a ribald development of the phrases he delivers with such dash on trumpet and flugelhorn. The strenuous humor sometimes suggests Louis Jordan's, but the first vocal chorus on "I Want a Little Girl" is sung in a more restrained manner, one which might profitably be exploited. Of his instrumental solos, the most significant are those on which he uses a mute, a device he has increasingly favored since leaving Duke Ellington. Brookmeyer contributes effective obbligati, and Hank Jones nearly steals the record with his beautifully executed solos and accompaniment. —STANLEY DANCE.

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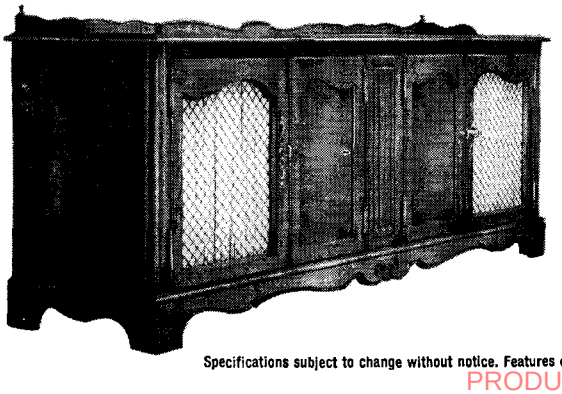

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The Problematic Mr. Shepp

ARCHIE SHEPP, tenor saxophonist, essayist, and playwright, has attracted a great deal of attention in the past couple of years. He is a man given to social polemics both in his own writing and in several interviews he has given. And at the same time that his statements reflect a kind of brash confidence in his own musical abilities, they have tended to be identified with: a) the problems of a young avant-garde musician trying to establish himself, b) the struggles of American Negroes in general, and c) the aims of Black Nationalism. Indeed there are times when Shepp seems to be saying, consciously or not, that his work represents the struggles of his people and anyone who doesn't like his music is a bigot.

The opinions of others have made him a winner in popularity polls, have declared him a musician of quick rhythmic originality, a player whose work is full of hard joy, and a bright musical satirist. I feel obliged to repeat those opinions here not only because I do not agree with them (or even understand them), but also because some of the music on his most recent LP release seems to me strikingly different from his previous recorded work.

My earlier account of him in this space, in a review of his LP *Four for 'Trane* (Impulse A/AS 71), said that most of us had first heard him as a companion to pianist and composer Cecil Taylor, and that at that point he was undertaking the difficult virtuoso manner of John Coltrane. But when Shepp began regular recording on his own a couple of years ago, he seemed more inclined toward the Sonny Rollins of that period, and was biting off, twisting, and spitting out each note with a kind of abrupt, staccato impatience, but without the redeeming sense of humor that can make the Sonny Rollins of almost any period an appealing musician.

There was, however, one piece on that early LP in which Shepp seemed to me to be making a music that was less self-conscious and more nearly his own, a piece wherein humor would be out of place, a piece called "Rufus" with the full title "Rufus Swung His Face at Last to the Wind, Then His Neck Snapped," an impressionist work about a lynching.

A lack of humor has seemed to me a frequent fault in Shepp's music. He has a piece named "Hambone," which he has recorded twice, first in his own album, *Fire Music* (Impulse A/AS 86), and later in a "live" version in the anthology *The New Wave in Jazz* (Impulse A/AS 90). The genesis of the title is interesting. Its direct reference is to a character portrayed on New York television by a man named Sandy Becker. Becker apparently intends "Hambone" as a parody of the kind of fast talking, loud-mouthed, pseudo-hip disc jockey who monopolizes the rock 'n' roll airwaves these days. For me Becker's "Hambone" actually comes out as an unconscious—but nevertheless deplorable—contemporary, blackface act. Shepp's second reference in his title is to the indigenous, down-home blues motifs on which rock 'n' roll feeds. Some profess to find Shepp's piece amiably satirical. I confess that I find it ineffectually solemn.

The rest of the *Fire Music* LP seems to me rife with emotional posturing. On Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss," a grinding saxophone vibrato, and a stretching of Ben Webster's modestly romantic ballad style, goes beyond bathos into an ugly, humorless burlesque of a sort which I feel sure was not intended. On the "Girl from Ipanema," Shepp undertakes a free exploration of some of the tune's melodic motives after the manner of Sonny Rollins. But Rollins, who has probably the finest sense of musical architectonics of any jazz saxophonist, can develop such explorations into fascinating musical tapestries. Shepp, by comparison, seems to be tossing around phrases. On the out-of-tempo "Malcolm, Malcolm—Semper Malcolm," about the late Malcolm X, a highly self-conscious, spoken introduction sets the tone for the rest, and on it and "Los Olvidados," Shepp offers what seems to me an earnest presentation of what he thinks (or knows) he ought to feel.

I have somewhat different feelings about the four Shepp selections in *New Thing at Newport* (Impulse A/AS 94), recorded at the 1965 Festival. In general, there is less over-arranging than in *Fire Music*—perhaps the smaller ensemble (a quartet at Newport as opposed to a sextet for most of the earlier LP) made a difference. A new version of "Rufus" seems to me inferior to the earlier one, and "Scag" offers a faintly pretentious setting for Shepp's recitation of some comments on drug addiction. But on an anguished "Le Matin des Noires" and a somewhat sentimental "Call Me By My Rightful Name" Shepp's saxophone cries seem genuine, if not quite musical enough.

—*Impulse Records.*

Archie Shepp—"talent and skill."

The emotional and musical climate on Shepp's most recent release, *On This Night* (Impulse A/AS 99), is quite different. It would not be enough to say that Shepp's work here is frequently more mature, for on this LP Archie Shepp for the first time seems to me vocationally a musician.

One piece included on the LP, however, "Gingerbread, Gingerbread Boy," is actually a holdover from the previous Newport recital, and it certainly sounds it. Billed as an evocation of childhood, the turbulent performance might have been more appropriate to adolescence. Somewhat similarly, "On This Night," sung by Christine Spencer, offers propaganda posing as an art song, and reminds one of the excesses of "proletariat literature" of the Thirties. (The piece also seems anything but black American in style.)

But in the Ellington ballad, "In a Sentimental Mood," Shepp is less inclined to force himself than previously, and on "The Mac Man," "The Original Mr. Sonny Boy Williams" (dedicated to the blues singer), and "The Pickaninny," both the writing and improvising are generally well paced, and Shepp seems able to make his statements, not because he thinks he ought to, but because they are there and he has the talent and skill to articulate them.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Pre-Christmas Recordings News, Reviews, Coverage: December 3, 10, 17.

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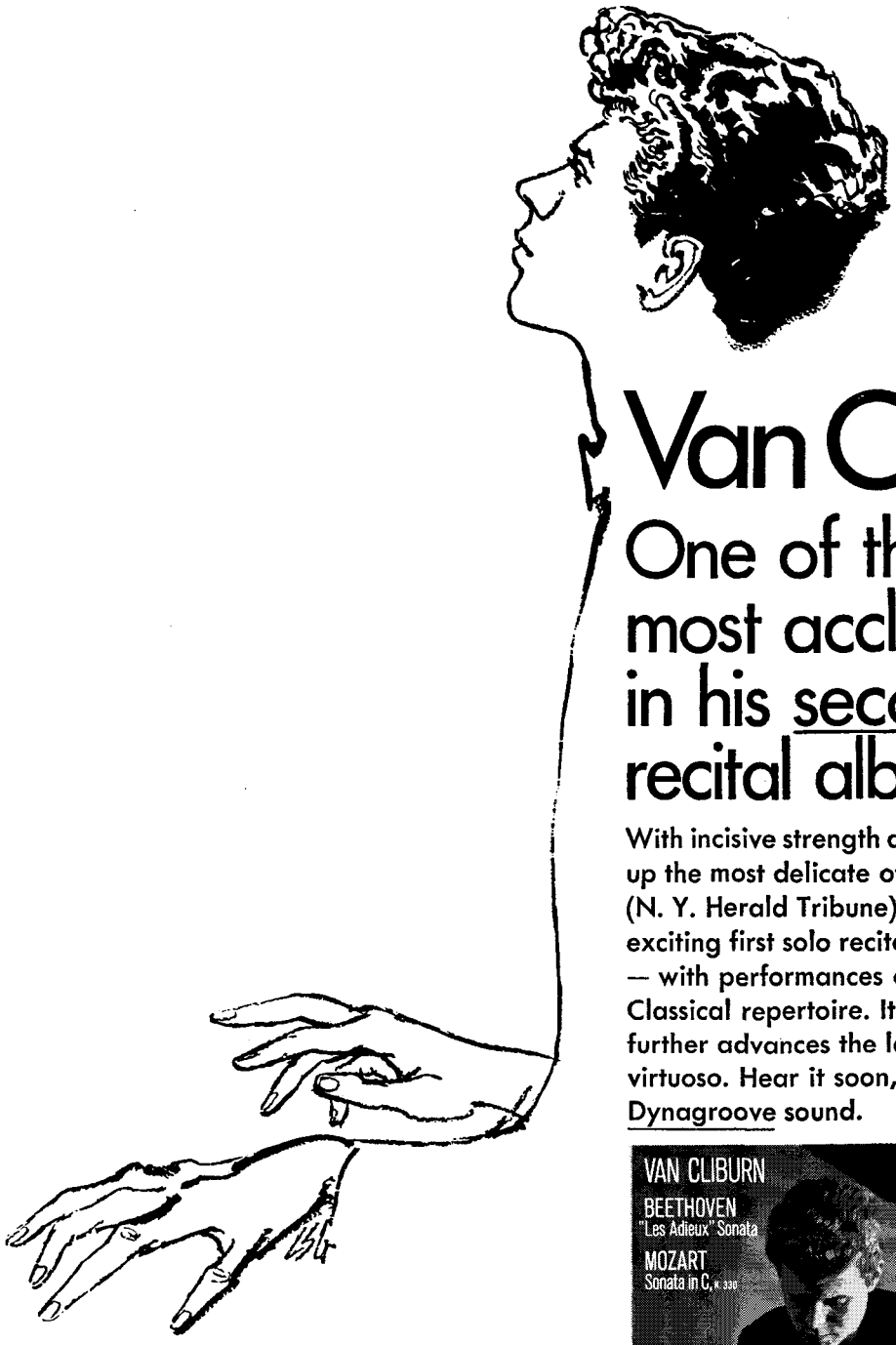

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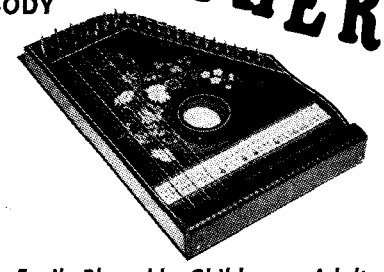

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 76

This is a characterization which stresses the human rather than the supernatural aspects of the role. This has its attractive moments, but it tends to downgrade the later transformation of the Empress from supernatural to human. However, she took a practiced place in the enduring ensemble of Irene Dalis (Amme), James King (Emperor), Christa Ludwig (Dyer's Wife) and Walter Berry (Barak), with which Karl Boehm does so much.

Violetta died twice on a recent evening in Lincoln Center, the consequence not of a malfunctioning curtain or other *contretemps*, but of the coincidence of performances of *La Traviata* in both the Metropolitan and the New York State Theater. Anna Moffo went to her heavenly reward some minutes before Patricia Brooks, a result not only of Georges Prêtre's often brisk tempi, but also of an earlier starting time. As between all the factors involved, one thing is clear: In Franco Patane, the City Opera Company has a conductor who is much more immersed in Verdi than the Metropolitan's Prêtre. He not only knows every note, memory clean, but what it signifies musically. In addition he subscribes to the sound tradition which contends that a work worth conducting at all is worth standing up to conduct.

Under his shaping hand, the trio of principals achieved everything within their gifts, and perhaps a little more. This took in not only the able Miss Brooks, but also her youthful associate, Jerry LoMonaco, who has a lovely lyric voice which should serve him well if he does not abuse it, and Dominic Cossa, who gave sound service to Germont. All profited from the intimacy of Robert Fletcher's setting, which reverted to an old custom in putting the second act indoors (the Met did it in the Forties) and invented a new one by putting the third act outdoors. Frank Corsaro's endeavor to make believable people of the performers was well related to the intimacy of the surroundings. He had a good idea in having Father Germont show Violetta a locket with the picture of the daughter he was singing about (in "Pura siccome un angelo"), a much less good one in having Alfredo return to Violetta's den to make a first-act curtain effect (after all the "Domanis" that had preceded!).

The voice of authority (instrumental variety) was heard in Philharmonic Hall during the week when Wilhelm Kempff joined the list of pianists who have played Beethoven's Third Concerto with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. As tends to be the case with the authoritarian, its voice was rather harsh, demanding acquiescence rather than inviting consent. Kempff has a master's awareness of the function of every note in this tonal panorama, but he tends to lecture on its structure rather than poetize about its substance. Leonard Bernstein gave him a host's consideration for a guest's idiosyncrasies, whether or not they were wholly agreeable to him. The evening-opening *Magic Flute* Overture of Mozart was followed by a movement from Shapero's Symphony for Classical Orchestra and Fine's Symphony (1962).

—Irving Kolodin.

AT CARNEGIE HALL on the *Elektra* Friday, the American Opera Society opened its fifteenth season of concert opera by repeating the potted, compromise version of Rossini's *Mosè* which it had presented in 1958. The earlier performance had provided the New York debut (and thus far only New York performance) of Boris Christoff as Mosè, which now was sung by his heir-presumptive and fellow Bulgarian, the impressive Nicolai Ghiaurov. With the conducting of Lamberto Gardelli and the superior chorus trained by Margaret Hillis, Ghiaurov lent the evening its only real distinction. Of the other eight soloists, only Aldo Bertocci (Elisero) and Chester Watson (Osiride and the Mysterious Voice) commanded both the voice and the style for Rossini. Rita Orlandi Malaspina, the Anaide, had the style but not the voice; Ruza Pospinov, the Sinaide, had the voice but not the style; Luigi Ottolini (Amenofi) and Amin Feres (Pharaoh) had not enough of either.

The program read: "Mosè—Melodramma Sacro—Libretto by Etiénne de Jouy" and divided the opera, sung in Italian, into three acts. In fact, Etiénne de Jouy's libretto was a collaboration with Luigi Balocchi, is in four acts, and is in French. It was a complete revision for the Paris Opéra (1827) of *Mosè in Egitto*, the three-act text for the original (Naples) version (1818). And *Moïse et Pharaon*, the only version in which Jouy had a hand, has seventeen numbers, includes extended ballet music, a choral march, and much else absent from this performance, which used only twelve numbers (one less than in 1958) and seemed to be *"Il Mosè Nuovo,"* an abridged retranslation (of *Moïse*) back into Italian. It represents neither Rossini's first thoughts (*Mosè in Egitto*) nor his superior second thoughts (*Moïse*), either of which stands as a stronger operatic unity. One could only wonder why, with such a prize as Ghiaurov in its grasp, the American Opera Society had not decided to offer Rossini's magnificent *Moïse* as he conceived it and had not surrounded its first-magnitude star with other singers whose distance from him would not have been so uncomfortably and constantly noticeable.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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(Dockstader)

Continued from page 87

squeek the treble; and if the concert should appear to be too feeble you may add the cracking of a crow, the howling of a dog, the squalling of a cat; and . . . the rubbing of a wet finger upon a window glass."

Water Music, Dockstader's kitchen *La Mer,* is made of the superimposed sounds of drops of water in the kitchen sink. This is indeed a drippy *tour de force. Drone,* an extended twelve-and-a-half-minute piece, begins with the single germinal sound of a racing car to which later are added the sounds of a guitar, since the car seemed to go only in circles. Both source sounds become transformed and varied, guitar glissandi approximating the Doppler effect of a passing motor. It is all most effectually handled and is quite evocative.

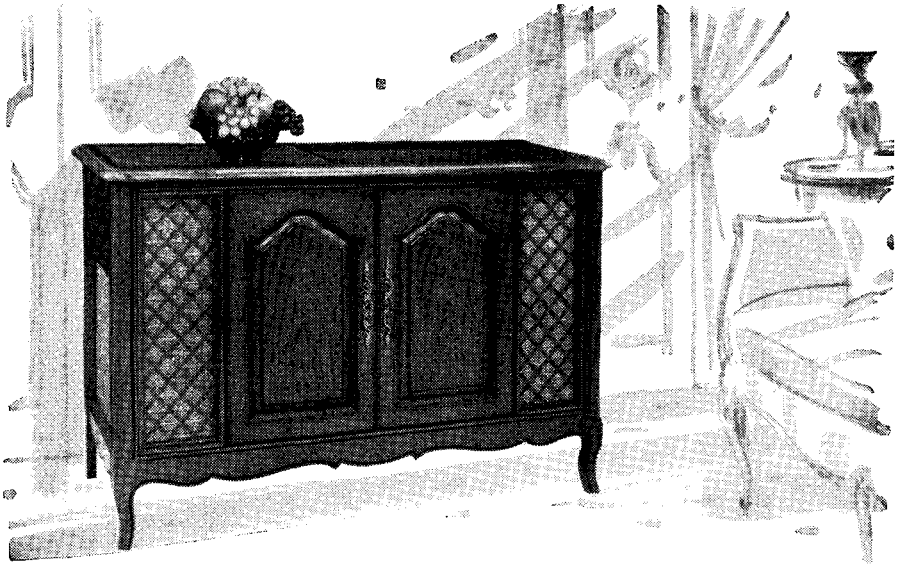
Quartermass, a fifty-minute work organized in 1964, is in five movements: "Song and Lament"; "Tango"; "Parade"; "Flight"; "Second Song." The name *Quartermass* comes from Bernard Quartermass, a creation of Nigel Kneale and the hero of such films as *The Creeping Unknown,* which I regret I have not so far encountered. Dockstader came across the name, liked it, and later felt it quite appropriate for his work. As a composer in this vein—with science-fiction as the background—Dockstader might make an impressive mark.

In an interview broadcast, Dockstader was asked whether his work is similar to an LSD experience: "Taking someone into a world where he doesn't know what's going to happen, he doesn't know what he's going to see, what he's going to feel—he doesn't know anything about it—and the whole point is to go into this world and see what it's like, and to be receptive to anything it has to offer."

"Yes," he answered, "that's what you've got to start to do; but then you've got to come out alive and you've got to come out *with* something. It isn't enough just to go into it, you've got to come back with something under control."

See what I mean?

—OLIVER DANIEL.



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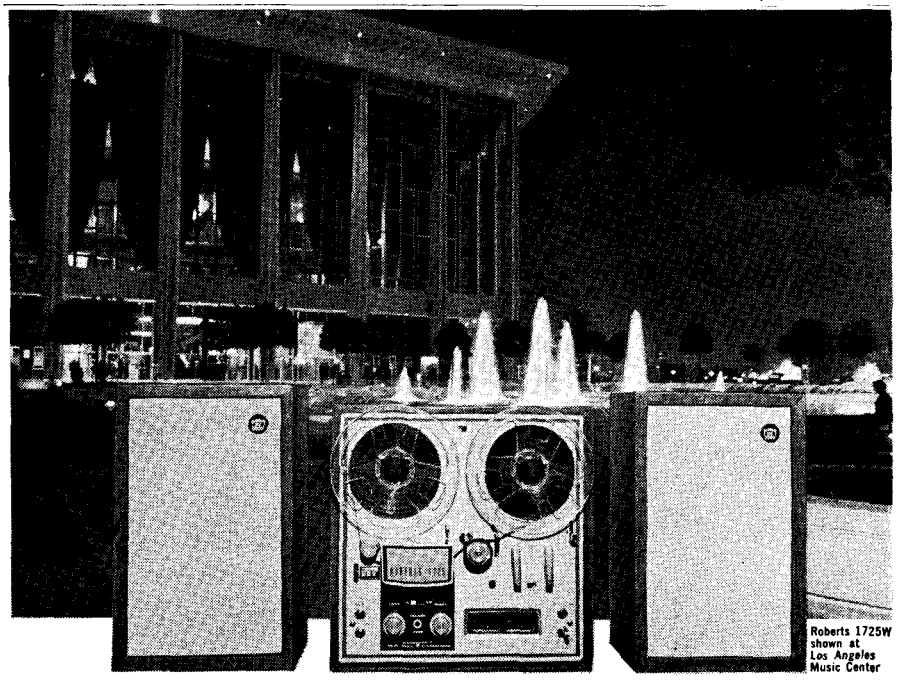

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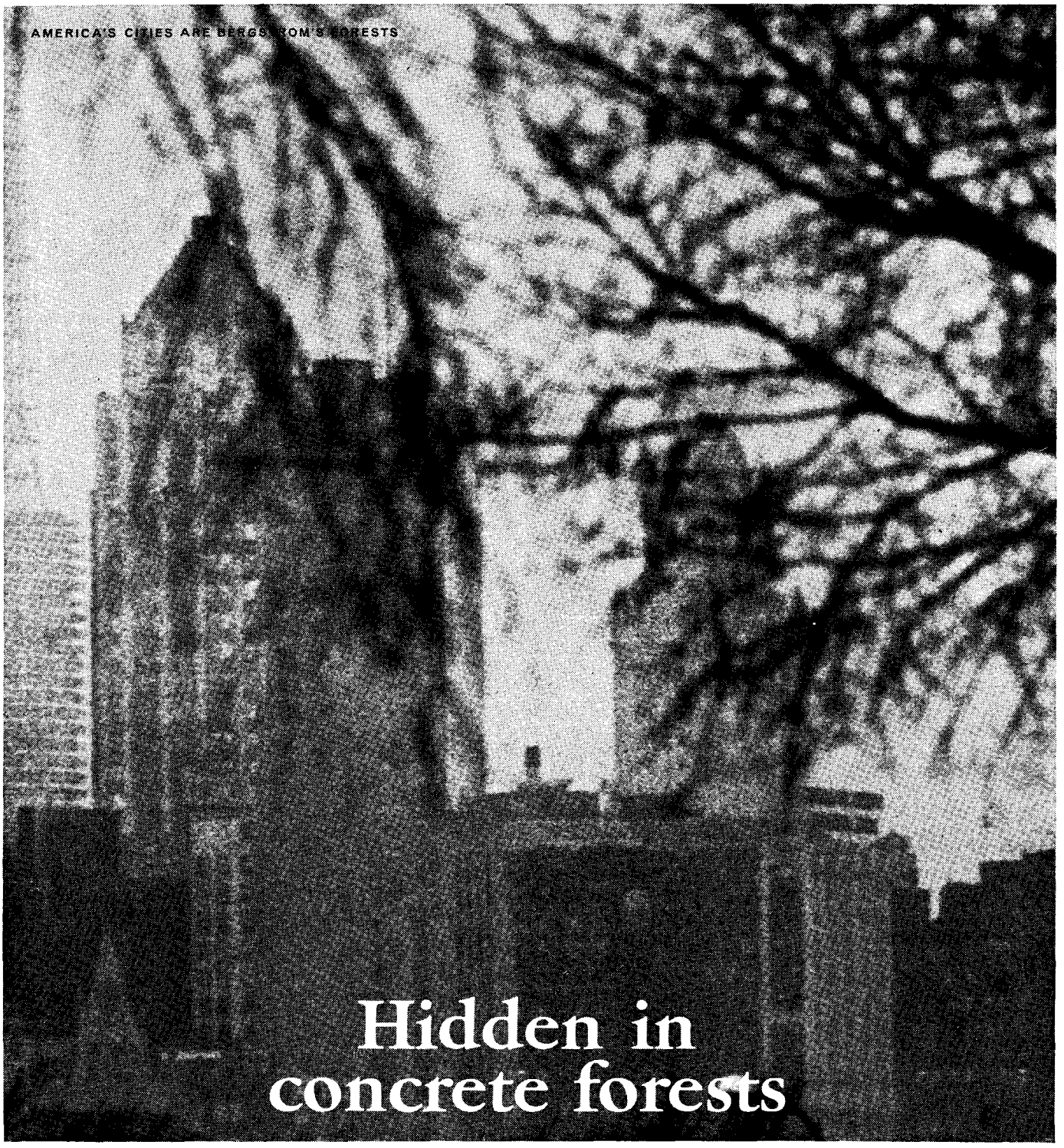

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Weather or Not

OUR OLD FRIENDS at the North American Newspaper Alliance have been asking again what TV viewers think, and this time they not only talk about weather broadcasting but suggest doing something about it. Based on the comments in Jack Boyle's now famous series, NANA readers have responded in favor, 89 per cent to 11 per cent, of the fullest possible presentation of meteorological information in preference to a brief official bulletin from the local weather bureau. Weather, Mr. Boyle reports, seems to be a subject of endless fascination, and when nine of ten viewers prefer lengthy weather exposition plus charts of barometric pressure, maps of warm and cold fronts, and up to five minutes of meteorological statistics and detail, the TV industry would be wise to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the latest preference survey.

The most irritating blunder in journalism is, for us, a newspaper or broadcast that treats its readers, viewers, or listeners as illiterates incapable of digesting the most absorbing and changeable of news—the daily weather story. New York's recently combined and freshly published *World Journal Tribune* is a case in point. No one on the editorial staff of this long-heralded standard-size evening paper in the largest city in America appears to give a tinker's dam about weather news. Weather stories are virtually nonexistent. The amount of space devoted to fundamental statistical matter about the weather is, in the *World Journal Tribune*, a pathetically small fraction of a column of high and low temperatures (not even precipitation) in a few scattered U. S. cities, accompanied by no weather map at all and none of the normal weather minutiae or records so fascinating to nine readers out of ten. Since the *World Journal Tribune* carries more than sixty features it may be hard-pressed for space, but no competent newspaper should be that tight. The neighboring Philadelphia *Bulletin*, also an evening paper, devotes column after column every day to the highs and lows, precipitation records, maps, averages, tables, and all the wonderful and constantly variable weather details most normal human beings are beguiled with. *The New York Times*, published in the same town as the new afternoon daily, provides its readers with several columns of daily meteorological statistics of substance and interest, plus distinctive weather maps and summaries, not to mention general news coverage.

To get back to TV weather shows, we have been fascinated to learn lately that the American Meteorological Society has been giving a few competent weathercasters the society's "Seal of Approval." From the society's headquarters in Boston we learn that the program began five years ago and has gradually raised the standards of weathercasting on TV and radio all over the United States. These seals are given only to people with professional meteorological training who use their proficiency for the public benefit. In only eight of the fifty states have Seals of Approval been granted to more than one station, and the great preponderance of seals have gone to broadcasters in the eastern half of the country.

The AMS feels that weather has an effect on every phase of life and upon each person; because of this, good weather forecasts have become

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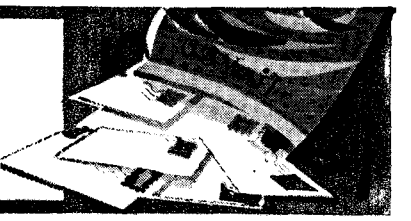
an important and much-desired service. D. Ray Booker, formerly of Penn State, adds: "Some stations use girls who play a ukulele or model clothes or use other devices while they give weather information. Others wear Arctic coats or raincoats, draw amusing cartoons, or squirt shaving cream on the map to dramatize the forecast. Non-meteorologists usually rely on a news ticker or similar means of obtaining some nontechnical weather information. This information is memorized or written on cue cards . . . accuracy and completeness are hampered by limited ability to comprehend this information and reproduce it while on the air. The actual presentation is often several hours after the forecast was made."

The professional weathercaster, on the other hand, usually prepares his own forecast from the latest data and this forecast is presented directly to the public rather than being filtered through interpretations of several people between the forecaster and his audience. There's less hedging in an up-to-date forecast by a professional and the information is usually more reliable. Professional weathercasters rely very little on novelties or gimmicks to hold audience interest. They simply use the natural interest value of daily weather phenomena. No qualified weathercaster is going to tell a TV audience precisely what the weather will be six months ahead. On the other hand, he will be careful to explain why he is forecasting as he is and he will always use a map of high-low weather lines, wind velocities, distant storms, cold and warm fronts, and all the other local and national patterns familiar to a professional meteorologist.

Our point is, of course, that nothing is as consistently fascinating, variable, unpredictable, and common to all as the day's weather and a hint of what will involve us tomorrow. No newspaper with inadequate weather coverage serves its readers, and we believe NANA's survey that nine out of ten Americans want more weather news, not less. To follow the average temperatures, the accumulated rainfall (or lack of it), the winds and precipitation of summer, fall, winter, and spring; to see how hot or cold it was yesterday in the home town we came from or are going to; to read the all-time lows and highs and means; to watch a great meteorological news story develop on the weather map is far too intriguing and important to brush off as if it didn't exist or had no effect on us all. In a way, weather is about the only news that is totally new every twenty-four hours whether you're six or sixty, and when many papers insist as they do on a front-page weather piece every day, we couldn't agree with them more.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Initial Letter

REGARDING TTSH ("The Television Sports Hoax") [*SR*, Oct. 8]: I thought MS (my son) and DIL (daughter-in-law) invented it.

It's so nice to have WST here and to know that TV coverage on CBS, NBC, and ABC is so very complete from HS games to GBP:

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GG (good grief), I'm going to communicate with small print from now on as you suggest is needed and leave this world of CAPS to the men in my family who think TV sports on ABC, CBS, and NBC are AOK even if it all is TTSH.

EVMcG.

Wayland, Mass.

Radio to the Rescue

RADIO is here to stay for a reason more important than R.L.T. mentioned in his editorial, "Why Radio Is Here to Stay" [*SR*, July 9], namely, that radio is serving the community with instant advice. Radio is rescuing people from the worries of the day. In time it may change the age of anxiety into the age of answers. The call-in programs come equipped with any expert you may need—doctor, dentist, lawyer, psychologist, marriage counselor, hair stylist, children's dentist, women's fashion counselor, men's fashion counselor, internal revenue agent, banker, etc. Callers express relief and gratitude at finally reaching their expert.

Since the need for advice has been demonstrated, and no other communications medium can provide the unique, personalized service of radio, producers have only to plan how to expand these programs. We need more experts to handle more phone calls to answer more questions to relieve people of making decisions. This community service should not be limited. Our goal should be twenty-four hours of instant advice!

MARY KLAUBA.

Chicago, Ill.

Golden Reading

L. L. L. GOLDEN'S column, "Blocking off the Press," [PUBLIC RELATIONS, *SR*, Sept. 10] should be must reading for all business leaders and their PR image-makers. In this day of extensive in-depth reporting in the newspaper, magazine, and radio-TV media, it is almost foolhardy to try to deceive the public. Today's business newsmen are a highly educated breed and if they sniff something wrong about a company there's usually a fire going on somewhere. We've seen a lot of cases recently where it would have been better for the PR men to come clean. One sterling example is the safety ruckus in the auto industry, where errors in engineering, most of them minor, were ballooned into a national scandal. Thanks to *SR* for letting Mr. Golden speak.

VICTOR S. LUKE,
Assistant Manager,
H&D Division,
West Virginia Pulp and Paper.

New York, N.Y.

I AM COMPELLED to drop you a note to tell you what an excellent column Lou Golden wrote about the relationships between business and government ["After the Honeymoon," *SR*, Oct. 8]. It is, I believe, the best exposition that I have seen of the desirability of an understanding relationship and of a cooperative attitude both ways. I know Lou quite well, and I can tell you from my twenty-three years' experience with Du Pont that you've got, for your monthly column on public relations, the most sophisticated and understanding writer on that subject.

HAROLD BRAYMAN.

Wilmington, Del.

Washington Invitation

I READ with great interest Arthur Knight's thoughtful article, "Why We Need a Film Institute" [*SR*, Aug. 13], and fully agree with him on the basic issues he raises. The article's brief reference to the motion-picture collection of the Library of Congress, however, leaves the impression that our vaults are a vast tomb. It is quite true that the Library does not screen for the general public any motion pictures which are under copyright or other restriction for reasons correctly stated by Mr. Knight. But all films in our collection—more than 80,000 reels—may be seen on viewing machines by researchers. . . . Please let your readers know that our Motion Picture Section is a lively place and that we welcome anyone engaged in research.

EDGAR BREITENBACH,
Chief, Prints and Photographs Division,
The Library of Congress.

Washington, D.C.

Papers From Home

M. C. BLACKMAN'S article, "News From Home," [*SR*, Oct. 8] brings to mind how much better the stranger is treated in communities west of the Hudson, where hotels show concern and initiative in stocking their stands with a variety of out-of-town publications. Except in a few of New York's larger hostelries, where Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia papers are briefly in evidence before the pitifully limited supply

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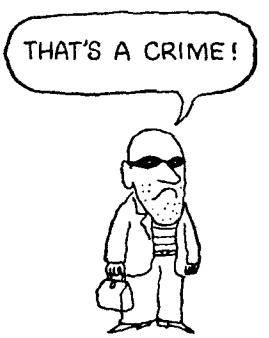
A new communications network gives police the jump on fast-moving fugitives



It takes a suspect 85 hours to drive, and nearly six to fly, from New York to Los Angeles. California is ready and waiting for him just four minutes after he starts.

Reason? A fully automatic teletypewriter network just completed by the Bell System to provide better communications for law enforcement agencies from coast to coast.

The new national service, known as Law Enforcement Teletypewriter Service or LETS, cuts from days to minutes the time required to transmit criminal descriptions, license checks, bulletins and other vital police data.

The Bell System is also working on other service improvements to help combat crime and protect the public.

The reason is simple enough. We have an obligation to keep providing the best communications possible—for law enforcement or for you and your family at home.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

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is snatched up, the reading hunger for back-home news on the part of the guest seems a matter of indifference to his host. Let the poor fellow trudge down to Times Square—or do without—appears to be the prevailing sentiment.

Other cities provide street stalls at several locations, most of which display a wide selection. That this is true in Chicago is perhaps less surprising than in smaller communities, such as Seattle. During a week's visit to that city's World's Fair in 1962, I was impressed by the close proximity of such stands wherever, as a sightseer, I happened to be. Did anyone have the resourcefulness to provide out-of-town papers in the vicinity of Flushing Meadow? Maybe Gotham really could qualify as "Fun City" if it showed an increased willingness to please the sojourner. Certainly a lot more could be done to make it more convenient for him to keep in touch with developments in his own region.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Other Racial Gaps

I CAN CONFIRM from experience all of Alfred Balk's observations in his article, "The Racial News Gap" [*SR*, Aug. 13]. The Teaneck Fair Housing organization has been struggling for the past two years to prevent the buildup of an all-Negro ghetto in one section of our town by attempting to induce white buyers into this area. We have achieved a good measure of success in so doing, but all our efforts at interesting the major news publications in our story have been without results. I am convinced that the information industry does not consider progress in racial matters newsworthy enough to warrant even the most cursory mention in its publications.

D. W. ROGERS,
Teaneck Fair Housing Committee.
Teaneck, N.J.

THREE CHEERS for Alfred Balk's article, "The Racial News Gap." Although he dealt mainly with the Negro's plight in this respect, he obviously is aware that this is also true of other minority groups.

I am a Puerto Rican and an executive secretary for one of our nation's top news magazines. There are hundreds more like myself who hold down important responsible jobs and are not at all the way most people picture Puerto Ricans to be. Who ever hears of how many Puerto Ricans own their own homes, businesses, go to college (for it is through education that one moves forward and can overcome the obstacles of prejudice and ignorance)? This imbalance of news reporting has given many people the wrong image of most Puerto Ricans. They do not realize that most of us are just like average Americans—living and working like them.

Another thing that the press is guilty of is grouping all Spanish-speaking people as Puerto Ricans. When riots recently broke out in New Jersey, the press said, "Puerto Ricans." I wonder how many Cubans, Dominicans, and other Latin American individuals were also involved. I hope the press will become aware of this gap and do its job to fill it. I am glad that someone has had the perspective to speak up and write about this subject. My thanks again to Alfred Balk.

M. A. R.
New York, N.Y.

Like, As, Slow, Slowly, Etc.

THANKS TO EVERYBODY who claims "slow" and "slowly" mean the same thing; I always forget to use the latter. But here in Michigan, particularly in construction of public projects, e.g., highways, there could well be warning signs, SLOW MEN WORKING SLOWLY. In such usage the words would not be synonymous, would they?

However, may I respectfully call your attention to another word—*myself*—whose incorrect usage far out-balances its correct one, and whose deletion from our language would not even be missed: "John and myself are going"; "John and myself were invited," etc. The only correct use is for emphasis and is weak-kneed at that: "I, myself, think it's a good plan," or "I think it's a good plan, myself." In each case the speaker says what his opinion is. How much does "himself" add to the strength of his stated opinion?

WILLIAM H. FRANKHAUSER.
Coldwater, Mich.

PERHAPS HUMPTY DUMPTY should have the last word in your entertaining dialogue about *like*, a word that the William Esty Agency used in an unusual way in writing about Winston cigarettes. Alice questioned whether you can make a word mean so many things. Humpty Dumpty said, "The question is which is to be the master. . . ." Anyway *like* sold more cigarettes, which was the aim.

My pet distaste in the use of a word where its meaning is confused is in that of *and* for *to*. George says, "I'll try *and* go to church next Sunday." What he really means is that he will try *to* go if it is not a good golfing day, but otherwise he has an out (if this last word is good English). If the general use of *and* in this context is accepted, I shall try to conclude that *and* has mastered *to*.

HARRIET L. KUTCHIN.
Green Lake, Wis.

YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED one obvious reason for ungrammatical Winston ads: *like*, to find pleasure or satisfaction, is a supra-liminal psychological prod, placed with expert precision to obtain a specific result—namely, a positive orientation to the product.

REBECCA K. SHEPHARD.
Washington, D.C.

AVILA is a wee village and we have no purist pretensions. I just despise that Winston advertising, and your piece gave me a chance to get it off my chest. But we all have to learn, and I am among those eager to do so.

Is Hebert right? [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, July 9.] Nobody in the village thinks so. If he is right I'll send him a thank-you note. Webster defines the noun *reproach* as "a source of shame, disgrace, or blame" (2) "a shame, disgrace . . . incurred"; "an object of scorn."

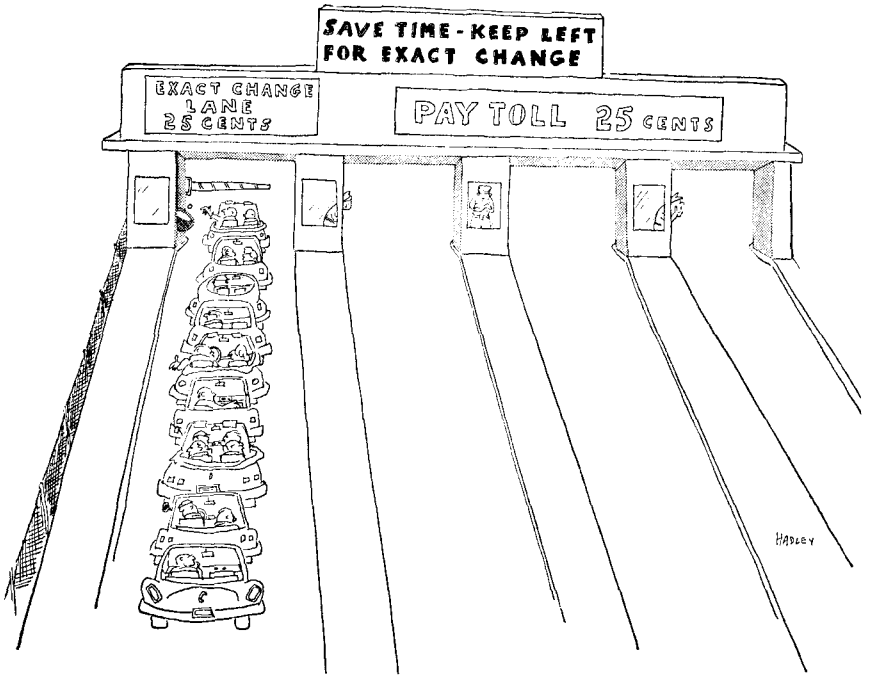
What I intended to convey was my idea that the Winston advertising was an abiding object of scorn—a cause of shame to its creator. I don't find a damned thing in Webster or Fowler that says or implies that I had anything to do with debasing the language. But if I am wrong please tell me that by using *reproach*—it brings in my personal involvement. If my note embarrassed you please forgive me. I still think you should do another article on that horrible *real good*.

I think Hebert is wrong and that he is merely the spokesman for that singing-commercial culture from which de Gaulle is doing his best to dissociate. The whole world should throw stones at the distasteful radio-television advertising which Madison Avenue inflicts upon us.

ROBERT V. HALSEY.
Avila Beach, Cal.

PLEASE TELL Eugene E. Hebert, assistant director of editorials, WCBS-TV, to go fly a kite. Thank you.

ELIZABETH W. ZERN.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



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Scotch for people who know the difference.

Light but not empty.
Smooth without being an oversimplification.
This is the definitive Scotch.
Expressly created for the true Scotch buff
who knows that good taste never goes out of style.
That "Black & White" is the one you stay with.
TONIGHT, "BLACK & WHITE."

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

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Mark Mullen has business in Los Angeles He's attending a 2-day conference on "Plastics and the Industrial Market."

Mark's wife and daughter have business in Los Angele too. But they won't be attending the 2-day conference on "Plastics and the Industrial Market." (In fact they'll be lucky if they see all of "Disneyland" in 2 days.)

Smart man, that Mark Mullen.

His family is going to discover quite a bit of America on this business trip. And for very little money.

The Mullen clan is flying on United Air Lines' Family Plan. (One-third off Coach fare for Mrs. Mullen. Two-thirds off for Mark's daughter.)

Besides, he charged all three fares with United's new Personal Travel Credit Card. (You can get one, too.)

Next time you take a business trip, think about taking your family along.

Don't let the Mullen family have all the fun.

"If they cut the conference short, do they call it plastic surgery?"

fly the friendly skies of United.

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Two Seminars in Understanding

By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

IN PLACES as geographically diverse as a country house in Scotland and a busy commercial corner in Wales, two experiments in bettering international understanding through the communications media are taking place. Both enterprises are creations of the Thomson Foundation, a part of the world-wide publishing organization owned by Roy Thomson (Lord Thomson of Fleet), who, in barely a quarter-century, has risen from obscurity to his present status as the world's largest owner of communications media. [See "The Amazing Communications World of Roy Thomson," *SR*, Oct. 9, 1965.]

Lord Thomson believes in helping other countries—particularly those in Africa, Asia, and South America—to improve their information facilities, both print and electronic, primarily because it is good business but also because he thinks that education is the best hope of solving the world's problems, and the mass media present the quickest means of offering it. Because of this belief, three years ago, the foundation which he set up with £5,000,000 started two training schools, one in television and one in newspaper work, for students from Asia, Africa, and South America. Both schools have proved immensely successful, and experts from other countries are studying them closely.

Oddly enough, the modern technology of television is taught in a romantic-looking, gray-sided mansion known as Kirkhill House, which rises in Victorian Gothic gloominess from the rolling lawns of a once-private estate. In this main building are offices and lecture, recreation, and dining rooms. In the rear are modern annexes: an attractive two-story brick dormitory and another building which houses the studios and technical facilities. Presiding over this establishment as principal of the Television Training College is Guy Bloomer, who went from the London theater, where he was a manager and director, to Associated-Rediffusion Television, and then to Westward Television, where he became executive controller. It is Bloomer's task, which he performs with considerable skill and charm, to screen scores of applicants and to select the twenty or so students who will be given an intensive sixteen weeks of training.

Courses are given twice a year beginning in the fall and the spring. They are open to both men and women, but the classes are predominantly male. The foundation provides food, accommodations, and a small cash allowance; fares to and from Britain are paid out of Technical Aid funds where that is possible. All the students are reasonably proficient in English, and all have had professional experience.

Kirkhill House provides the best in professional talent and equipment. Early in the term, the engineering trainees start to build their own demonstration and test equipment, while the production people organize a working studio crew. These forces merge at intervals to put on shows which are often of excellent professional caliber. These productions are tape-recorded and then played back to be picked apart and analyzed by staff and faculty together, with emphasis on the necessity for close cooperation between production and engineering. A keystone of the program is Bloomer's insistence that during the term every member be given an opportunity to work at as many jobs as possible. This is especially important to students who come from countries where staff shortages are chronic and not likely to be relieved soon.

On the faculty are men such as Gerry le Grove, an ex-BBC and Scottish Television director, production manager, and producer; Jim McIntyre, an expert in the design and development of electronic instruments; Tim Heffernan, an engineer of wide experience who has had much to do with the technical planning of small station operations in the Middle East, North Africa, and the Caribbean; and William Kirkwood, a former Glasgow BBC servicer of studio apparatus.

Visitors from abroad are usually surprised by the advanced state of television in Scotland, especially in the educational field; the Glasgow Education Authority was the first to provide direct teaching by television for its more than 300 schools by means of seven coaxial cables running into the school districts from specially equipped studios in the city's center. Nearby, the Teacher Training College of Jordanhill, the largest of its kind in Britain, is about to begin using a closed circuit system, and the new red-brick University of Strathclyde is already in business with a television training program.

And all this, one might add, in a city that has a well-deserved reputation as one of the roughest, toughest communities in the Western world—a place that exudes violence, Scottish friendliness, and excellent malt whisky in about equal quantities. It is quite possible to be drunk, charmed, educated, and beaten up in Glasgow within the same week, or even the same day.

IN an entirely different setting is the Editorial Study Centre, which at present inhabits modest and somewhat overcrowded quarters in a corner of an office building on a busy corner of downtown Cardiff, Wales. The Centre could have had a place in the country, too, but its Director of Studies, a native Welshman of extraordinary ability and dynamism, Donald Rowlands, had other ideas. A veteran newspaperman who resigned his job as editor of the Cardiff *Western Mail* (Lord Thomson's progressive morning paper in that city), he saw the newspaper as a valuable working laboratory and established the school next door. Its students, along with student doctors and nurses from abroad, live in International House, a modern brick-and-glass structure in Penarth, a seaside suburb of Cardiff.

Rowland's students are chosen the way Bloomer's are, and have substantially the same backgrounds. This year's class members, however, are older—a few are in their forties—and in their own countries occupy, for the most part, relatively important editorial executive posts. The present class is entirely male, but a few girls have appeared in previous courses.

The faculty at the Centre is smaller than the College's but no less professional. Rowlands, who plays a leading role as teacher as well as administrator, came to the Centre with a long experience in editorial production control. His chief assistant, Tony Crook, is an ex-*Daily Mail* man who was also once a schoolteacher, and has developed experimental techniques for training young journalists. John Cardownie, the third man, has a background which includes Reuters and major newspapers and magazines. The Centre draws on the staffs of the *Western Mail* and its evening companion, the South Wales *Echo*, which turn out more than 250,000 copies a day from a new and splendidly equipped plant. Students not only see the staffs of these papers in action, but listen to specialists and department

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heads who come next door to sit down and discuss their work. Newspapermen from London and elsewhere also lecture.

The curriculum is solidly professional, encompassing every aspect of newspaper operation in a series of workshops. Not the least valuable in these sessions is the opportunity students have to compare techniques and learn from one another. Later in the course they lay out experimental pages, evaluate news on a comparative basis, prepare picture pages, and eventually produce a newspaper that, not surprisingly, turns out to be highly professional.

The purpose is to give potential top executives and senior specialists, who are often only one stratum removed from these positions, an opportunity to see how newspapers are produced under what could be described as ideal conditions and to study the British press at firsthand. Even though they are already experienced and many of them are in responsible positions, they learn better ways of running a newsroom, faster methods of getting the news and more effective ways of displaying it, more efficient methods of handling copy, and, as in Glasgow, the importance of close cooperation between departments.

These are, it must be said, students of a sophistication far beyond the ordinary. Some of them have studied at American schools, and many have sampled education and working conditions in several parts of the world. A visitor is struck by their background knowledge of international journalism—the technical differences which exist among newspapers of various countries, and the political and social histories of nations. Like students everywhere, they are ready to argue. Opening sessions, before the specialized work begins, often explode in hammer-and-tongs discussions of such fundamental ideas as the responsibility of newspaper managements and of reporters—not in cosmic terms, it must be added, but in the day-to-day operation of newspapers. The problems of evaluating news from Vietnam in a country that gets its reports from several different national sources; the question of when a nation's security is really endangered by what a newspaper prints; the subtle censorships which exist beyond the direct intervention of government—these are all inclined to provoke lively arguments which spill over into the coffee breaks and luncheons.

Everywhere in the British Isles these days, and in many countries of Europe, one finds a growing awareness of the importance of educating newspapermen in new techniques and responsibilities. The emphasis so far has been on the training of working newspapermen, but in England it will soon be enlarged to include university programs, a move resisted until now both by the press and the universities themselves.

Today there is a developing movement in professional journalism education of a kind Britain and the Continent have not seen before. In France, the Netherlands, Belgium, West Germany, Switzerland, and Italy there are programs either in action or in prospect. Part of this ferment stems from the need, never felt before, to attract new talent into the profession, but even more it seems to result from a feeling that newspapers and television play such an important part in the affairs of nations that they deserve the kind of attention that is customary in the sciences.

LORD THOMSON'S acquisition of the *Times* of London, announced on October 1, ended the speculation in Fleet Street about what would become of The Thunderer, which was widely believed to be faltering financially, although its proprietors denied it.

The move left several other questions unanswered, however. It put the *Observer* in what some considered a peculiar position, and it raised the question of monopoly, resulting in appointment of a special government commission to make a recommendation.

Certainly the merger—which the *Times,* with characteristic independence, referred to as simply the formation of a new company—was one of the best-kept secrets of this journalistic era. The wiseacres of Fleet Street had been predicting for months that what was in the wind was a merger of the *Times* and the *Observer.* Lord Thomson had thrown everybody off the track by asserting in a widely quoted interview in September that he believed the future of newspapering in England lay in the afternoon daily, and soon afterward announced that he was starting two new ones in regions not far from London.

Only a week before the merger announcement, this correspondent confronted Sir William Haley, editor of the *Times* and now chairman of the board of the new company, with the speculation about the paper's future, and Sir William, smiling gently over his teacup, denied with the formidable dignity which characterizes his position as dean of British journalism that the *Times* would do anything but roll majestically toward whatever end was ordained for it. And on the day the merger was announced, a private and friendly luncheon with high officers of the Thomson organization failed to produce even a hint of what was happening. Lord Thomson himself sent regrets that he could not renew our acquaintance that day; he could not break off from business. He did not mention that the business was buying into one of the world's great papers.

"Buying into" is really the proper phrase, because the deal has been cleverly and uniquely constructed to preserve the independence of the *Times,* notwithstanding the fact that Lord Thomson has never been known to interfere with the editorial integrity of his papers. Both the Thomson organization and the former management of the *Times* are represented equally on the new board, and the division in other respects is fifty-fifty, although Denis Hamilton, who is editor of the *Sunday Times* (which already was controlled by Lord Thomson), also will serve as editor of the *Times* (subject to approval by government's Monopolies Commission).

The *Observer,* also described as faltering but emphatically denying that it is in trouble (in truth, there is little evidence that it is), is printed in the *Times*'s new, modern publishing plant, where it will now lie cheek-by-jowl, in a sense, with its Sunday rival. Rivalry between Sunday newspapers in America is almost nonexistent, but is often lively among London's national papers. Will Gimbel's tell Macy's? No one knows. Will the Astor publisher cousins—Gavin of the *Times* and David of the *Observer*—continue to coexist amicably on the newspaper scene? Tune in next year.

Meanwhile, Lord Thomson of Fleet Street, who is sometimes regarded with elegant disdain as a Johnny-come-lately by the older members of the Fleet Street Establishment, has virtually completed a journalistic grand slam. In the United Kingdom division of his world-wide empire, he now owns the two English papers of greatest distinction, in a daily-and-Sunday combination, and he also owns two of the three leading dailies in the provincial capitals of the U.K.—that is, the *Scotsman,* in Edinburgh, and the *Western Mail,* in Cardiff, Wales. There remains only the *Irish Times,* of Dublin; he already owns the afternoon Belfast *Telegraph.* In Dublin, the speculation is current that the *Irish Times* will, sooner or later, be another gem in the Thomson diadem. In a city where rumor is far cheaper than oysters, this may be only saloon talk, of which there is a great deal. All hands deny it, of course. But then, all hands are rapidly learning not to underestimate Lord Thomson.

—J.T.

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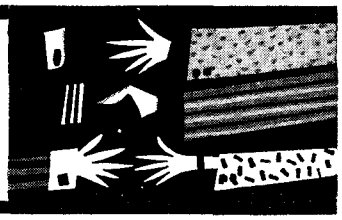
Public Relations



Then He Wrote a Book

TWO MONTHS AGO newspapers carried pictures of President Johnson shaking hands with Ralph Nader, the author of *Unsafe At Any Speed*. The event followed the President's signing of legislation requiring automobile manufacturers to build safer cars. It was a hard lesson to those corporate public relations directors who have a tendency to shrug off what authors think, or do, or write. But it was not the only warning in the past few years of the influence book writers may have. Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* had a marked effect on the funeral business. Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, which attacked the chemical industry, and the several books on the business practices of the pharmaceutical manufacturers all have brought changes.

But there is a sharp difference between these books and those of the muckrakers who flourished at the beginning of this century [see "Where Are Today's Muckrakers?" SR, July 9]. Powerful authors as they were, they sought more than changes in business methods. Many of those writers—whose influence business historians do not underestimate —were opposed to the economic system itself.

In contrast, the present breed of muckrakers, if that term can properly be applied, has more limited aims. The reason is that now business operates in a different era, and the public refuses to believe that, on the whole, the actions of today's businessmen are deliberately designed to work against the public interest. Business today is cleaner; its standards of conduct are much higher than they were at the beginning of the Theodore Roosevelt age and certainly far ahead of those in the post-Civil War days. The old muckraker types are fewer today and have less of an impact because there is much less to criticize.

The responsible heads of big business today are well aware of the overriding strength of public opinion, and rare are the corporate decisions that do not take into account many factors in addition to profit-making. Still, writers who have a cause and who document their charges can have an enormous influence with the public, particularly if the authors' views coincide with the public's thinking at the time.

But a novel can have a far-reaching effect as well. Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, for example, in many ways had a larger direct effect on a single industry, meat-packing, than almost any of the nonfiction works had on their subjects of attack. Read today, it is an odd, overblown, overemotional novel. There is no doubt, however, as to the effect it had. Without it, it is very possible that the meat inspection laws might not have been passed by Congress until many years later.

The novel had an interesting origin. According to the second volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, a socialist periodical, *The Appeal to Reason*, gave Sinclair $500, on which he lived for seven weeks among the stockyard workers in Chicago. He did not work in the packinghouses. He did not interview management, as many of the muckrakers did. And he wrote the novel, not solely to expose unsanitary conditions in the packinghouses, but also as an attack on capitalism and an appeal for socialism. It was dedicated to "The Workingmen of America."

"What *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for the black slaves, *The Jungle* has a large chance to do for the white slaves today," Sinclair's friend and fellow socialist, Jack London, said at the time. He also predicted that, because it was so strong a protest against "wage slavery," the book would encounter a "conspiracy of silence."

THE book was rejected by five publishers. But Sinclair published it himself, and in February 1906, Doubleday, Page & Company also published it. It then became the nation's best-selling book for a year, and was translated into seventeen languages.

The story of a Lithuanian immigrant in the stockyards in Chicago, which Sinclair called "Packingtown," did not bring socialism. But readers were hit in the stomach by the descriptions of filthy conditions in the packing plants. The impact also was felt by President Theodore Roosevelt and Congress, which had previously refused to pass the meat inspection laws the President had demanded. The packing industry, meanwhile, was shortsighted. Because of its fear of regulation it fought the legislation and the novel until Roosevelt, to make his point, released official studies which exposed the shockingly unsanitary conditions in the packing plants so thoroughly that no legislator could stand up against government inspection for meat for domestic consumption. (Inspection for the export of meat had been in force since 1890.) Had the packing industry not fought so hard against the meat inspection law, the public would never have seen the officially documented facts of filthy conditions in packing plants. On July 1, 1906—only five months after the publication of *The Jungle*—the federal inspection law was passed.

There are important lessons here for today's public relations men. The packers did not realize the advantages to the industry of government inspection, for the imprint of the government inspector on the meat was an assurance to the public that it was fit to eat. No amount of promotion by the meat-packers could take the place of the seal of a government inspector. Thus a meat inspection law could be one of the hopes of an industry under attack and not a handicap.

How shortsighted the packing industry was is made clear in this one paragraph from Henry F. Pringle's *Theodore Roosevelt*:

> The folly of the packers was endless. Thomas E. Wilson, of the Nelson Morris Company said that his plant was "as clean as any kitchen." He was confident that Reynolds and Neill [two examiners appointed by the President], being men of "fine sensibilities," had been shocked into gross inaccuracies by the mere sight of blood. Then the President let it be known that this was only a "preliminary report," and that additional facts might be published unless the packers told their agents in the House that the bill should be passed. At the same time it appeared probable that the export trade in American meat would suffer. This economic argument, added to Roosevelt's threats of additional exposures, brought passage of the inspection bill on July 1, 1906.

Any boxing instructor will gladly tell a novice that it is better to roll with the punch than to stand up straight and get his head knocked off. Good public relations men understand this and do not attempt to fly in the face of legislation when the public believes it is in its interest and when, as in so many cases, the legislation is intended to do the job that the industry has failed to do itself.

No single book is likely to have the influence today that *The Jungle* did in its day because management and business have come a long, long way since the days when Roosevelt could speak of them as the "malefactors of great wealth." Yet, in the very much narrower area of necessary reform of business practice, a lonely author, working on a cause, without big research teams, can bring amazing results.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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The War of the Paris Editions

By WALTER B. KERR

ESCALATION of conflict, though relatively new in Vietnam, is a venerable practice in the marketplace, and nowhere, perhaps, is this more true than in the newspaper business. In its time, it was as fiercely competitive as any business in the country. Today, as more and more people are coming to realize, the newspaper business has settled down. It has fought its wars, had its victories, defeats, and peace settlements. For the survivors, escalation paid off; for the defeated, it has meant silenced presses or a meek walk to the conference table.

And now that the smoke of battle is drifting from the field, we find to our astonishment that only thirteen towns and cities in all the United States—only thirteen of the 1,466 where daily papers are published—have morning or afternoon competition of the kind we had in the old days, when rival dailies were coming out at the same hour and running scared in the fight for the favor of readers and advertisers alike. All the others are either one-paper towns or two-paper cities with one paper printed in the morning and the other in the afternoon. To sharpen the picture, almost all the two-paper cities have but one publisher, who has a lock on the market, or two who operate pretty much as one under odd arrangements that are known to the trade as "agency agreements"—which are nothing less than deals between a morning and an afternoon publisher whereby in one way or another expenses are shared and the profits divided.

Under the circumstances, it is a curious and significant fact that there is a fourteenth town where American papers compete all the way, and it is not in the United States but in France, 3,000 miles away. In Paris the New York *Herald Tribune's* European edition, entering its eightieth year, is deeply engaged in an escalating struggle with the international edition of *The New York Times,* which was launched six years ago this October. Both are morning papers. Both circulate throughout western Europe and beyond. Both sell advertising to American and European companies and governments that do business in the international marketplace.

J. H. Whitney's *Herald Tribune* no longer exists in New York, except faintly as part of the new *World Journal Tribune* combine, but his Paris edition is very much alive and about to acquire added strength as a result of the purchase this summer by the Washington Post Company of 45 per cent of the stock. And recently Mr. Whitney added muscle to his Paris staff. He sent Robert H. MacDonald, who had been executive vice president of his New York paper, to the *Herald Tribune-Post* as publisher; and Murray H. Weiss, his former executive editor, as editor. The *Times* countered by sending Sydney Gruson, its New York foreign editor, to be editor and chief executive officer of its Paris edition. The nominations suggest that the New York battle, which the *Times* won, has been transferred to Paris, where the *Herald Tribune* is on more solid ground. There, where both papers are losing money (the *Times* far more than the *Herald Tribune*), the *Herald Tribune* or *Herald Tribune-Post* (we might as well get used to the name) leads in advertising revenue and circulation, the *Times* in advertising linage.

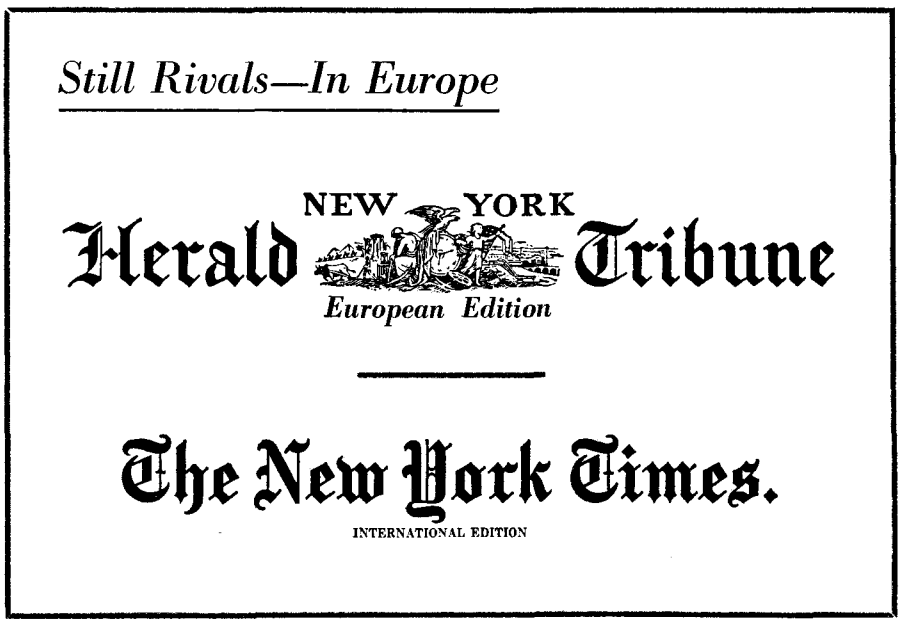
This far-off newspaper war between rival American publishers began in the summer of 1960, when the *Times,* which had been printing a small, inexpensive edition in Amsterdam from mats flown from New York, decided to print in Paris. The thought was to continue to edit its international edition in New York and to print not from plane-delivered mats but from perforated tape sent by cable and radio to activate Paris linecasting machines.

IT was an ambitious and costly program, with one distinct advantage and several weaknesses. The advantage was a *Times* which, instead of being a day or two late like the matted edition, could compete with the *Herald Tribune* for reader and advertiser interest. One weakness was that a paper printed from tape could not be off the presses until 4 o'clock in the morning, by which time all planes and trains that could give prompt delivery of the product had departed. A second weakness was that New York editors, who were responsible for content, were far removed from the readers they were serving; and a third was the financial risk involved in entering the field against a firmly entrenched opponent. Nevertheless, the *Times's* new edition quickly reached a circulation of 25,000, and kept moving upward.

Meanwhile, the Paris *Herald Tribune,* which had been operating in the black for some years, went to additional expense to meet the challenge. Instead of publishing only a partial list of New York stock market prices, it began to print them all. This meant additional cable lines to New York, and cable tolls come high. Instead of delivering papers by train to some distant points, it went in for expensive air delivery and special truck routes to ensure earlier on-sale time than its rival—which sought to overcome the handicap of a 4 a.m. press start by chartering costly plane flights to London, Frankfurt, and Zurich.

As a consequence, the *Herald Tribune* slipped into the red, at first in small amounts and then by enough to cause concern. In the first two years, while the

Walter Kerr, who is not related to the drama critic of the same name, was for four years editor of the European *Herald Tribune* and for three years general manager of the *Times's* international edition.



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Times was picking up 30,000 readers, at considerable expense, the *Herald Tribune*'s 50,000 circulation dipped to some 47,000. Going for the *Times* were its recent arrival on the scene, the strength of its news service, complete stock market reports, and a revenue-consuming promotion program. Going for the *Herald Tribune* were a fine reputation after many years in business abroad and a locally edited product that had about it an engaging, hometown quality. The battle—for battle it was—reflected, of course, the wider conflict in New York.

In Paris, however, the Whitney paper got something of a second wind after the first two or three years, about the time when the *Times* was beginning to worry about the cost of its international effort. The *Times* had started a Los Angeles edition in 1962 and closed that down after an expensive and punishing sixteen months; now it began to look for a way out of its Paris problem. It faced three possible decisions: It could shut down and cut its losses (it rejected this course after walking right to the brink); it could try to work out some form of merger with the *Herald Tribune* (it explored this course eagerly but unsuccessfully); or it could go on fighting (which was the decision it reached in late 1963).

To continue the fight, it altered its methods of operation. It made the Paris paper an autonomous unit with one man in charge. It stopped sending news by perforated tape and went to the classic means of newspaper production with day-to-day editorial decisions made on the spot. It dropped its 4 a.m. edition and began publishing two editions, one at midnight and the other at 2 a.m., thus obviating the necessity for chartered planes. Audited circulation reports show what happened:

	Herald Tribune	*Times*
1962	47,393	30,589
1963	50,624	31,797
1964	54,356	34,803
1965	56,304	40,177

What a war! And if it is hard on the stockholders, it is good for the readers, who probably get more for their money than those of any other paper in the world today, not in the number of pages or stories or wordage (the Paris papers run ten or twelve pages a day), but in downright service.

Within three hours of the closing of the New York and American Stock Exchanges, the *Times*'s international edition is printing and distributing a complete report of the day's market activity, including the high and low of every share for the day and the calendar year to date. It is a service not many papers give their readers, and it costs money. A half hour earlier, the *Herald Tribune-Post* is out on the street with the closing quotations for the day and a news report made up from the files of the AP, UPI, and the Washington *Post*-Los Angeles *Times* News Service.

Further, both papers spend up to 20 per cent of their budgets (an unheard-of percentage for anything but an international publication) to obtain early delivery for subscribers and newsstand buyers in their vast circulation areas. They deliver to a London subscriber's door with the 8 o'clock morning mail. They are on sale in Brussels and Geneva by 7:30 a.m., in Amsterdam and Zurich by 10:30 a.m., in Berlin by 11 a.m., and in Madrid by 5 p.m. (late because of censorship delay). There is also day-of-publication delivery as far away as Athens, Istanbul, Tel Aviv, Cairo, and, if your cruise ship should happen to put in for a visit, in the Balearic, Canary, and Madeira Islands. Because of the time difference, a banker in Zurich or an American tourist in the chateau country of the Loire can read his Monday morning American paper before any Monday paper is available to a subscriber anywhere in the United States.

IN return for such services, which appear to be inevitable in a situation as competitive as this one, both papers charge more for circulation and advertising than a daily of comparable size whose distribution area is limited. Single copies cost 12 cents apiece in France, 14 cents in Great Britain, 16 cents in Switzerland and Italy, and 17.5 cents in West Germany. The *Times*'s open advertising rate is 88 cents an agate line, the *Herald Tribune-Post*'s $1.25, which is almost four times as much as papers of similar size charge in this country. And the problem is how to sell more—not only more than each other but more than international magazines such as *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Life*, not to mention all the local-language dailies.

How the battle goes in advertising is hard to say, for there is no outside authentication of published claims, and each paper disputes the other's: The *Times* said its linage for 1964 was 1,710,842; the *Herald Tribune-Post* reported that it carried 1,650,965 lines but that, according to its calculation, the *Times* had only 1,617,355. Thus, both lay claim to advertising leadership. The *Times*, however, turned in a strong increase in 1965, in part because it opened up business possibilities in eastern Europe.

But if the rivals have much the same methods of operation, they differ considerably in their approaches to the news and in plants and equipment. The *Herald Tribune-Post* has more of a European flavor, largely because of emphasis on Paris news it considers to be of interest outside France. The *Times* is perhaps more truly international, but it leans heavily on political and business news, with more accent on the "important" as opposed to the "interesting."

As might be expected of properties in the red, the equipment of both leaves much to be desired. The *Herald Tribune-Post* is printed in its own plant at 21 Rue de Berri, just off the Champs Elysées, to which it moved in 1930 from the Rue du Louvre, not far from where the *Times* is published in a commercial print shop. Its Scott presses were built for its Rue de Berri building at the same time the building went up; and whoever constructed the plant forgot, or didn't know, that a newspaper needs newsprint. It still has to be brought in through the front door. The *Times*, on the other hand, is reminded each night of the better days its 1924 Hoe presses saw years ago when they were helping to turn out the New York edition.

AS the battle escalates, there is little fraternization between the staffs. True, there is a fellow who goes down to the *Times* plant every night with a few copies of the *Herald Tribune-Post*'s first edition and returns to the *Herald Tribune-Post* with a few first editions of the *Times*, but this results from a private understanding. Neither staff tells the other any more than Macy's tells Gimbel's. Income, expense, linage figures, unaudited circulation returns, methods of speeding delivery, sales techniques, agreements with the craft unions—all these and more are office secrets, carefully kept. Everyone knows that the stakes are high.

For the round to come, the Paris rivals have shifted to identical management systems. Mr. Whitney has gone back to the *Herald Tribune*'s prewar practice of entrusting responsibility for the operation to one man on the spot. The *Times* has followed suit, going back to the method it instituted in 1964 and abandoned in 1965. During the past year the business managers and editors of both papers have reported back independently to New York.

The *Herald Tribune-Post* resumes the fray with a good deal of confidence. For 1966 it has forecast an average daily circulation of slightly more than 60,000. To meet the increase, the *Times* will have to come up with 44,000 or more, an objective that is certainly within its capabilities. Nevertheless, one cannot help thinking that during the months ahead both papers will acquire a little more understanding of President Johnson's predicament as he seeks to win in the field or force his foe to the conference table. It is easy enough to get into a fight; the problem is how to get out. Until it is solved, readers of the two Paris editions will be the gainers—an unusual situation in itself, given the present state of the business.

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CUBA'S PRESS TODAY

By GEORGIE ANNE GEYER

IT WAS A HOT, damp high noon in the town of Banao in central Cuba, and Prime Minister Fidel Castro and about thirty of his aides were waiting in a shed on one of the state farms for a barbecue lunch. We were all sampling some of the red wine they make in the experimental vineyards when we began talking about the Cuban press.

"The press is terrible," Castro said in answer to my questions, "I agree. But it is because we don't have the people."

I had found Castro to be a man you could be frank with, so I suggested that it might be well if the Cuban press could cover news from the United States with a little more objectivity. He scowled, and a look of disgust came over his face. "Of course," he said, "we are not going to say anything good about the United States. There is no one here who would think anything good about the United States."

We sat for awhile at a table, tossing the issue back and forth, and at one point he said, "No, there is no freedom of the press here, not in your sense. But" —here he raised his hand, finger outstretched, for emphasis—"you have no freedom of the press, either. Your entire press is controlled by millionaires, by special interests."

A few days later, Jose Llanusa, the minister of education and one of the most intelligent men around Castro, carried the analysis a step further. "Our journalists do not have the talent," he said. "They can criticize anything within the revolution, but they cannot criticize the revolution. We want them to criticize. It would help. We have many people who are very rigid. They think if someone criticizes education, he is our enemy. I say he is our friend. I say the ones who don't criticize are our enemies."

These statements by Castro and Llanusa typify the discussions going on in this developing Marxist-Leninist society. But, in point of fact, the country's most influential leaders think the press is bad not because it reflects only one viewpoint but because it does not, in their eyes, infuse belief in this viewpoint with every talent at its disposal.

Now, as the Communist party takes over more and more of Cuban life and as the most rigid party types replace the more carefree early, non-Marxist revolutionaries who were left, the limits enclosing freedom of expression are growing narrower and narrower. Castro uses the press to harangue, to instruct, to punish, to glorify, and to unglorify. His speeches are reprinted in full, which is quite a bit, giving rise to front-page instructions that say: "Speech of Fidel continued on pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7." His viewpoint and that of the more honest Cuban Communists is that their new society is the moral one and that the old society—and, hence, the old press—was immoral, unethical, and controlled by special interests that did not serve "the people."

To some extent this was true. As in all Latin American countries, the newspapers represented special interests—in particular, political parties. But at least all viewpoints were expressed, and despite censorship under the dictator Fulgencio Batista several papers supported Castro's guerrilla actions in the mountains.

Moreover, when Castro came to power in January of 1959, there were sixteen general newspapers published daily in Havana, several of them rating among the best in the hemisphere. By February 1961, only six general newspapers were being published in Havana and, of these, five were semiofficial and the sixth was the organ of the Popular Socialist Party (the old Communist party). Most general newspapers had died after the revolution when advertising revenues were cut off or when they published something "which might tend to impair the independence of the nation or provoke the nonobservance of the laws in force" (a crime since 1959). All information media then came under direct control of the Ministry of the Treasury, or the Ministry of Labor, or were sponsored by the labor federation or one of the government movements.

Castro laid down the lines for future journalists clearly in a speech at that time, saying: "Newspapermen have a great task ahead. They must coordinate the news among all papers and orient public opinion jointly . . . always remember that the revolution comes before the newspaper . . . the campaign for its success depends on our effort."

In the seven years since Castro took power, however, the kind of revolution has changed completely several times,

—*Wide World.*

Fidel Castro with members of the press—"Your entire press is controlled by millionaires."

and with each turn the press has changed, as if it were a mirror. When the original democratic revolution became Marxist, many established journalists left or were purged. When the original non-Communist 26th of July Movement went into eclipse for a time, as the old Communists came to the fore, the 26th's organs of expression withered and died. When the 26th came back into favor recently, the change was immediately expressed with pictures and biographies of the original martyrs of the 26th in the present newspapers.

Although every organ of communications—newspapers, radio, magazines, television, theater, books—today is controlled by the state and for the state, certain distinctions still are made. The two major newspapers in Havana illustrate this fact.

Granma, named after the boat in which Castro returned to Cuba in 1956 to begin guerrilla activity, is the official organ of the Communist Party. It is a flamboyant paper, with blazing headlines, red and green stripes running up and down it, and a front page that looks like one of those political kiosks where everybody has posted his political messages, one on top of the other. A recent typical front page had these headlines: IMPERIALISM FEARS STUDENTS WHO ARE UNITED, COMBATIVE, AND FULL OF FIGHT; RAUL DELIVERS THE FLAG OF COMBAT; THE YANKEES SEND 10,000 SOLDIERS TO CENTRAL VIETNAM; THE U.S. AIDS INTERVENTION IN THE UNIVERSITIES IN ARGENTINA; TWENTY-FOUR INTEGRATIONISTS DETAINED BY POLICE IN CHICAGO. (The armed forces magazine *Verde Olivo* and the Young Communists' newspaper *Juventud Rebelde* are also openly publications of official Communist entities.)

El Mundo, the other major Havana paper, purports to be autonomous. It

Georgie Anne Geyer is the Chicago *Daily News*'s Latin American correspondent. This report follows a six-week visit to Cuba.

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has correspondents in all major towns in Cuba and covers more world news in a slightly more objective fashion than does *Granma*. Its style is not to editorialize excessively, but simply to leave out anything that does not serve the cause of the revolution. It has a daily circulation of 170,000, and its editor, Luis Gomez-Wanguemert, says it earns 1,000,000 pesos a year.

"Are we financed by the government?" he asks. "We finance them." The former owner, Ralph Garvin, who fled to Miami, used to telephone every afternoon to tell the staff that he would soon be back, Gomez-Wanguemert added. "But he doesn't call anymore."

The third major organ that serves the revolution is Prensa Latina, the Cuban wire service started in May 1959. It has twenty correspondents throughout the world (with four offices in Latin America), 150 employees, and subscribers that lean to the socialist camp. It is, as its director Juan Felipe Carneardo puts it, "a species of little guerrilla in the world of the big wire services."

It has long been assumed that the government directly subsidizes Prensa Latina, but actually it is probably done through the "sale" of services to the government. The service, for instance, is sold to papers in the interior for 500 pesos a month and to the Havana papers for 600 to 800 pesos a month. The government openly gives "orientation." In foreign countries, there is no fixed price for the services, so they can be made available at very low cost when desired for political reasons.

The newspapers and Prensa Latina have technical as well as ideological and talent problems. There is a shortage of newsprint, since they now get it from Red China instead of Canada, their former supplier. *El Mundo*, which in its non-Communist days used to run twenty-four pages, now is a trim ten pages. Less than one tenth of Prensa Latina's currency is in convertible currency, so it is hard put to get the foreign exchange needed to make any world service work. It gets along by arranging, for instance, exchanges with the other socialist countries. The Soviet Union pays the Prensa Latina correspondent's salary in Moscow, and Prensa Latina does the same for the Tass man in Havana.

Prensa Latina has not been outstandingly successful, even among leftist publications in Latin America, largely because its stories are not only slanted but usually a day behind those of its arch-enemies, Associated Press and United Press International.

Even Gomez-Wanguemert keeps the UPI file on hand, as well as *The New York Times, Izvestia,* and France Presse ("a little less poisonous"). "Naturally we rewrite UPI," said Gomez-Wanguemert. "We apply exactly the same techniques they do. I learned from them how to use innuendo and give your own impressions. We just turn everything they say around."

He agrees with Llanusa that the press does not criticize socialist reality in productive enough ways, and that this is the major problem with the Cuban press today. "The government wants to get us to criticize more," he said, sitting in his office where the motto on the wall is, BE CAREFUL—ANYTHING YOU SAY COULD BE AN INDISCRETION. Why don't the journalists criticize? "They've been so afraid to criticize for years (before the revolution), they can't get rid of this fear. It seems like a joke," he added, "but it isn't."

Both he and Carneardo, director of Prensa Latina, said they think their news is objective, but Carneardo made a distinction. "There is a socialist revolutionary objectivity," he said, "and there is a capitalist and bourgeois objectivity. Abstract objectivity does not exist."

To a journalist from the United States it seems that since the revolution has changed course several times since its inception, a writer could, even unwittingly, become a tool of counterrevolution. But this does not trouble the Cuban journalists. "Here, the entire world is politically-oriented," one Cuban explained. "Why, even the street is practically a political school."

It is true. There are television sets in the town squares. Tens of thousands of Cubans have gone through the Schools for Revolutionary Instruction, and the leaders study the peculiar Cuban brand of Marxism-Leninism constantly. "Brainwashing exists only in novels," said Gomez-Wanguemert.

One of the most recent obsessions of the Cuban press has been a campaign against Chile's Christian Democratic government, which the Cuban Communists quite rightly see as their Number 1 ideological enemy in Latin America. President Eduardo Frei's government is seeking to do all that the Cubans are doing in social reform, but by democratic means rather than by bloodshed and destruction.

The objective truth about Chile—which any honest journalist, regardless of his ideology, should be able to ascertain—is that Frei is extremely popular and that his government has accomplished a great deal. A prominent Chilean sociologist, Dr. Eduardo Hamuy, who is himself a leftist, recently took polls that showed Frei to be a favorite with 80 per cent of Chile's people. Top socialists (the Socialist party is Frei's enemy and pro-Castro) routinely tell visiting journalists off the record that Frei's government has "stolen every program we've had for thirty years—we're finished." But none of this is reflected in the Cuban press, where Frei is daily reviled and stories speak constantly of a rising opposition to him which does not exist.

Another example of news selection involves a statement in August by Lincoln Gordon, U.S. undersecretary of state for inter-American affairs, when the new Argentine military government authorized the invasion of its universities and the beating up of students and professors. Gordon said that, even though the universities had become "asylums for bandits," nevertheless "abuses of freedom on Latin American campuses should be corrected through civilized and lawful means, not through violent police raids." The Cuban press deleted the latter part of this quotation completely and headlined the other part, U.S. SUPPORTS MILITARY REGIME. The same day the regime in Argentina denounced Gordon for "interference" in internal affairs.

Many of the older Cubans, even Communists, realize that this is propaganda, but the young Cubans raised under Castroism appear to believe it completely. It is natural, since there are no foreign newspapers or magazines allowed in Cuba except those from Socialist countries; and television, radio, and books are all dedicated to the "correct interpretation of the revolution." Even

(*Continued on page* 111)

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BEHIND THE ADVICE COLUMN

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers:

A few nights ago we were sitting around with a group of extremely intelligent people and someone quoted you. In rebuttal (and I'm sure in jest) one of the men said, "They ought to get her for practicing without a license."

It was significant, to me at least, that every person in the room was a reader of your column. I am not trying to be impertinent, but would you please explain how and why you give advice on legal and medical and emotional problems? Is it sufficient to quote from the authorities?

I repeat, I am merely inquisitive.

NOSEY PARKER

Dear Parker:

If it were possible to "get" me for anything I would have been "got" long ago and I would not have been involved in this work for eleven years.

I repeatedly tell my readers that although I consult with top authorities in almost every field, I am not a lawyer or a physician or a psychiatrist, nor do I attempt to function as a substitute for any professional practitioner. Every week I urge thousands of people to seek professional help, and I direct thousands more to welfare agencies.

This is precisely my mission—to help those who ask for it. Why thousands of people sit down and write to an advice columnist in the first place is an interesting question, but the fact is they *do* write—approximately 1,000 letters every day.

No one needs a license to listen. No one needs a license to provide a shoulder to cry on or to direct the troubled and the uninformed to service agencies or to give a word of encouragement to the heavy-hearted. But there's more to getting the job done than having a license, my friend, as any fisherman will tell you.

ANN LANDERS.

I DO NOT CONSIDER myself a journalist and it is self-evident that I am not an intellectual. I am at once flattered and surprised when professional writers ask me how I get through to people. They say that I have a direct line to the masses, to the average American. But I have never met a mass and I

have yet to meet anyone who will admit he is average. I address myself to individuals, not masses. People who suffer, suffer alone.

When I say that I do not consider myself a journalist I am not indulging in false modesty. The manner in which the column fell into my lap is enough to make a person believe in Santa Claus.

Eleven years ago when the Chicago *Sun-Times* was searching for someone to replace the advice columnist, who had died suddenly, Wilbur C. Munnecke, then business manager of the paper, suggested that I try out for the job. My qualifications were as follows:

I had never written a line for publication. I had never held a paying job in my life. I had never seen the inside of a newspaper plant. I had no degree, despite four years at Morningside College in Sioux City, where I majored in boys. I had not had a hard life. Worse yet, I didn't smoke or drink. I was a total square who believed in God and had been married to the same man for many years. Finally, the Iowa hay was still apparent, not only in my hair but in the way I put words together. The only thing I had going for me was that I had a teen-age daughter. I could at least be described as "a mother."

When I won the competition over twenty-eight professional writers, the odds on the seventh floor were 12 to 5 that I'd fold within three months because "no dame would work *that* hard unless she needed the money." And I didn't need the money. I attacked the job with the enthusiasm and optimism of an amateur. It simply didn't occur to me that I might not have the energy or the talent for the assignment.

Did I mention luck? Well, I was shot full of it. Lawrence S. Fanning had just arrived from San Francisco to become editor of the *Sun-Times* Syndicate. On his unsuspecting head fell the task of salvaging the Ann Landers column.

This gifted Irish-American taught me the nuts and bolts of writing. He wielded his pencil like a machete, hacking away at redundancies, clichés, inanities. He sent me to the dictionary countless times to find out what the word *really* meant. He insisted that I support every fact with documentation from an expert. He repeatedly warned against sacrificing sound advice for a gag. And he backed me to the hilt when I asked for secretarial help so that every letter with a name and address could be answered personally. "The column must have integrity," he said over and over, "or it will not survive."

Although Larry Fanning moved from the syndicate to become executive editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and later the Chicago *Daily News*, he has still found time to edit every word that has appeared under my byline. Together we have produced 365 columns a year for eleven years, two best-selling books, and dozens of booklets. Every piece of Landers writing reflects his skill and integrity.

My first day on the job was one I'll never forget. I felt like a sparrow that had been caught in a badminton game. I had no office—just a desk—no telephone, no secretary, and no stationery. The copy boy greeted me with, "So *you're* the new Ann Landers. Well, here's your mail." He then dumped about 5,000 letters on my desk. I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

The first letter I opened was from a Protestant girl who was in love with a Catholic boy. Would he be excommunicated if they were married in her church? I didn't know the answer but I knew someone who did. I borrowed a phone and called Father John J. Paul, a priest friend who lived in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He told me that the young man could still attend the Roman Catholic church but he would not be allowed to receive the sacraments.

The next letter was from a man who broke out in hives every time his mother-in-law came to visit. Was there any connection? I suspected that there was, but I couldn't say unless I was sure. So I borrowed the phone again and called one of the country's most eminent dermatologists, Dr. Robert Stolar, in Washington, D.C. He supported my hunch and offered to help me "any time."

By the end of the day I had called friends in nine cities. Without realizing it I had established the pattern which is

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Ann Landers—Mrs. Esther Lederer—is the wife of Chicago businessman Jules Lederer. Her syndicated column appears in 688 newspapers in this country and abroad, and she is the author of *Since You Asked Me* and *Ann Landers Talks to Teen-Agers About Sex.*

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still an integral part of my work today.

Eleven years later dozens of readers still tell me daily to drop dead, get lost, stop playing God, and quit making up those ridiculous letters. They also want to know how I have the gall to tell people what to do with their lives after hearing only one side of the story.

Teen-agers have called me a crummy old bat and a broken-down museum piece. The cocktail set insists that I am a reformed alcoholic who is out to dry up the world. I've been accused of being a public relations agent for the American Psychiatric Association. Almost daily I am asked how, in good conscience, I can urge people to "see a psychiatrist" when "most psychiatrists are nuttier than their patients."

And how do I accommodate emotionally to attack? Very well, thank you, because every day I receive at least one letter that goes like this:

Dear Ann Landers:

You saved my life. Your letter arrived at the very moment when I was sure I didn't have a friend in the world. I was feeling so low the night I wrote to you I had to take a couple belts before I could put the words on paper. I took your advice and it worked. I realize now it was the only logical thing to do. As you said in your letter, sometimes a person is so close to the problem that he loses perspective. When I was a child, my mother used to tell me that every time a person does a good deed the Lord puts aside a stone for the home he will have in heaven. If this is true, Ann Landers, you will have a mansion. God bless you.

John R.

Who writes to Ann Landers? It could be anybody—and there are days when I'm sure it is everybody. Almost half of my mail comes from men—truck drivers, factory workers, waiters, farm hands, taxi drivers, and the like, predominate. I also hear from college professors, business executives, physicians, attorneys, and even clergymen.

Today's mail contained two letters from clergymen with identical problems—an unfaithful wife involved with a member of the congregation (one was the choirmaster). Each clergyman apologized for writing but said he was unable to discuss the problem with anyone in his community.

A few years ago I printed a letter from a marriage counselor in Minneapolis. He had fallen in love with a woman whom I had sent to him for counseling. "What do I do *now*, Ann Landers?" he asked. I advised him to prove that the advice he had been giving for so many years was good by taking it himself.

People who cannot afford professional help write to Ann Landers, and so do people who can—people such as the officer of a bank or the head of an investment firm, or a U.S. Senator, or the mother superior of a girls' school. They write because they feel the need to unburden to someone who doesn't know them. They are troubled and frightened and ashamed.

I have often read these words: "I'm at the end of my rope. I can't talk to my clergyman or our family doctor. My husband is a respected man in the community and I would rather die than have anyone know we are having *this* kind of trouble in our family." The writer then spills out the heartbreaking story of secret alcoholism, or homosexuality, or an incestuous relationship.

IT takes enormous discipline to remain detached and objective when I come across a problem that but for the grace of God could have been mine. I know of two advice columnists on a large metropolitan daily who were unable to separate themselves from the mail. They both cracked up within a year. When Nathanael West wrote *Miss Lonelyhearts*, he must have had an inside line to what goes on in this business.

But the cynics and the suspicious will always be with us. Here's an example:

Dear Ann Landers:

My wife and I heard you speak at a convention a few months ago. When you said you work ten to twelve hours almost every day I gave my wife a nudge. She didn't believe it and neither did I.

Who do you think you're kidding? Half of your work is done by the goofs who write to you. Some of them don't even ask for advice—they just comment on a letter they read in your column and you say either, "Thanks for writing" or "Why don't you take a long walk on a short dock?"

So how do you figure the ten to twelve hours? We'd appreciate an explanation—if you can provide one.

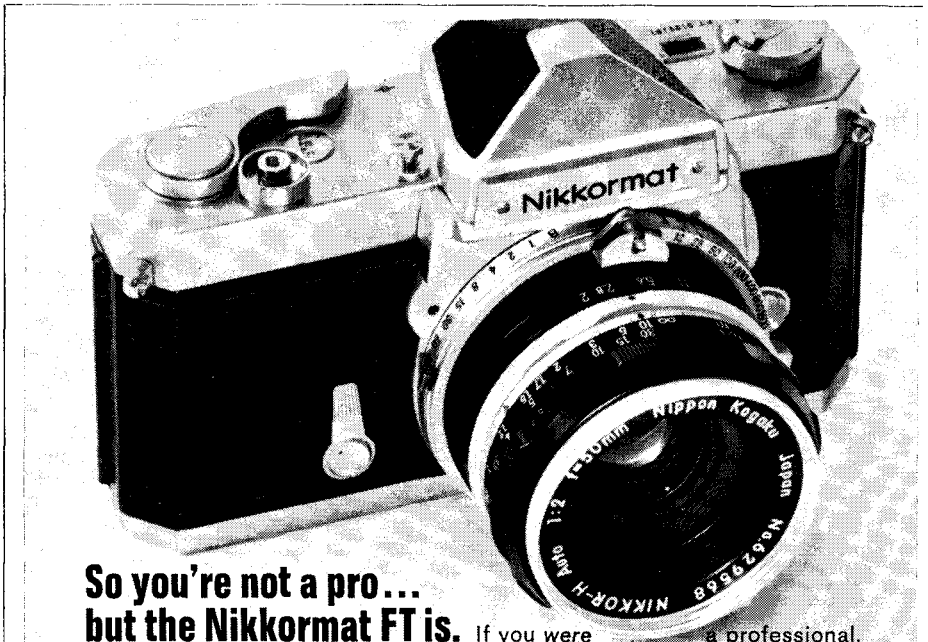
MR. AND MRS. DOUBTING THOMAS.

My response:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Thomas:

This question has been raised by others and I am happy to try to answer it—again.

There is more to producing a column than grabbing a few letters out of the mailbag. I read thousands of pieces of mail in order to make a good selection—some days as many as 500 letters before I find one that is suitable for the column. Almost every letter must be trimmed. Most people write too much, especially when they are distressed. Often the language must be laundered. The copy goes through my typewriter at least twice—usually three times. Then I sit at my editor's elbow as he slashes away. He frequently tosses the copy back to me with such comments as "Advice too tough" or "Advice not tough



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enough" or "Funny but not helpful."

Sometimes he'll kill a letter simply because it's dull or because I've dealt with a similar problem recently. And then there are the interminable telephone conversations (often long distance) with lawyers, physicians, psychiatrists, rabbis, priests, ministers, social workers, and educators. Many of these experts are distinguished authorities who are also personal friends. They have been generous beyond belief.

So far all I've done is produce the column, but this is only part of my work. I keep eleven secretaries busy helping prepare personal replies to readers who send self-addressed, stamped envelopes. We have in our office a complete file of service agencies for every city in which the column appears. We direct readers to Legal Aid, the Family Service Association, homes for unwed mothers, mental health clinics, Alcoholics Anonymous, the YMCA—the list is lengthy. We send out a vast number of booklets. We respond to hundreds of requests for speaking engagements. (Usually, "Sorry, No.")

This work is immensely satisfying, but it is enormously demanding. When I take a vacation or go on a lecture tour the columns are written in advance. To maintain quality 365 days a year is a back-breaking job. There are no honest short cuts. As Red Smith put it, "Writing a daily column is easy. All you have to do is sit at the typewriter until small drops of blood form on your forehead." Thank you for writing.

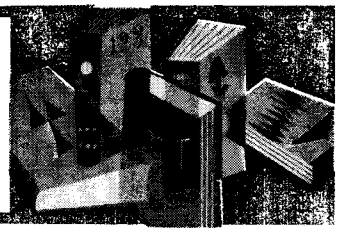
ANN LANDERS.

Since I began writing this column, I've learned plenty—including, most meaningfully, what Leo Rosten had in mind when he said, "Each of us is a little lonely, deep inside, and cries to be understood. . . ." I have learned how it is with the stumbling, tortured people in this world who have nobody to talk to. The fact that the column has been a success underscores, for me at least, the central tragedy of our society—the loneliness, the insecurity, the fear that bedevils, cripples, and paralyzes so many of us. I have learned that financial success, academic achievement, and social or political status open no doors to peace of mind or inner security.

It is perfectly obvious that giving advice en masse is an awesome responsibility. The Ann Landers column now appears in 688 newspapers from Anchorage to Johannesburg and from Portland, Maine, to Tokyo. The readership of the column is estimated at fifty-four million daily—the largest reading audience in the world for a single feature. Staggering? Yes, but not frightening.

The responsibility is there for someone to take. There is an enormous need for such a column, and I view it as one of journalism's great challenges, a unique opportunity to spotlight ignorance, fear, and stupidity. I pray only that I am equal to the task.

Books in Communications



Rights in Collision

FEW CONFERENCES of journalists or the bar are convened these days without serious discussion of the growing conflict between two Constitutional guarantees—freedom of the press and the right to a fair trial. Yet for all the talk, little progress seems to have been made in reconciling the conflict. Indeed, the courts, in rapid succession, have ordered new trials in three prominent cases on grounds of prejudicial publicity—those involving Dr. Samuel Sheppard, Billie Sol Estes, and Jack Ruby.

Thus Donald M. Gillmor's new book, *Free Press and Fair Trial* (Public Affairs Press, $6), scarcely could be more timely. Moreover, in approach and tone it scarcely could be more welcome, for here, in contrast to the many fragmentary or highly partisan treatments of the subject, is a serious attempt to be impartial, inquiring, comprehensive, and readable. On the whole, despite some flaws in organization, the author succeeds in this attempt.

Gillmor, who is associate professor and coordinator of graduate studies at the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism and Mass Communications, begins with the Sheppard case and, skillfully using anecdotes and quotations, escorts the reader through an impressive array of other postwar trials in which press coverage became an issue. He also briefly traces the roots of judicial interpretation of the First and Sixth Amendments, discusses suggestions of both the press and bar for resolving the conflict, analyzes the British system of restricting pre-trial publicity, and summarizes the controversy over the American Bar Association's Canon 35, a long-standing basis for excluding photographers and broadcasters from most courtrooms.

Gillmor proposes no panaceas. One of the most valuable contributions of the book, in fact, is the impression it leaves—intended or not—that, though some improvement is possible, there is no pat, all-purpose law or code of ethics that can solve the problem; that the press and the bar, as imperfect human institutions whose functions in society necessarily bring them into frequent collision, probably are destined for perpetual (though one would hope creative) conflict; and that the Supreme Court, as in so many other fields, more and more must serve as final arbiter of the priorities to be accorded fundamental rights in an age of rapid change.

The court cannot arbitrate every case, and it need not. But it can set down guidelines which neither the press nor individual judges, without the spur of high sanctions, alone could or would enforce. The court's opinion in the Sheppard case (which Gillmor reprints in part) was a monumental step in this direction. Its text—restrained, consistent, and specific in its criticisms and suggestions—should be required reading for every publisher, broadcaster, lawyer, and judge.

Broadcasting's Youth: So ubiquitous is radio-TV today that its halting, romantic beginnings too readily are forgotten. Now they have been recounted—affectionately and absorbingly—by Professor Erik Barnouw of Columbia University in *A Tower in Babel, A History of Broadcasting in the United States to 1933* (Oxford, $8.50).

The first volume in a three-part history of American radio-TV, it nostalgically recalls the wonder, confusion, comedy, and drama of broadcasting's formative years. Photos of early-era stars and excerpts from scripts of such popular programs as *Amos 'n' Andy* and *The Goldbergs* add to the enjoyment. All that is lacking is the sound, and perhaps one day soon that will be provided in a history of broadcasting in the most appropriate medium: recordings of the greatest shows as broadcast.

Other books worth noting: *Book Publishing in America* (McGraw-Hill, $12.50), a reference-type history of the nation's book business by Charles A. Madison; *It Has Its Charms* (Lippincott, $4.50), a gracefully written memoir by Charles W. Morton, associate editor of the *Atlantic*; *Confessions of a Dilettante* (Harper & Row, $5.95), an anthology of essays by Russell Lynes, managing editor of *Harper's*; *In the Nation* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95), an anthology of columns by Arthur Krock, recently retired columnist and former Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times*; and *Careers and Opportunities in Journalism* (Dutton, $4.95), a concise, informative orientation in media opportunities, by Ira Henry Freeman and his wife, Beatrice.

—ALFRED BALK.

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Cuba's Press Today

Continued from page 107

cultural activities sponsored by local, provincial, or national authorities—and this includes everything—are directed by an agency within the Ministry of Education, the National Council of Culture.

One reason older and more broad-minded Cubans give for the control of information in Cuba today is that they are so lied about abroad that they must control news in order to balance it. In part, this is true. Much of American and European coverage of Cuba has been almost as propagandistic as is the Cuban coverage of the United States. *The New York Times* has given the most balanced coverage, but even it has made little effort to analyze the Cuban regime as a Marxist regime, with all that it entails, or to analyze what Latin American Marxism really is or what it has done to the Cuban personality.

The problem stems in part from Cuba's capricious visa policy and in part from the inability of most American correspondents to be objective about a Communist state. Actually, Cuba has no consistent policy about visas: When they are given, it is on the basis of who knows whom; whether the journalist has been there before and what he wrote; and the feelings of the moment.

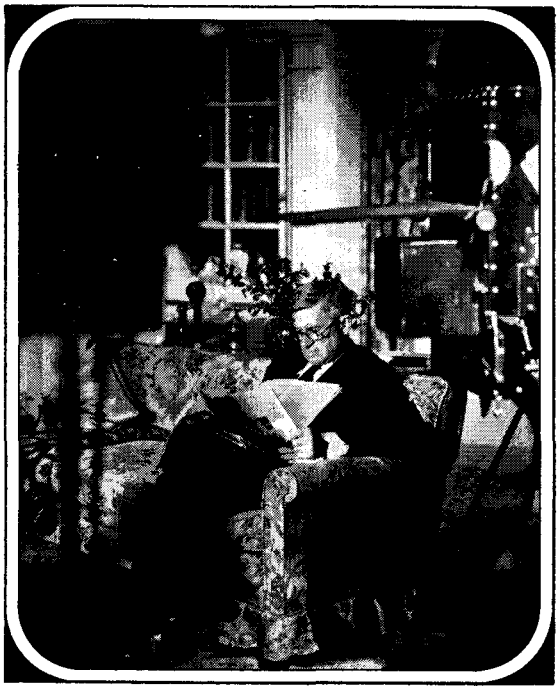
Of the four Western news services represented in Havana—AP, UPI, Reuters, and France Presse—the Americans in particular have no access to anyone. They have to depend largely on the Cuban papers and on Fidel Castro's speeches. But the Cubans are extraordinarily touchy, and if the services interpret anything in a way that irks them, the agencies are immediately bombarded with complaints from the Foreign Office. The American correspondents have their complaints, too. They remember—darkly—that they were once told by an information chief that they couldn't attend Castro's 26th of July speech because there was no room for them in the plaza (which holds half a million people). Until this fall, the foreign press section of the government was highly sophisticated and did an excellent job with skeptical foreign journalists. But now this section has been abolished and its functions have been taken over by the party, which will take a hard line toward convincing foreign journalists of the benefits of Communism.

Castro himself can be either very accessible or very inaccessible to writers, depending upon his mood. He is very touchy about criticism or even interpretation; yet befriending Castro in the press is not necessarily a way to win his friendship. Herbert Matthews of *The New York Times*, who has suffered in the United States for his seven-year-long defense of Castro, was in Cuba last spring and had to wait until the night before he left to see Castro. Then Castro was "too tired" and asked Matthews to stay another week to talk to him later—which he did.

Castro seems to resent the prerogatives of journalists. In my interviews with him he stressed on two different occasions, "Interviews are so unfair. It's a two-way conversation, but only one person gives his version." European journalists—in particular, ironically, Spanish journalists—get along best with Castro.

A new generation of journalists now is being trained in the reorganized journalism school at the University of Havana, and some Cuban leaders insist that this will solve their problems, but this is doubtful: The trainees surely will be more rigid and even less "critical" than the present journalists. Nor can they expect journalists to know when to criticize and to feel free to criticize when the reward for even administrative mistakes can be banishment to a "rehabilitation camp" such as the one at Guanahacabibes, where mistake-makers are sent to plant trees and do other things "good for the soul" while they think it over.

So the frustrations will continue, and Cuban Communism itself will suffer, for people who are not socialist—and many who are—do not believe the Cuban press, and therefore cannot comprehend the Cuban revolution.



Unruly hair, infectious grin, rumpled blue serge suit, homespun grammar—"cowboy philosopher" Will Rogers was America's good will ambassador-at-large when he died in a plane crash on the Alaskan tundra, August 5, 1935. Many of Will's common-sense comments, still widely quoted, are as apropos now as they were some 30 or 40 years ago. Remember what Will used to say? "All I know is what I see in the papers." He said it first in 1915. It still makes a lot of sense in today's turbulent times.

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(Continued on page 114)

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(Continued from page 113)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1701

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The internal ear.	20 101 91 181 128 182 166 134 5
B. Fate of a no-trump hand when the first lead opens up his partner's unsuspected solid suit (2 wds.)	150 188 132 31 174 155 72 127 93
C. Casual.	172 18 129 184 176 123 59 43 89
D. Medical category in which "Bright's disease" belongs.	41 167 173 153 63 122 102 2 36
E. What your mechanic does for the ailing timer of your car (2 wds.)	95 70 162 88 14 133 177 29 25
F. Inscribed on rocks.	131 83 170 27 45 116 12 23 30
G. Theologist's word for faith and doctrine committed to the Christian church.	76 103 108 125 168 35 87 92 119
H. Planned fully one's course to be followed in completing any project (2 wds.)	147 105 111 164 171 144 54 99 85
I. In recognition of recent achievement of athlete Ryun (3 wds.)	46 16 117 185 11 82 6 100 161
J. Food rich in sugar.	65 52 136 143 113 47 169 40 79
K. Becoming hidden from view.	156 165 24 64 186 55 190 121 32
L. Capable of being unburdened.	118 28 124 159 140 180 60 84 13
M. Schools for higher Jewish study.	137 51 106 80 146 114 75 17 1
N. Official in charge of chancery archives.	145 73 94 110 48 34 189 10 67
O. Innate or instinctive knowledge.	130 183 37 57 97 178 86 8 187
P. Accelerated again.	3 81 38 62 112 139 104 157 44
Q. Afloat at sea (3 wds.)	49 151 7 22 175 138 154 90 98
R. Amount by which a musician modulates from D to E-flat (3 wds.)	26 107 58 141 163 148 4 50 15
S. Where adult eels live when they go to the Sargasso Sea (3 wds.)	142 96 77 160 61 126 120 69 158
T. Discarded finally (2 wds.)	152 53 179 66 39 71 9 33 115
U. Surpassed in constructive wit.	78 109 42 21 135 56 19 74 149 68

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 M	2 D	3 P	4 R	5 A	6 I	7 Q	8 O		9 T	10 N	11 I		12 F
13 L	14 E	15 R	16 I	17 M	18 C	19 U	20 A		21 U	22 Q	23 F	24 K		25 E	26 R	27 F
	28 L	29 E	30 F	31 B	32 K	33 T	34 N	35 G	36 D	37 O	38 P		39 T	40 J	41 D	42 U
43 C	44 P		45 F	46 I	47 J	48 N	49 Q	50 R	51 M		52 J	53 T	54 H		55 K	56 U
57 O	58 R	59 C		60 L	61 S		62 P	63 D	64 K	65 J	66 T	67 N	68 U	69 S	70 E	
71 T	72 B		73 N		74 U	75 M	76 G		77 S	78 U		79 J	80 M	81 P		82 I
83 F	84 L	85 H	86 O	87 G	88 E	89 C	90 Q		91 A	92 G	93 B		94 N	95 E	96 S	97 O
98 Q	99 H	100 I	101 A	102 D	103 G	104 P		105 H	106 M		107 R		108 G	109 U	110 N	111 H
112 P	113 J		114 M	115 T		116 F	117 I	118 L		119 G	120 S	121 K		122 D	123 C	
124 L	125 G	126 S	127 B	128 A		129 C	130 O	131 F	132 B	133 E		134 A	135 U	136 J	137 M	
138 Q	139 P	140 L	141 R	142 S	143 J	144 H		145 N	146 M	147 H		148 R	149 U	150 B	151 Q	
152 T	153 D	154 Q	155 B		156 K	157 P	158 S		159 L	160 S	161 I		162 E	163 R	164 H	165 K
166 A	167 D	168 G	169 J		170 F	171 H	172 C	173 D	174 B	175 Q		176 C	177 E	178 O	179 T	180 L
181 A		182 A	183 O		184 C	185 I	186 K		187 O	188 B	189 N	190 K				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 22 of this issue.

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